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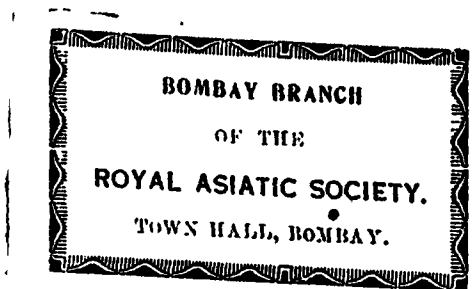

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Charles the Second.
from a miniature by Cooper
in the collection at Stowe
Presented by the King in 1651
to
Henry Lord Beauchamp

PERSONAL MEMOIRS

OF

CHARLES THE SECOND;

WITH

Sketches of his Court and Times.

35436 ol

BY

J. W. CLAYTON, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF

"LETTERS FROM THE NILE," "UBIQUE"

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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PREFACE.

ENCOURAGED by the great success of his former Works—the results of his experience in other lands—which he deemed might serve to amuse an idle hour, the Author has been induced to resume his pen. But he decided to pursue a very different path of literature. After due reflection, he considered that History presented a very wide and fertile field, worthy of the contemplation, not only of the biographer, but also of every intelligent being who has any desire to know what has occurred in past ages; and more

especially as regards the memorable events which have taken place in his own country.

Of all the monarchs who have occupied the English throne, there is, perhaps, no other whose career presents so striking a series of wonderful vicissitudes and romantic adventures as that of Charles the Second; and it is a singular fact, that, while we have abundance of Memoirs of most of our other Sovereigns, there exists no separate modern Work relative to him. It is hoped, therefore, that the present one will, to some extent, fill up a chasm in the history of England.

Nurtured in the lap of luxury, we find Charles at a very early age under a very pleasing aspect—on the battle-field, contending against the enemies of his unfortunate father, who, it must be added, brought all his misfortunes upon himself, by his tyranny and invasion of the rights and liberties of his subjects. On the death of the King, we next behold him struggling to gain possession of the throne of his ancestors; and, after his flight from Worcester, wandering about

from place to place in a variety of disguises, anxious to preserve his life from the unrelenting foes who were in pursuit of him. After escaping from his imminent perils, we see him in a very different sphere of existence on the other side of the channel, a partaker in all the gaieties of the French Court, and paying his *devoirs* to the richest heiress in France. Still tracing his footsteps, we follow him to Cologne, where he was domiciled with a hospitable widow, who kindly afforded him an asylum, on learning his necessitous condition. Ere long, we meet with him drawing his sword for the Spaniards against France.

Thus far the young Prince had met with sad trials in the bitter school of adversity. But the dark clouds which had hitherto hung over his destiny, disappeared soon after the abdication of Richard Cromwell, and a bright future opened to him. The most delirious joy ran through the country on his Restoration, and he might have been regarded as one of the greatest monarchs who ever sate upon the English throne. He did

not, however, profit by his past misfortunes, but gave himself up to sinful pleasures, neglecting the interests of his people—a proceeding which justly called forth their indignation. He was, moreover, surrounded by evil counsellors and profligate companions, and suffered himself to be drawn into their charmed, but fatal circle.

The desperate and sanguinary engagements with the Dutch for supremacy at sea—the great plague which depopulated London—the extensive conflagration that followed it, and destroyed above two-thirds of the Metropolis—and the various plots, real or fictitious, which constitute the most remarkable features in this reign, will be found recorded in the following pages. The present volumes, however, are by no means confined to the fortunes of Charles, and a detail of these memorable events.

Other actors, and other scenes, are necessarily introduced in these Sketches of the Court and Times of "the Merry Monarch." Foremost among the former, the Author may mention, the King's father, Charles the First, whose life

fell a sacrifice to his own perversity and breach of faith—Queen Henrietta, who, though a devoted wife and a good mother, yet brought calamity upon her husband—her daughter-in-law, the neglected and ill-treated Catharine — the great Usurper, Oliver Cromwell, who, taking advantage of the Puritanical temper of the times, and the oppressions endured by the people, contrived to elevate himself to all but kingly power —the brave and gallant Duke of York, whose religion was his only misfortune—the disobedient and rebellious Duke of Monmouth—the licentious and presumptuous Duke of Buckingham—the enlightened statesman, Lord Clarendon —the malignant Shaftesbury—the haughty and imperious Duchess of Cleveland—the intriguing and time-serving Duchess of Portsmouth—and, lastly, those infamous wretches, Oates and Bedloe, whose pretended revelations created a universal ferment throughout the kingdom.

Such are the principal *dramatis personæ* in this "strange, eventful history." In conclusion, the Author ventures to hope that the present Work,

the materials for which have been derived from the most authentic sources, will meet with the same approbation from an indulgent public that has attended his former productions.

J. W. Clayton.

14, Portman Square,
February, 1859.

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PERSONAL MEMOIRS

OF

CHARLES THE SECOND.

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Union of the Crowns of England and Scotland.—Arbitrary rule of James I.—Dissolute life of that Monarch.—His projects for raising money.—Addicted to many vices.—His favourite, the Earl of Somerset.—Murder of Sir Thomas Overbury.—Extraordinary scene at Court on parting with Somerset.—The Duke of Buckingham succeeds him.—Character of the Queen.—Expedition of the Prince to Madrid.—He writes to Pope Gregory XV.—Letter of Urban VIII.—Suspension of the laws against Catholics.—Matrimonial alliance between Prince Charles and Henrietta-Maria, sister of Louis XIII.—Presumption of Buckingham.—Henrietta interrupted on her journey to England.—She lands at Dover.—Her interview with Charles I.—She arrives in London.—Her personal appearance.—The King and Queen remove from Hampton Court and Windsor to Whitehall Palace.

THE extinction of the House of Tudor, in the person of Queen Elizabeth, led, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, to the union of the

crowns of England and Scotland in the kindred family of Stuart. James I. had not long ascended the English throne before he began to manifest as keen an appetite for arbitrary rule as any of his predecessors had done, and he committed the capital error in seeking, and obtaining, for his son, Charles, the hand of a popish Princess, on condition that the children from this marriage should be brought up, till their thirteenth year, under the superintendence of the mother—a concession to which is, no doubt, to be ascribed that predilection of Charles's successors for Popery, which cost them the crown of the three kingdoms, and doomed the race of Stuart to everlasting exile.

James I. appears not to have been burdened with religion at any time, being, as we are informed, "bloated with banning and swearing."[1] "His conduct," observes Brodie, "is no more extraordinary than that of a vain, foolish person suddenly raised from beggary to affluence, whose eyes dazzled with so unexpected an altitude, deceive him into a belief that his wealth is unlimited, and betray him into extravagances which ten times his fortune could not support."[2]

Roger Coke designates him as "a Prince so poor, before he came to the crown of England, that, if he had not been supported by the pension which Queen Elizabeth allowed him, he could not have maintained

[1] Calderwood. Quoted by Brodie, in his History of the British Empire, Vol. i. p. 401.

[2] Brodie, Vol. i. p. 343-4.

the garb of many of our English gentry; and, being come to the crown of England, not only was the sacred patrimony of it squandered on debauched and profane favourites, but the people otherwise oppressed with almost infinite monopolies and projects, which the nation never before heard of; and, as they were new, so they were all illegal; and all these to make his favourites rich, while he continued the poorest king that ever governed England. Jostled in his throne by the Presbytery in Scotland, yet nothing less than sacred would go down with him from the clergy in England, though his dissolute life and profane conversation were diametrically opposite."

When Rosny, afterwards Duke of Sully, dined with James, the King not only spoke contemptuously of Elizabeth, but boasted that he ruled her council for a long time before her death.[1]

Of his disposition to exalt the throne above the control of the legislature, he afforded many convincing proofs during his reign. Indeed, he plainly told the Parliament in 1610, that, as it is blasphemy to dispute what God might do, so it was sedition in subjects to dispute what a king might do in the height of his power.

In ecclesiastical matters, he assumed supreme authority, and struck at the very root of the Constitution by issuing illegal proclamations with penalties, which were enforced by the court of Star Chamber; while, by levying taxes, without Act of Parliament, he

[1] Coke's Memoirs, Vol. iii. p. 274.

prepared the way for the disuse of that Assembly. He, of his own accord, imposed new duties at the ports, and arrogated the right of doing so at pleasure, a pretension in which he was supported by venal statesmen and corrupt lawyers, who concurred in fabricating precedents to deceive the people; nay, his judges solemnly decided so monstrous a principle in his favour. Innumerable projects and monopolies for raising money were resorted to; forced loans and the hateful Measure of Benevolence, so much reprobated and opposed in the time of Henry VIII., were revived.

James squandered on worthless, debauched favourites, and in folly, the treasure which might have made him feared abroad and respected at home. Destitute not only of the qualities that win, and of the talents that dazzle and impose upon mankind, but even of ordinary sincerity, he soon forfeited the confidence of his subjects: while, in his whole conduct, he evinced a total want not only of common discretion, but of common decency.[1]

His foreign politics were as unpopular as his domestic. The eagerness with which he pursued the design of a Popish match for the heir-apparent was

[1] See Roger Coke, p. 36, 71, 78, 151, as to his drinking, low sensuality, profane swearing, and ridiculous vanity, confirmed by passages in Clarendon, in Hacker's Life of Williams; and above all, by the Correspondence between the King and Buckingham, published by Lord Hailes—correspondence that ought never to have seen the light.—See also Letters in Macaulay's History.

not the only part of his foreign policy that disgusted his subjects; for he thwarted at the same time all their predilections, and disappointed all their hopes in regard to the French and German Protestants, as well as the claims of the Count Palatine of the Rhine, who had married his only daughter, and who had been deprived of his hereditary dominions by the Emperor. While, therefore, prelates and courtiers vied with each other in compliments to the inspired understanding of this second Solomon, and James endeavoured in vain to suppress the voice of discontent and contemptuous reproach, by issuing Proclamations against talking of affairs of State, the general clamour was loud in proportion to the attempts made to restrain it, the common complaint being, that "Great Britain was less than Little England; that we had lost strength by changing sexes; that he was but a fiddler's son, otherwise he would not suffer such disasters at home, and so much dishonour abroad; that he assumed the title of Defender of the Faith, yet suffered the Protestants of Germany and France to be exterminated; that he might have purchased such a country as the Palatinate with the money spent on embassies; and that, by his promise of assistance to the French Protestants, he had only made them confident to their ruin."[1]

It was not to be expected, that the arbitrary government of a monarch thus loaded with the public contempt, could long be endured by the people; nor did it require any spirit of prophecy to predict that such

[1] Wilson, p. 748.

absurd pretensions as he made, must either be abandoned, or a convulsion would become unavoidable.

From an early age, James had been so much the slave of beauty and fine clothes in persons of his own sex, though more than indifferent to the other, whom he affected to despise as inferior in understanding, that these alone were an irresistible claim to his highest favour; and, as Bishop Hacket expresses it, "he was always accustomed to clasp some grazioso in the embraces of his great love above all others;" and the individual who enjoyed this odious and disgusting preference "could open the sluice of favour to whom, and shut it against whom he pleased."[1] In the early part of his reign in England, Carr, Earl of Somerset, held for some years this degrading distinction, till he forfeited it by a gloom arising either from remorse for his crimes, or from fear of detection. This pervaded his countenance and his manners after the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, in which he was implicated with his paramour, Lady Essex. For this crime he was prosecuted, though James was afraid to proceed to extremities against the criminal, by a threat, expressed in no very obscure terms by Somerset, of revealing secrets which James trembled at the idea of being divulged; as he himself had been threatened by Overbury, who had acted as pander in bringing Somerset and the Countess of Essex together.

To get rid of him, the favourite advised the King to send him abroad as Ambassador, and privately encou-

[1] Hacket's Life of Williams, Part i. p. 39.

raged him to refuse the post, that a pretext might be had for committing him to the Tower for contumacy. From the Tower he wrote to Somerset, threatening to expose the secrets that had passed between them: "Whether I live or die," he says, "your shame shall never die, but ever remain in the world, to make you the most odious man living."[1] To prevent a disclosure, Overbury, flattered all the while, was murdered by poison.

Weldon gives the following account of the last parting between James and Somerset, as a proof of that King's dissimulation, or as he himself called it, King-craft. "The Earl of Somerset never parted from him with more seeming affection than at this time, when he knew Somerset should never see him more; and, had you seen that seeming affection, (as the author himself did), you would rather have believed he was in the rising than setting. The Earl, when he kissed his hand, the King hung about his neck, slobbering his cheeks, saying, 'For God's sake, when shall I see thee again? On my soul, I shall neither eat nor sleep until you come again!' The Earl told him on Monday (this being on the Friday). 'For God's sake, let me,' said the King. 'Shall I? shall I?' then lolled about his neck. 'Then, for God's sake, give thy lady this kiss for me;' in the same manner at the stairs' head, at the middle of the stairs, and at the stairs' foot. The Earl was not in his coach, when he used these very words in the hearing of four servants, of whom one was Somer-

[1] State Trials, Vol. ii. p. 979.

set's great creature, and of the bed-chamber, who reported it instantly to the author of this history, 'I shall never see his face again!'"[1]

The same writer says that James was so dreadfully alarmed at the thought of Somerset making a disclosure at his trial, that strict orders were given to hoodwink him, and carry him from the bar, if he offered to speak.[2] The letters of Bacon to the King, likewise prove how terribly James was disquieted on this subject, and that all means were used to soften Somerset previously to the trial, in order to keep him silent, intermingled with the threat that the expedient mentioned above, and recommended by Bacon himself, should otherwise be resorted to.[3] Stripping his minion of the immense property which his boundless profusion had bestowed, the King allowed a pension of £4,000 a year to one convicted of the most deliberate murder, who had entered the court a page, without patrimony, only a few years before.

George Villiers, his successor in James's favour, selected for the same cause as Somerset—possessing remarkable beauty of face and person—was a younger son, by a second marriage, of a Leicestershire Baronet. Enriched with the spoils of Somerset, he was in a very short time created a Baron, Viscount, Earl and Marquis, Lord High Admiral of England, Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, Master of the Horse, and subse-

[1] Weldon, pp. 102-3.
[2] Ibid. p. 118.
[3] Bacon's Works, by Birch, Vol. iii.

quently Duke of Buckingham,[1] "and," says Clarendon, "entirely disposed of all the graces of the King, in conferring all the honours and all the offices of the three kingdoms without a rival. Never," observes the same historian, "any man in any age, nor, I believe, in any country or nation, rose in so short a time to so much greatness of honour, fame, or fortune, upon no other advantage or recommendation than of the beauty and gracefulness of his person."[2] We are informed by Osborne that Somerset and Buckingham endeavoured to resemble women in the effeminacy of their dress, that they exceeded even the worst in the grossness of their gestures; while James could not refrain from the most indecent and nauseous marks of fondness for his favourites before other persons of his court.

One thing appears rather incomprehensible—that the Queen should have assented to a system so revolting to every manly mind, and still more so to all womanly feeling; and that the highest dignitary of the Church should have undertaken the disgraceful task of overcoming the reluctance of her Majesty. From the narrative of Abbot, Archbishop of Canterbury, himself,[3] that before the advancement of Villiers, James, who had promised the Queen not to take any favourite without her consent, employed Abbot to obtain it; that when, after a long resistance, she ultimately yielded to his importunities, she prophetically warned the prelate that

[1] Franklyn, p. 30. Clarendon, Vol. i. p. 10.
[2] History of the Rebellion, Vol. i. p. 9.
[3] See Rushworth's Collections, Vol. i.

he would live to repent his interference; and, in fact, it was not long before he was doomed to experience the truth of this prediction.

As neither talents nor virtue had raised Villiers, he had little of either; and, as his heart was daily corrupted, so was his judgment perverted by his situation. His profligacy became extravagant from the unlimited means of indulgence; his natural presumption, rashness, and insolence, threw off control with his sudden, unexpected, and towering greatness, while a sense of insecurity made him "fear every shadow," and desperately adventure on many things for his preservation. As all offices were filled by him, none could expect preferment but such as were willing to show him the last degree of servility; unfit men, therefore, were advanced, justice was obstructed, and the national morals were exposed to corruption by a profligate example from stations which demanded purity of conduct.

It was the misfortune of England to have at this period a Queen (Anne of Denmark) who had been bred in that school of profligacy, licentiousness, bigotry, and intolerance,—the court of France. The daughter of a monarch far more renowned for his licentious amours than for military achievements, and whose abjuration of his religion to secure a crown could not save him from the dagger of a fanatic, she brought with her to this country a devotion to principles, political and religious, which, combined with an impetuous temper, operated most mischievously upon the arbitrary disposition of her son, Prince Charles, and contributed in no small

degree to produce the grand catastrophe that terminated his existence.

James I. had the silly vanity to imagine that none but a daughter of one of the most powerful royal houses in Europe could be a suitable match for the heir to his crown. Accordingly, he solicited the hand of a Spanish Princess. Charles, at the instigation of his father's especial favourite and Prime Minister, the Duke of Buckingham, undertook an expedition to Madrid, in the hope of carrying the Infanta by a *coup de main*. While in that capital, he received a letter from the Pope, designed to seduce him into the bosom of the Catholic Church. Not only did he return an extraordinary answer, which has been called a piece of politeness, but of which a very different opinion was entertained by Clarendon, who, in a private letter, declared it to be "more than compliment;" but advised his father, in a letter still extant, to acknowledge the papal supremacy.

The letter in question,[1] written in the joint names of Charles and Buckingham, has this passage; "We make this collection that the Pope will be very loth to grant a dispensation (for the marriage of a Princess of Spain to a Protestant,) which, if he will not do, then we would gladly have your directions how far we may engage you in the acknowledgment of the Pope's special power; for we almost find, if you will be contented to acknowledge the Pope chief head under Christ, that the match will be made without him." James objected to own the supremacy of the Pope, but sent off two of his chap-

[1] In Hardwicke's Collection, Vol. i. p. 402.

lains, Mawe and Wren, with instructions to go as far as could lawfully be done, it being his "way to go with the Church of Rome, *usque ad aras.*"

Prince Charles's letter, addressed to Pope Gregory XV., did not reach Rome till after the death of that pontiff. His successor, Urban VIII., proved how far he was from regarding it as nothing more than compliment, by writing immediately both to the King and the Prince. "It seems to have been a special providence of God," says he to James, "that the first letters we received, reigning in the seat of St. Peter, were those which the most noble Charles, Prince of Wales, wrote to our predecessor, as a testimony of his affection to the Popes of Rome;"[1] and to Charles he writes: "We lifted up our hands to heaven and gave thanks to the Father of Mercies, when, in the very entry of our reign, a British Prince began to perform this kind of obeisance to the Popes of Rome."[2]

By the private articles sworn to by James and his son, all laws against the Catholics were to be suspended, and there was to be a full toleration of the Romish religion in private houses throughout the British dominions. Both engaged to use their authority with Parliament for the repeal of particular laws made against the Roman Catholics, and not to consent to the enacting of any new laws against them. Charles further engaged that the foregoing stipulations relative to the suspension and repeal of laws against the Catholics, should infallibly

[1] Rushworth, Vol. i. p. 95.
[2] Ibid. Vol. i. p. 98.

be carried into effect within three years, and sooner, if possible. He also undertook to intercede with his father, that the term of years during which the children of the marriage should be under the sole care of the mother, should be lengthened from ten (the public stipulation) to twelve; and to grant it himself, if the succession opened to him during that period.[1]

When this negociation was broken off, at the good pleasure of Buckingham, the King turned his eyes towards Henrietta Maria, daughter of Henry IV. of France and Marie de Medicis, and sister to the reigning King Louis XIII.; but James was removed by death, on the 27th of March, 1625,[2] before this plan could be carried into execution. The espousals were rather indecently solemnized by proxy in France, with a great pomp and expense, before the funeral obsequies of the King. Buckingham, who was sent to officiate on this occasion, and to conduct the Princess to England, adorned with all the advantages of wealth, beauty, dress, and manner, outshone the whole French Court in their peculiar vanities. Such was his presumption, that he dared to raise his eyes to the young Queen, Anne of Austria, who appears not to have had the strictest notions of conjugal fidelity, and to prefer his suit with the most importunate addresses. But he found a rival in a quarter where he was least to be expected—in Cardinal Richelieu, the Prime Minister of France, who watched his motions with jealous vigilance.

[1] Rushworth, Vol. i. p. 89.

[2] The circumstances attending his death afforded grounds for suspecting that he had been poisoned.

After Buckingham had taken leave of the French Court, and commenced his journey with Henrietta, he secretly returned to pay another visit to the Queen, when he received an intimation that, unless he desisted from his purpose, he should be assassinated. Transported with rage at this threat, he swore that he would see and speak to the lady, in spite of all the power of France; and actually obtained access to the Queen, who affected surprise and indignation at his conduct, but dismissed him with gentle reproaches, after a short and unsatisfactory interview.[1]

Disraeli relates that Henrietta experienced another obstruction on her way to England. A Legate from Rome stopped her at Amiens, requiring her to undergo a penance of sixteen days for marrying Charles without a papal dispensation. The Queen suspended her journey, and wrote to inform the King of the occasion, who was then waiting for her at Canterbury. He replied that if she did not instantly proceed, he should return to London without her; and, in consequence, she resumed her journey on the same day that she received his letter.

[1] The authorities for this narrative are chiefly Clarendon and Madame de Motteville, who was a confidential attendant of the French Queen, and who describes the interview between her and Buckingham, though Clarendon relates that the Duke was deterred from his intended visit. Brodie reconciles the discrepancies in the two accounts by supposing that Clarendon derived his from the confidents of Richelieu, who must have been imposed upon by his agents; while de Motteville had her's from the Queen's own mouth. (Clarendon's History, Vol. i. Mémoires de Motteville, tome i.)

The same writer having discovered in the Memoirs of Marshal de Bassompierre[1] an obligation contracted by Henrietta Maria with the Pope, and her brother, the King of France, to educate her children as Catholics, and to choose Catholics only to attend them, remarks that, "had this been known either to Charles, or to the English nation, Henrietta could never have been permitted to ascend the English throne."[2] Considering the conditions previously made by Charles and his father with the Court of Spain, of which perhaps Disraeli was not aware, there cannot be a doubt that this contract, "treasonable" as it might be to the nation, was not only known to the King, but sanctioned by him.

The Queen landed at Dover, with her retinue, on the evening of Sunday, June 12, 1625, and on the following day Charles rode from Canterbury to receive her. In Ellis's Collection of Original Letters illustrative of English History, we find many characteristic particulars relative to Henrietta Maria during the first days after her arrival in the country. One of these, describing the meeting at Dover, whither Charles repaired on the 13th, has the following passage:—

"The King came thither about ten of the clock, and she being at meat, he stayed in the presence till she had done; which she, advertised of, made short work, went unto him, kneeled down at his feet, took and kissed his hand. The King took her up in his arms,

[1] Ambassades du Maréchal de Bassompierre, Vol. iii. p. 49.
[2] Curiosities of Literature, Vol. iii. p. 397.

kissed her, and talking with her, cast down his eyes towards her feet, (she seeming higher than report was, reaching to his shoulders,) which she soon perceiving, discovered and shewed him her shoes, saying to this effect, 'Sir, I stand upon my own feet. I have no helps by art: thus high I am, and am neither higher nor lower.' She is nimble and quick, black-eyed, brown-haired; and, in a word, a brave lady, though perhaps a little touched with the green sickness."

Another letter describing this first interview, relates that, "though she were unready, as soon as she heard he (the King) was come, she hasted down a pair of stairs to meet him; and, offering to kneel down and kiss his hand, he wrapt her up in his arms, and kissed her with many kisses. The first words she said to him were: '*Sire, je suis venue en ce pais de votre Majesté pour être usée et commandée de vous.*' They retired themselves an hour, and then, having made herself ready, they went forth into the presence, where she recommended all her servants by quality and name in order. At dinner, being carved venison and pheasant by his Majesty, (who had dined before,) she eat heartily of both, notwithstanding her Confessor, (who all this while stood by her), had forewarned her that it was the eve of St. John Baptist, and was to be fasted, and that she should take heed how she gave ill example, or a scandal, on her first arrival."

The same day, the King and his young bride, (then only between fifteen and sixteen years of age), quitted Dover and proceeded to Canterbury, and in the even-

ing were personally married, in the Great Hall of that venerable city.[1]

"Having supped," we are informed that "her Majesty went to bed; some space of time after, his Majesty followed her; but being entered his bed-chamber, the first thing he did, he bolted all the doors, round about, (being seven) with his own hand, letting in but two of the bed-chamber to undress him; which being done, he bolted them out also. The next morning, he lay till seven of the clock, and was pleasant with the Lords that he had beguiled them, and hath ever since been very jocund."

While at Dover, it is related that the Queen made a confession, and a request, indicative of a temper very opposite to that imperious spirit which contributed, in no small degree, to the calamities of her husband. She told him that from her inexperience as well as ignorance of the manners of England, she might commit errors; but that she would always be ready to acknowledge and amend them when she was apprized of her faults; and that she hoped he would not employ any third party to inform her of them.[2]

The royal party landed in their barge at Somerset House; and great rejoicings took place to welcome the Queen to the English Metropolis, which was at that time smitten by the plague; so much so that Judge Whitelocke (the father of the great historian) describes

[1] Memoirs of Henrietta Maria, 1671, p. 12.

[2] Rushworth, Vol. i. p. 170.

the streets "as overgrown with grass, and forsaken by the people."

Cold and puritanic as was Sir Symonds D'Ewes, the antiquary, who saw the Queen on her first arrival in London, he notices, with some warmth, in his manuscript journal, "the features of her face, which were much enlivened by her radiant and sparkling black eyes," and admits that he was struck by "her deportment to her women, and her looks to her servants, which were so sweet and humble."[1] From a letter of July 20, we learn that these "sweet and humble looks" could give place to others of a very different kind. "The Queen," says the writer, "is very little of stature, yet of a pleasing countenance (if she be pleased), but full of spirit and vigour, and seems of more than ordinary resolution. With one frown, divers of us being at Whitehall to see her (being at dinner, and the room somewhat overheated with the fire and company), she drove us all out of the chamber. I suppose none but a Queen could have cast such a scowl."[1]

At first, the Queen tried all the fertile inventions of a woman to persuade the King that she was his humblest creature, and the good people of England that she was quite in love with them. She carried her dissimulation so far, that being asked about this time if she could abide a Huguenot, she replied, "Why not? was not my father one?" Her ready smiles, the graceful wave of her hand, the many "good signs of hope," as a contemporary in a manuscript letter expresses it, induced

[1] Harleian MSS. 646.

many of the English to believe that Henrietta might even become one of themselves.

On account of the infected state of the metropolis, Charles and the young Queen took up their residence, until the winter, principally at Hampton Court and Windsor, whence they removed to Whitehall Palace.

CHAPTER II.

Coronation of Charles I.—The Queen refuses to be present on the occasion.—Provisions of the Marriage-Articles.—Audacity of Henrietta's French attendants.—The King orders them to quit the kingdom.—Rage of the Queen.—Conduct of Court Chaplains.—Rapacity of the French Freebooters.—Expelled from Somerset House by the King's command.—Madame Saint George.—Tragic incident.—Great reduction in the number of the Queen's attendants.—Trait of French manners.—Mission of Marshal *de* Bassompierre.—Priestly broils.—Romish worship at Somerset House.—The King's religious sentiments.—His arbitrary and tyrannical conduct.—Failure of the expeditions against Cadiz and Rochelle.—Assassination of the Duke of Buckingham.—Peace concluded with France and Spain.

THE King was crowned in Westminster Abbey, on the 2d of February, 1626, the Queen pertinaciously refusing to share the honour with him, on account of her religious prejudices. In a letter from Mr. Meade to Sir Martin Stuteville, the writer observes:

"The King's (Charles I.'s) coronation was private. The King went to Westminster church by water. The Queen was not crowned, but stood at a window, in the

mean time, looking on; and her ladies frisking and dancing in the room." In a subsequent letter, Mr. Meade writes: "The Queen would not by any means be present in the church to see the solemnities and ceremonies, though she was offered to have a place made fit for her, but took a chamber at the palace gate, where she might behold them going and returning." [1]

The absence of the Queen from the coronation of her royal husband, gave the highest offence to the English nation, and, combined with other causes, soon proved a death-blow to her popularity, among a people whose manners, customs, and religion presented so striking a contrast to those of her native land.

By the marriage-articles, extraordinary concessions were made in favour of Papists. The Queen was not only to enjoy the free exercise of the Roman Catholic religion, but all her children were to be brought up in the same faith, and under her own direction, till their thirteenth year. She was to have a chapel in all the royal palaces, beautified with decent ornaments, and also in every place in which she might reside in the King's dominions. A bishop of her own faith was to be her almoner; twenty-eight priests were to serve in her chapel, and all the regulars among them were to wear the habit of their order. The domestics of her household were to be French Catholics.

These consisted, at first, of a colony exceeding three hundred persons. They had not long been in London, before mutual jealousies between the two nations broke

[1] Ellis's Letters, 1st Series, Vol. iii.

out. All the English, who were not Catholics, were soon dismissed from their attendance on the Queen by herself; while Charles was compelled, by the popular voice, to forbid any English Catholics to serve the Queen, or to attend the celebration of her mass, and to station pursuivants at the door of the Chapel to seize any English who should enter; the French, on such occasions, would have the audacity to draw their swords in defence of those concealed Catholics. "The Queen and hers," now became an odious distinction in the nation.

The insolence, presumption, and intolerable bigotry of Henrietta's train, and the priests in particular, soon began to irritate Charles. "These priests," says the writer of a letter dated June 25th 1625, "have been very importunate to have the chapel finished at St. James's, but they find the King very slow in doing that. His answer, one told me, was, that 'if the Queen's closet, where they now say Mass, were not large enough, let them have it in the Great Chamber; and, if the Great Chamber were not wide enough, they might use the garden; and, if the garden would not serve their turn, then was the Park the fittest place.' So, seeing themselves slighted, they grow weary of England and wish themselves at home again."

"The Friars so frequent the Queen's private chamber," says another letter of July 2d, "that the King is much offended, and so told them, having, as he said, granted them more than sufficient liberty in public." He bore his vexations, however, with tolerable patience,

till the 20th of November following, when, in a letter to Buckingham, whom he addressed by the familiar appellation of Steenie,[1] always used by King James towards that favourite, he says—"I writ to you by Ned Clarke that I thought I would have cause enough in a short time to put away the *Monsers*, either by attempting to steal away my wife, or by having plots with my own subjects. For the first, I cannot say certainly that it was intended, but I am sure it is hindered; for the other, though I have good grounds to believe it, and am still hunting after it; yet, seeing daily the maliciousness of the Monsers, by making and fomenting discontentments in my wife, I could tarry no longer from advertising of you that I mean to seek for other grounds to cashier my Monsers." ... It was not till some months afterwards that Charles was provoked to carry his resolution into effect, by circumstances detailed in a letter dated Saturday morning, the 5th July, 1626.

"On Monday last, about three in the afternoon, the King, passing to the Queen's side, and finding some Frenchmen, her servants, *un*reverently dancing and curvetting in her presence, took her by the hand and led her into his lodgings, locking the door after him,

[1] Steenie was the diminutive of Stephen, between which saint and the favourite a similarity could not, one would imagine, have been easily discovered, but James found one: St. Stephen is generally painted with a glory about his face, and the beauty of Villiers suggested the likeness (Kennet, Vol. ii. p. 697). Buckingham always called himself James's "dog and slave," and that King himself was dignified with the name of "the sow."

and shutting out all, save only the Queen. Presently, upon this, my Lord Conway called forth the French Bishop, and others of that Clergy, into St. James's Park, where he told them the King's pleasure was, all Her Majesty's servants of that nation, men and women, young and old, should depart the kingdom, together with the reasons that enforced His Majesty so to do. The Bishop stood much upon it, that, being in the nature of an ambassador, he could not go unless the King, his master, should command him; but he was told that the King, his master, had nothing to do here in England, and that if he were unwilling to go, England would find force enough to convey him home. The Bishop had as much reason to dance 'loth to depart,' as the King and all his well-affected subjects had to send him packing: for he had as much power of conferring orders, dispensing sacraments, oaths, &c., as the Pope could give him, and so, by consequence, was a most dangerous instrument to work the Pope's ends here."

The writer proceeds to relate that all the French were immediately ordered "to depart thence (from St. James's) to Somerset House," and that "the women howled and lamented as if they had been going to execution, but all in vain, for the yeomen of the Guard, by that Lord's (Conway) appointment, thrust them all out of the Queen's lodgings, and locked the doors after them. It is said also, the Queen, when she understood the design, grew very impatient, and broke the glass windows with her fist; but since, I hear, her rage is ap-

peased, and the King and she, since they went together to Nonsuch,[1] have been very jocund together."[2]

Adverting to the "satisfactory reasons" which the King had for this measure, the writer thus proceeds: "One might be the extravagant power of this French Bishop, who, when he was last in France, suing to be a Secretary of State, fell short of that, and so took instructions from the Pope's nuncio, which, in case he could bring to effect, he was promised a Cardinal's hat, which now lies in the dust. The rest of that Clergy were the most superstitious, turbulent, and Jesuitical priests that could be found in all France, very fit to make firebrands of sedition in a foreign State; so that His Majesty, so long as he gave them entertainment, did but nourish so many vipers in his bosom. Nay, their insolences towards the Queen were not to be endured, for those knaves would, by way of confession, interrogate her Majesty how often in a night the king had kissed her?"

Disraeli has given a curious instance of the manner in which the court-chaplains of those days performed their functions. "The King and Queen dining together in the presence, Mr. Hackett, (Chaplain to the Lord-Keeper Williams,) being then to say grace, the Confessor would have prevented him, but that Hackett shoved him away, whereupon the Confessor went to the Queen's side, and was about to say grace again, but that the King, pulling the dishes unto him, and the carvers falling to their business, hindered. When

[1] Nonsuch Palace, near Ewell. [2] Harleian MSS., 333.

dinner was done, the Confessor thought, standing by the Queen, to have been before Mr. Hackett, but Mr. Hackett again got the start. The Confessor, nevertheless, began his grace as loud as Mr. Hackett, with such a confusion that the King, in great passion, instantly rose from the table, and taking the Queen by the hand, retired into the bed-chamber."[1]

From this passage, and many others quoted by the same writer, it is evident that Charles I. was incapable of governing his own household; to say nothing of his young Queen.

About a month after the removal of the French crew from St. James's, the King, incensed, probably, by fresh machinations, issued the following peremptory order to Buckingham :—

"STEENIE,

"I have received your letter by Dick Græme: this is my answer. I command you to send all the French away to-morrow, out of the town, if you can by fair means, (but stick not long in disputing); other ways force them away, driving them away like so many wild beasts, until ye have shipped them, and so the Devil go with them! Let me hear no answer, but of the performance of my command. So I rest,

"Your faithful, constant,

"Loving friend,

"CHARLES R."[2]

"Oaking, the 7th of August, 1626."

[1] Curiosities of Literature, Vol. iii. p. 402.

[2] Ellis's Letters.

On the sudden announcement of the King's determination to the Queen's attendants, "those French freebooters," we are told, fell with such avidity upon the apparel and linen of their mistress, as to leave her but one gown and two smocks to her back. Not content with this plunder, they resorted to the expedient of inventing bills, for the payment of which they pretended to have engaged themselves on account of the Queen to the amount of £10,000; but these debts, which she at first owned, she afterwards acknowledged to be fictitious. Among the items was one of £400, for necessaries for Her Majesty; an apothecary's bill of £800 for drugs; and another of £150, for the "bishop's unholy water," as the writer expresses it.

The King's command was punctually executed, as we are informed by a letter written on Friday, August 11th. "On Monday last was the peremptory day for the departure of the French, what time the King's officers attending them with coaches, carts, and barges, they contumaciously refused to go, saying they would not depart until they had order from their king; and, above all, the bishop stood upon his punctilios. This news being sent in post to the King, on Tuesday morning, his Majesty dispatched away to London the captain of the guard, attended with a competent number of the yeomen, as likewise with heralds, messengers, and trumpeters, first to proclaim his Majesty's pleasure at Somerset House gate, which, if it were not speedily obeyed, the yeomen of the guard were to put it in execution by turning all the French out of Somerset

House by head and shoulders, and shutting the gate after them. Which news, so soon as the French heard, their courage came down, and they yielded to be gone the next tide. The time being come, my Lord Conway, Mr. Treasurer, and Mr. Comptroller went to see them perform their promise, and brought the bishop out of the gate to the boot of his coach, where he, making a stand, told them he had one favour more to crave at their hands, namely, that they would permit him to stay till the midnight tide, to the end that he might go away private and cool, which was not denied him."

In a long procession of nearly forty coaches, after four days' tedious travelling, they reached Dover; but the spectacle of these impatient foreigners, so reluctantly quitting England, gesticulating their sorrows or their quarrels, exposed them to the derision and stirred up the prejudices of the common people.

As Madame St. George,[1] whose vivacity is described as having been extravagantly French, was stepping into the boat, one of the mob could not resist the temptation of flinging a stone at her French cap. An English courtier, who was conducting her, instantly quitted his charge, ran the fellow through the body, and quietly returned to the boat.[2] No notice appears to have been taken of the murder.

The marriage-articles stipulated that the Queen should have about three score servants; but that num-

[1] Daughter of Madame de Montglat. She was governess and one of the principal ladies of the young Queen of England.

[2] Ellis's Letters.

ber had, in the course of little more than a year, been increased to 440, besides children, and cost the King £240 a-day. By the King's directions, the sum of about £22,700 was distributed in gold and jewels as "rewards" among her Majesty's late servants, on their departure from England, by Sir Harry Vane, cofferer or treasurer of the household; and the total expense to the King, before they were landed in France, amounted to no less than £50,000.

The Queen was permitted to retain about twenty French in her service, twelve of whom were musicians, and one priest, but the silliest of them all. Her nurse, Madame Vandelet, that dresseth her, a cook, a baker, and a tailor are among those whose occupations are specified.

A characteristic trait of French manners is recorded in one of the letters before quoted, that of August 11: "The Duchess of Tremouille, being retained here by the King, was appointed to have lain at St. James's, had not the housekeeper sent the King word the French had so defiled that house as a week's work would not make it clean."[1]

When the French party were dismissed, Marshal de Bassompierre was hastily sent over as ambassador extraordinary from Louis XIII. to inquire into the matter. The answer of the King's council to the remonstrance of the Marshal states that the French household had formed a little republic within itself, combining with the resident ambassador, and inciting the opposition

[1] Ellis's Letters.

members of parliament—a practice usual with that intriguing court even from the days of Elizabeth. But the French domestics of Henrietta were engaged in lower intrigues. They lent their names to hire houses in the suburbs of London, where, under their protection, the English Catholics found a secure retreat to hold their illegal assemblies, and where youth of both sexes were educated and sent abroad to Catholic seminaries; while her priests were drawing from the Queen, by those well-known means which the Romish religion sanctions, the minutest circumstances which passed in privacy between her and the King, indisposed her mind towards her royal consort, and impressed on her a contempt of the English nation and a disgust of our customs, and, as has been usual with the French, made her neglect the English language, as if the Queen of England had no common interest with the nation. They had made her residence a place of security for the persons and papers of the discontented. Yet all this was hardly more offensive than the humiliating state to which they had reduced an English Queen, to whom they prescribed the most degrading penances.

One of the articles in the contract of marriage, to which we have already referred, stipulated that the Queen should have a chapel at St. James's, to be built and consecrated by her French bishop. It was explained to Bassompierre that the priests became very importunate, declaring that without a chapel mass could not be performed with the state that it ought to be before a Queen, and were breeding perpetual quarrels

among themselves. Bassompierre adverts to their broils and clamours, which exposed them to the laughter of the English Court. One cannot but smile to observe, in one of the despatches of this great mediator between two Kings and a Queen, addressed to the minister, that one of the greatest obstacles which he had found in this difficult negociation arose from the bed-chamber women. The French King being desirous that the Queen, his sister, should have two additional women to attend her, the ambassador declares that "it would be expedient to diminish rather than increase the number; for they all live so ill together, with such rancorous enmities and jealousies, that I have more trouble to make them agree than I shall find to accommodate the differences between the two Kings. Their continual bickerings, and often their abusive language, cause the English to entertain the most contemptuous and ridiculous opinions of our nation. I shall not, therefore, insist on this point, unless his Majesty shall be pleased to revert to it." [1]

The French bishop was under the age of thirty, and his authority was imagined to have been but irreverently treated by two beautiful viragoes, in that war of uncivil words which was raging: one of them, Madame St. George, was in high favour, but heartily hated by the English. The King, however, had, at her departure, nevertheless, dismissed her with several thousand pounds and jewels.

Bassompierre, in a letter to the French bishop, who had just been sent away from England, announcing

[1] Ambassades, tome iii. p. 166.

the total failure of his mission, makes this pertinent remark: "If you consider that I was sent hither to enforce the observance of a contract of marriage, and to maintain the Catholic religion in a country from which they formerly banished it to break a contract of marriage, you will assist in excusing me of this failure."

This transaction took place in 1626. Four years afterwards, when an attempt was again made to introduce certain French persons, a bishop and physician, into the Queen's household, it was resolutely opposed by Charles, who, being importuned on account of the latter, by the French Ambassador, "let him know," says Lord Dorchester, in a letter to De Vic, one of the King's agents at Paris, "that this Doctor may return as he came, with intimation that he should do it speedily. The French Ambassador, willing to help the matter, spake to the King that the said Doctor might be admitted to kiss the Queen's hand, and to carry into France the news of her safe delivery,[1] which the King excused by a civil answer, and has since commanded me to let the Ambassador understand that he had heard him as Monsieur de Fontenaye, in this particular; but if he should persist and press him in this particular, he should be forced to say that which would displease him."[2]

[1] The infant alluded to in this letter, which is dated May 27, 1630, was Charles (II.), who was born on the 29th of that month.

[2] Harleian MSS., 7000.

In 1626, Somerset House, which, under the name of Denmark House, had been the residence of Anne of Denmark, Queen of James I., was fitted up for the particular use of Henrietta Maria, and settled on her for life. That mansion became, in consequence, the focus of Catholicism, and a Convent of Capuchin friars was established there by the Queen, in defiance of public opinion. The great encouragement thus given to Popery, had a most pernicious influence on the dissensions between Charles and his Parliament; and so early as 1628, the House of Commons, in a particular remonstrance to the King, complained of the number of families that attended mass at Denmark House. The ferment on this subject was considerably increased some years afterwards, when, in 1638, the Queen's mother coming to England, was lodged at St. James's, and the open practice of the Romish worship by the two Queens, made many proselytes, especially among persons of rank and consequence.

After the commencement of hostilities, the Catholic establishment at this Palace became the subject of parliamentary attention; and, on the 10th of November, 1642, it was ordered "that the sheriffs do cause the altar and such crucifixes, images, and monuments of idolatry, as are in the chapel and monastery there, to be demolished." At the same time, the friars were commanded to depart the kingdom "within a month;" but that order being disobeyed, the Commons further resolved, in March following, that the Capuchins be taken into custody to be "sent into France," and that

"the Earl of Warwick give directions for a ship for that purpose." On the same day, the vestments and utensils belonging to the altar were ordered "to be forthwith burnt," and "the committee to examine further for Pope's bulls," by whose authority this Convent was established, and by whom procured. The result of that inquiry does not appear.

When Charles ascended the throne, the people were still more disposed to assert their rights than at the accession of his father: yet, as they anticipated a better system under him, and were attached to his person, he succeeded with the fair prospect of governing with their love. Educated in England, he was regarded with the usual predilection for a native, while the Scots fondly cherished the remembrance of his birth and extraction. But it was his misfortune to poison the springs of affection and confidence on his very entrance into public life. By admitting Buckingham into "an admired intimacy and dearness," to use the language of the times, he proclaimed a purpose of governing by the same maxims as his predecessor, and thus succeeded as well to the discontent and jealousy raised by his father, as to the throne.

These feelings were greatly aggravated by religious considerations. People learned, with grief and astonishment, that the credit given to the professions of the prince on this subject was wholly unmerited; that, during his residence in Spain, he had consented to sacrifices which bespoke no attachment to the established

religion of his country, and the hasty marriage concluded with a daughter of France, attended with great indulgence to her creed, and secret articles in favour of Catholics, which were immediately acted upon, by a suspension of the penal laws against that obnoxious body, seemed to justify their apprehensions. Neither was the general alarm slightly augmented by the protection and promotion of churchmen whose doctrine approached to the Romish, and had the same political tendency.

When it was perceived that the system pursued in the last reign, of rendering the Church subservient to the views of the Court, by which religion was degraded into an engine of royalty, was to be prosecuted in this, the continuance of a counter-union, of what were reproachfully denominated Puritan principles, with a spirit of freedom, followed. The intrepidity that encouraged an appeal to the common source of the Christian faith against the dogmas of ecclesiastics, dictated bolder sentiments on politics; and, when a plot to drill men out of their religion, in order to delude them into acquiescence with arbitrary power, became manifest, it excited a resolute demonstration of resistance. In this manner, the popular favour, which accompanied the accession of Charles, was soon converted into distrust.

There was scarcely one article of the Catholic Faith which had not received the sanction of the King and his hierarchy. The people were interdicted, under severe penalties, from any defence of their own creed; and

even the Protestants abroad, as well as those at home, were pursued with an increasing cry of reproach; while every attack upon the Romish church and religion was punished with the utmost cruelty. In the primacy of Laud, books which had been previously regarded as the purest founts of orthodoxy, as Fox's Martyrs, Jewell's Works, and the Practice of Piety itself, were suppressed. The liturgy, too, was altered to bring it to a nearer conformity with the Romish. Indeed, the doctrine of the high-church clergy was, that the Church of Rome was the mother church, not erring in fundamentals, and, in fact, the only medium through which a Christian church, or even priest, could exist; and that a general reconcilement of the various churches to their common parent would be a desirable event. They did, no doubt, talk of minor corruptions, but never distinctly specified in what these existed.

In the meantime, the hierarchy were encouraged by Charles, to maintain that they held their jurisdiction from God (*jure divino*), and the consequences which they meant to attach to the divinity of their order were alarming. They, like the Presbyterians, desired to be independent of the civil authority, that is, the authority of Parliament, and to confer upon the decrees of a Convocation all the effects of legislative enactments, or even of infallibility. Disparagement was thrown upon the enactments of Henry VIII. and Edward VI., relative to religion; and in the statutes drawn up by Laud for the University of Oxford—statutes equally repugnant to civil and religious liberty

—that Prelate dared to insult the University and the whole nation, by extolling "the much-to-be-admired felicity of Mary's reign."[1]

While holidays were revered, Sunday was despised, works were encouraged against it, and the attempt to defend the regard paid to it, was punished by the High Commission. "The Book of Sports" was appointed to be read in all the churches, inviting the people to recreations and pastimes on that day, an injunction rife with the most important consequences; and on the Sabbath-day, also, plays were commonly acted at Court. Well might foreigners expect the speedy relapse of England into the bosom of the mother Church, and this measure seems indeed to have been seriously contemplated by Charles, and Laud, his grand ecclesiastical adviser!

It was not only in matters of religion that Charles rendered himself highly obnoxious to the nation, but also by various tyrannical and despotic acts wherein he set all law and justice at defiance, to which we shall take occasion to advert.

After an unsuccessful expedition against Cadiz, war was declared with France, and a fleet was sent out in 1627, under the command of the Duke of Buckingham, to relieve Rochelle. The result of this expedition was still more disastrous than the former. After their defeat by the French, two-thirds of the English army were cut to pieces on the Isle of Rhé, before they had time to re-embark. The Duke of Buckingham

[1] Rushworth, Vol. ii. p. 334.

exhibited great personal courage on this occasion, being the last person who quitted the shore. The especial favourite of two kings had always been exceedingly unpopular in England; but his cool intrepidity wrought no change in his favour. On the 23rd of August, the following year, he was stabbed at Portsmouth by one Felton, an Irishman, who was executed for the murder, and died with great firmness.

In 1630, Charles adopted a wise policy—that of making peace with France and Spain, against which, he had been involved in a war, commenced without necessity, and conducted without any glorious result to the British arms.

CHAPTER III.

Birth of Prince Charles (afterwards Charles II.)—Appearance of a remarkable star on the occasion.—Ceremonies at the baptism of the Heir to the Throne.—His early education.—The Earl of Newcastle's qualifications as his Governor.—His letter of instructions to his pupil.—Advice of the Queen to her son.—A juvenile epistle.—The Earl of Leicester.—First years of childhood.—The Earls of Hertford and Berkshire, and Dr. Duppa, appointed Governors to the young Prince.—His accident and illness.—Takes his seat in the House of Peers.—Impeachment of the Earl of Strafford.—Charles made the bearer of a letter from his father to the Peers to defer the execution of that nobleman.—His non-success.—Tragic fate of the Peer.—Proposal for making Hampden tutor to the Prince.—Accessions to the Royal Family.

THE first issue of the union of Charles and Henrietta was a son, born May 13, 1628, named Charles James, but the infant did not long survive. So much greater was the joy excited by the birth of another heir to the throne on the 29th of May, 1630, on which occasion the King went on the same day, it being Sunday, in a solemn manner, to St. Paul's Church, to return public

thanks to Heaven. As historians have delighted to record the prodigies and portents which are said to have attended the infancy of mighty States, so biographers have been equally diligent to record the extraordinary phenomena that have marked the birth of the heroes of their narratives. Thus, we find the writers of that time relating that "there was observed a new star appearing at mid-day, as if the heavens seemed, by an extraordinary production, to emulate the new splendour of the earth."[1] Rushworth records that "on the 29th of May, Prince Charles was born a little before one of the clock, in the afternoon; and the Bishop of London had the honour to see him before he was an hour old. At his birth, there appeared a star visible that very time of the day when the King rode to St. Paul's Church to give thanks to God for the Queen's safe delivery of a son."[2] Another of his panegyrists adds that, "notwithstanding the strenuous opposition of the shining sun, which soon after suffered an eclipse, the star was generally looked upon as an emblem of his future greatness and glory, and the eclipse of the sun to be a sad presage that his glory should be for a time eclipsed."[3]

Fuller also notices the circumstance, and speaks of

[1] Monarchy Revived; being the Personal History of Charles II., p. 5.

[2] Rushworth, vol. ii. p. 50.

[3] Augustus Anglicus. View of the Life and Reign of that immortal and glorious Monarch, Charles II., 1686, p. 1. The intelligent reader need scarcely be reminded how easy it is to draw such presages after the event.

two notable signs of the firmament. "The Star Venus," he observes, "was not only visible the whole day, but also during the two which followed, besides which, there was an eclipse of the sun about eleven digits, observed by the greatest mathematicians."

Though this circumstance was much dwelt on by his party during the Civil Wars, Lilly, the astrologer, who embraced the cause of the Commonwealth, assures us that the prophetic messenger was nothing more than the planet Venus, which is sometimes visible in the day-time; "and truly," adds Scott, "if we judge of the matter by its influence on the merry Monarch, Venus has the best title to be held the dominant power at his nativity."[1]

Of the Prince's baptism an interesting account, inasmuch as it strongly marks the character of the age and the manners of the Court, is given by Mr. Samuel Meddus, in a letter to Mr. Joseph Meade, dated July 2, 1630, preserved in Peck's curious collection.

"Prince Charles was baptized last Lord's day, about four in the afternoon, at St. James's, in the King's little chapple, (not in the Queen's,) by my Lord of London, (Laud) Deane of the chapple, assisted by the Bishop of Norwich, almoner. The gossips were the French King (Louis XIII.), the Palsgrave, and the Queen-mother of France; the deputies, the Duke of Lenox, Marquis Hamilton, and the Duchess of Richmond; which last was exceedingly bountifull. The ordnance and chambers of the Tower [were discharged,] the bells did ring, and at

[1] Notes to Dryden, Vol. ix. p. 51.

night were in the streets plenty of flaming bonfires. The Duchesse was sent for by two lords, dyvers knights and gentlemen, six footmen, and a coach with six horses plumed, (all the Queen's,) and alighted not without the gate, but within the court. Her retinue were six women, and gentlemen I know not how many. But all, of both sexes, were clad in white satin, garnished with crimson, and crimson silke stockings. I hear not of any presents from the gossips: but the Duchesse, for her own particular, presented to the Queen for the Prince, a jewel estimated at 7 or £8,000; to the Welsh nurse[1] a chain of rubies estimated at £200; to the midwife and dry nurse, store of massy plate: to the six rockers, each a fair cup, a salt, and a dozen of spoons. All the lords also gave plate to the nurse. Besides the Duchesse gave to every knight and gentleman of the Queen's, who came for her, and brought her back to her house in the Strand, 50 pieces; to the coachman 20, and to every of the six footmen, ten pieces. There were neither lords nor knights made that I hear of, as there was said would be."[2]

The following extract of a letter of the Queen to Madame St. George,[3] in the course of the following year,

[1] She had been procured from Wales, probably to keep up the old custom and promise to the Principality, that the first words of every Prince of Wales should be uttered in Welsh.

[2] Peck's Desiderata Curiosa, Vol. ii. p. 36, fol. London 1736.

[3] In the Imperial Library of St. Petersburgh. See Miss Strickland's Queens of England, Vol. viii. p. 60, 1845.

is not very complimentary to her little son. "The husband of the nurse of my son going to France about some business of his wife, I write you this letter by him, believing that you will be very glad to ask him news of my son, of whom, I think, you have seen the portrait that I sent to the queen, my mother. He is so ugly that I am ashamed of him, but his size and fatness supply the want of beauty. I wish you could see the gentleman, for he has no ordinary mien; he is so serious in all that he does, that I cannot help deeming him far wiser than myself."

On occasion of the Prince's baptism, a small silver medal was struck, on the reverse of which were the arms of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, with the motto *Hactenus Anglorum nulli*, intimating that none before him had been born heir-apparent to those four crowns. The appearance of the star mentioned before, is likewise expressed on this medal, and it may be added that Waller has alluded in one of his poems to the same circumstance.

The particulars recorded of Charles's education are very scanty. The care of his infancy was committed to the Countess of Dorset; and, when he had outgrown female conduct, the King selected the Marquis of Newcastle, and Dr. Duppa, Bishop of Chichester, to train him up in those accomplishments, personal and mental, which were deemed befitting his rank.

Of the Earl of Newcastle's[1] qualifications for the post of governor to the Prince, to whose care he was confided

[1] He was created Marquis in 1643.

on the 4th of June, 1638, some idea may be formed by Clarendon's detail of them.

"The Marquis of Newcastle was a very fine gentleman, active, and full of courage, and most accomplished in those qualities of horsemanship, dancing, and fencing, which accompany a good breeding, in which his delight was. Besides that, he was amorous in poetry and musick, to which he indulged the greatest part of his time, and nothing could afterwards have tempted him out of those paths of pleasure, which he enjoyed in a full and ample fortune, but honour and ambition to serve the King, when he saw him in distress, and abandoned by most of those who were in the highest degree obliged to him and by him. He loved monarchy, as it was the foundation and support of his own greatness, and the church, as it was well constituted for the splendour and security of the crown; and religion as it cherished and maintained that order and obedience which was necessary to both, without any other passion, for the particular opinions which were grown up in it, and distinguished it into parties, than as he detested whatsoever was likely to disturb the public peace. He had a particular reverence for the person of the King, and the more extraordinary devotion for that of the Prince, as he had the honour to be trusted with his education as governor, for which office, as he excelled in some, so he wanted other qualifications."[1]

A still more decisive testimony of the fitness of this nobleman for his office, is extant in a letter of Instruc-

[1] History of the Rebellion Oxford Edit. 1706, Vol. ii. p. 507.

tions, addressed by him to the Prince, in his quality of governor, on his studies, conduct, behaviour, and religious duties.

"May it please your Highness,

"Since it pleased your most gracious father, his sacred majestie, to think me worthy to be your governor, I will justifie his majestie's choice; for what I may want in abilities, I will make up with fidelity and duty to his majesty, in diligence and service to you.

"Then for your education, Sir, it is fitt you should have some languages, tho' I confess I would rather have you study things then words, matter then language; for seldom a critick in many languages hath time to study sense for words, and at best he is or can be but a living dictionary. Besides, I would not have you too studious, for too much contemplation spoiles action, and virtue consists in that. What you read I would have it history, and the best chosen histories, so that you might compare the dead with the living, for the same humour is now as was then; there is no alteration but in names; and tho' you meet not with a Cæsar, for emperor of the whole world, yet he may have the same passion in him, and you are not to compare fortune so much as humours, witt, and judgement; and thus you shall see the excellency and errors both of kings and subjects, and though you are young in years, yet living by your reading in all those times, be older in wisdom and judgement then Nature can afford any man to be without this help.

"For the Arts, I would have you know them so far as they are of use, and especially those that are most

proper for war and use; but, whensoever you are too studious, your contemplation will spoile your government, for you cannot be a good contemplative man and a good commonwealth's man; therefore, take heed of too much book.

"Beware of too much devotion for a King, for one may be a good man but a bad King; and how many will history represente to you that in seeming to gaine the kingdome of Heaven have lost their owne; and the old saying is, that short prayers pierce the heaven's gates; but, if you be not religious, and not only seeme so but be so, God will not prosper you; and, if you have no reverence to him, why should your subjects have any to you? At the best, you are accounted for your greatest honour his servant, his deputy, his anointed, and you owe as much duty and reverence to him as we owe to you; and why, nay justly, may not he punishe you for want of reverence and service to Him, if you fail in it, as well as you to punish us: but this subject I leave to the Right Reverend Father in God Lord Bishop of Chichester, your worthy tutor: your tutor, Sir, wherein you are most happy, since he hath no pedantry in him; his learning he makes right use of, neither to trouble himself with it, or his friends; reades men as well books; and goes the next way to everything that he should, and that is what he would, for his will is governed by that law: the purity of his witt doth not spoile the severity of his judgement; travell'd, which you shall perceive by his wisdom and fashion more then by his relations; and, in a word,

strives as much discreetly to hide the schollar in him as other men's follies studies to shew it; and is a right gentleman, such a one as man should be.

"But, Sir, to fall back again to your reverence at prayers, so farr as concernes reason and your advantage is my duty to tell you; then I say, Sir, were there no heaven or hell, you shall see the disadvantage for your government; if you have no reverence at prayers, what will the people have, think you? They go according to the example of the Prince; if they have none, then they have no obedience to God; then they will easily have none to your Highness; no obedience, no subjects; no subjects——then your power is off that side, and whether it be in one or more then that's King, and thus they will turn tables with you. Of the other side, if any be Bible madd, overmuch burnt with fiery zeal, they may think it a service to God to destroy you, and say the Spirit moved them, and bring some example of a king with a hard name in the Old Testament. Thus one way you may have a civil war, the other a private treason; and he that cares not for his own life is master of another man's.

"For books, thus much more, the greatest clerks are not the wisest men; and the greate troublers of the world; the greatest captains were not the greatest schollars; neither have I known booke-wormes great statesmen; some have here to fore and some are now, but they study men more now then bookes, or else they would prove but silly statesmen. For a meer schollar, there is nothing so simple for this world. The reason's

plaine, for divinity teaches us what we should be, not what we are; so doth moral philosophy; and many philosophicall worlds and Utopia's schollars have made and fansied to themselves such worlds as never was, is, or shall be; and then I dare say if they govern themselves by those rules what men should be, or not what they are, they will miss the cushion very much.

"But, Sir, you are in your disposition religious and not very apte to your booke, so you need no great labour to perswade you to the one, or long discourses to disswade from the other.

"The things that I have discoursed to you most is to be courteous and civil to everybody;[1] sett to, make difference of cabinges [sic] and believe it, the putting off of your hat and making a leg pleases more then reward or preservation, so much doth it take all kind of people. Then, to speak well of every body; and, when you hear people speak ill of others, reprehend them, and seeme to dislike it so much as do not look of em so favourably for a few days after, and say something of those that have been spoke against, for you may say something of every body to the best; the other which is railing, scorne, and jearing, is fitter for porters, watermen, and carmen, then for gentlemen; how much more then for a prince, whose dislike is death and kills any subject. Besides, you may be sure the parties will hear of it, and, though they dare do nothing

[1] A precept which the young Prince did not forget in after-years, and upon which he acted on various occasions to his own great advantage.

because they want power, nor say nothing for fear of being troubled, yet believe it, Sir, they are traytors in their hearts to you, and of your owne making, and so are all their friends. Of the other side, to speak well of them will be told too, and that winns them as much as the other looses them; and this way you will get their hearts, and then you have all they have, and more you cannot have. And how easy a way is this to have the people! To loose your dignity, and sett by your state, I do not advise you to that, but the contrary: for what preserves you, kings, more then ceremony? The cloth of estate, the distance people are with you, great officers, heralds, drums, trumpeters, rich coaches, rich furniture for horses, guards, martialls men making room, disorders to be laboured by their staff of office and crie 'Now the King comes!'

"I know these maskers, the people, sufficiently; even the wisest, though he knew it and not accustomed to it, shall shake of his wisdom and shake for fear of it, for this is the mist is cast before us and maskes the Commonwealth. Besides authority doth what it list, I mean power that's the stronger, though sometimes it shifts sides, therefore the King must know at what time to play the King, and when to qualifie it, but never put it of; for, in all triumphs whatsoever, or publick shewing yourself, you cannot put upon you too much King; yet even then sometimes a hat, or a smile, in the right place will advantage you; but at other times you may do more, and civil speeches to people and short doth much win of them, and certainly, Sir,

civility cannot unprince you, but much advantage you. To women you cannot be too civil, especially to great ones; what hurt were it to send them a dish from your table when they dine with some of your great lords, and to drink their health? Certainly, Sir, you cannot loose by curtesy. I mean not you should be so familiar as to bring you to contempt, for I mean you should keepe yourself up Prince still and in all your actions, but I would not have you so seared with majestie as to think you are not of mankinde, nor suffer others, or yourself, to flatter you so much.

"The incommodities to life and the sustaining of it, and the same things the meanest do, you must do the like, or not live; these things, when you are pleased to think of them, will perswade you that you are of the lump of man and mortall, and the more you repeate these thoughts, the better Prince you'll be both to serve God and for distributive justice to your people; for, being a Prince, you ought rather to give Almighty God thanks for the advantage-ground you have of other people then to be proud. I mean not by repeating your mortality to have a death's head sett always before you, or to cry every morning that you are mortall, for I would not have you fall into a divine melancholy, to be an anchorett, or a capuchin; or with a philosophicall discourse to be a Diogenes in your tubb; but to temper yourself so by this means as to be a brave, noble, and just King, and make your name immortall by your brave acts abroad and your un-

spotted justice at home, qualified by your well-tempered mercy."[1]

In the work just quoted, we find two very short letters, addressed to Lord Newcastle by Charles, at the early age of eight years, and also one from the Queen to her son, who it seems had, like almost all children, a great aversion to physic, and was not a very docile patient. It might be considered as too unimportant for insertion here, if it were not one of the very few specimens now existing of the Queen's English composition :—

"Charles,

"j am sore that I most begin my first letter with chiding you, because j heere that you will not take phisike; I hope it was onlie for this day, and that to-morrowe you will doe it; for yf you will not, j most come to you and make you take it, for it is for your healthe. I have given order to mi Lord Newcastell to send mi worde to-night whether you will or not; therefore, j hope you will not give mi the paines to goe, and so j rest,

"Your affectionate Mother,

"HENRIETTE MARIE R.[2]

"To mi deare
Sonne, the Prince,
1638."

[1] From a copy, evidently not the most correct, preserved with the Royal Letters in the Harleian MS. 6988, Art. 62, and introduced by Ellis in his Letters illustrative of English History.

[2] Harleian MS. 6988, Art. 54, entirely in the Queen's hand.

To the subject of this letter the Prince seems to make a sly reference in the following, written between double lines, ruled with pencil:—

"My Lord,

"I would not have you take too much phisicke, for it doth allwaies make me worse, and I think it will doe the like with you. I ride every day, and am ready to follow any other directions from you. Make hast to returne to him that loves you.

"CHARLES P. [1]

"To my Lord of New-castle."

The Prince continued under the care of the Earl of Newcastle till the 10th of August, 1641, when that nobleman resigned his trust, and retired from Court, before the breaking out of the Civil War, "to decline," as Clarendon expresses it, "the insupportable envy which the powerful faction had contracted against him."

After the Marquis of Newcastle had left the kingdom, Charles had resolved to confer the vacant post of Governor to the Prince, on the Earl of Leicester, the second of the Sidney family, and father of the famous Algernon Sidney. This nobleman was remarkable, even in his youth, for those studious habits which distinguished him in after-life. He married a daughter of the Earl of Northumberland's, and sister of that Earl whom Clarendon represents as the greatest and proudest Peer of his time. Of the six sons and nine daughters,

[1] Harl. MS. 6988, Art. 57.

the offspring of this marriage, many died young. Four of the sons survived their father; Philip, who succeeded to the title, Algernon, Robert, and Henry, who was created Earl of Romney by William III. Of the daughters, Dorothy and Lucy were celebrated by Waller; the former under the name of Saccharissa.

After serving Charles I. for several years as Ambassador in Denmark and France, Lord Leicester was summoned to England by the King, and appointed to succeed the Earl of Strafford in the government of Ireland. This commission, however, was revoked and conferred on the Marquis of Ormond, an indignity which the Earl keenly felt. He was then ordered to attend the King at Oxford. While he remained there, his estates were sequestered by order of Parliament, and it required all the interest and exertions of his sons, Lord Lisle and Algernon, and of the Earl of Northumberland, to obtain a reversal of the order.

When, on the entrance of the Scotch Army into England, for the purpose of co-operating with the Parliament forces, it was resolved that a letter signed by all the Peers who adhered to the King, "disavowing and reprobating all the acts done by the pretended authority of Parliament, and exhorting the Scots to desist from their purpose, should be sent to the Council of State, in Scotland," Lord Leicester was the only Peer who refused to subscribe this paper. Before this circumstance, the King had determined to entrust his son, Charles, to the care of Leicester. On his refusal to affix his name to this letter, the Earl of Berkshire was appointed in his

stead—an unfortunate change for all parties, but especially for the young Prince, who thus not only lost a guardian admirably adapted for such an office, but was placed under the guidance of another in every respect unfit for such a charge.

Lord Leicester, as if dissatisfied with the proceedings of both of the contending parties, now withdrew into retirement at his seat at Penshurst, in Kent.

If we may believe the accounts of partial writers, never was a stronger contrast presented by any character than by that of Charles in his early and in his mature years. "Every year of his childhood," says Eglesfield,[1] "afforded new promises and hopes; and even in that age which usually has not the advantage of discretion either totally to subdue or at least to dissemble the motions of passions, he expressed on all occasions an extraordinary goodness and sweetness of nature, seeming to have been born with that equal temper of mind which few men render themselves capable of by the help of philosophy and religion. Nor were his inclinations to virtue more remarkable than those he had to excellent and solid arts, which the composedness of his genius rendered more acceptable to him than the levity of the most exquisite divertisements."

Charles had successively for his governors the Earls of Hertford and Berkshire. Duppa, Dean of Christchurch, and afterwards his tutor, though a man of mild temper, was, according to Burnet, not fit for his post.

[1] See Monarchy Revived, p. 8.

On the contrary, Wood tells us that "he was a man of excellent parts, and every way qualified for his function, especially as to the comeliness of his person and the gracefulness of his deportment." This post, however, paved his way to the mitre, and he became Bishop of Salisbury, whence he was translated to Winchester. Wood further informs us, that when he lay on his death-bed at Richmond, Charles II. "craved his blessing on his bended knees by his bed-side."[1] Harris remarks that Duppa owed some of his preferment to George Villiers (Duke of Buckingham), and those who are aware of that fact will be at no loss about the real character of Charles's tutor.

When the Prince was nine years old, he had the misfortune to break one of his arms, and it is related that, about the same time, he had a violent fever and afterwards an attack of jaundice; but, having overcome these complaints, his health became more firmly established than it had been before.

In 1640, when by order, not creation, he was first called Prince of Wales, Duke of Cornwall, and Earl of Chester, he took his seat in the House of Peers, and was about the same time installed Knight of the Garter.

It is beside the purpose of this work to enter into any lengthy detail of the various causes of disharmony which, from the period of his accession to the throne, had estranged from Charles the affections of his Parliament and people, and produced irreconcileable animosity in both parties. To such a degree of bitterness had

[1] Athenæ Oxonienses, Vol. ii. Chap. 273, Lond. 1721, fol.

this spirit attained, that the first business to which the Parliament that met on the 3rd of November, 1640, directed its attention, was the impeachment of the Earl of Strafford, a nobleman of superior abilities, and active and energetic mind, who, from the favour which he enjoyed at court, was regarded as the King's chief minister and adviser.

The Earl, perceiving the storm that was gathering, would have provided for his safety, but Charles prevented his departure, by the assurance that he would effectually protect him from the malice of the Parliament. The virulence of the popular members against him was increased by the recollection that he had once belonged to their own ranks, which he had deserted for a career of distinctions, honours, and appointments, such as his former associates had not to bestow. From the admission of Clarendon himself, Strafford's conduct, while Lord-lieutenant of Ireland, had been arbitrary and oppressive, but no charge amounting to high-treason could be preferred against him. He defended himself with such dignity and ability, that the Commons, relinquishing the impeachment, brought in a bill of attainder against him, and carried it with the aid of a great concourse of the populace, which beset the Parliament House. Strafford was adjudged to be beheaded; but, as the assent of the King was required to this decision, a furious mob, shouting for its confirmation, surrounded the palace of Whitehall, and accompanied their demand of justice with the loudest clamours and the most open threats. The Queen, terrified at the appearance of this

danger, urged Charles, with tears, to satisfy this demand. All his friends, anxious for their own safety rather than the honour of their master, declined to express their opinion; and Archbishop Juxon alone had the courage to advise him, by all means to refuse his sanction, if he did not approve the bill. Strafford, apprized of the irresolution and anxiety of the King, had the magnanimity to write to him, beseeching him to give peace to the nation by consenting to his execution; and Charles was weak enough to grant a commission to four noblemen to give the royal assent to the bill.

The first public act of the Prince, then not eleven years old, was performed on this occasion. The King addressed a letter to the Peers, desiring that a day or two might be granted in respite of the execution of the severest sentence that ever was given, and presented it by the hands of the Prince, hoping that more consideration might be paid to the youthful messenger than he was likely to meet with himself. The application was to no purpose. Strafford, when informed of the confirmation of the sentence, exclaimed, "Put not your trust in princes, neither in the sons of men, for with them there is no salvation."[1] He met death with great courage, on the 12th of May, 1641, in the 49th year of his age. "I lay down my head on this block," said he, "as cheerfully as ever I laid it down upon my pillow. I am only afraid," he added, "that it is a bad omen for the projected political reform, that it should be begun with the spilling of innocent blood."

[1] Whitelocke's Memorials, p. 44.

Whitelocke, when treating of the preliminaries for the trial of the Earl of Strafford, says that a proposal was made for saving that nobleman by the appointment of his principal enemies to places at Court. In this distribution the office of tutor, or, more probably, governor to the Prince, was destined for the renowned patriot Hampden; "but, perhaps, fortunately for his own character," justly observes Harris, "this design was not carried into effect, though he was undoubtedly capable of filling the post with honour to himself and advantage to the pupil."[1]

What Hampden's character was in the eyes of his enemies, we may learn from Clarendon, who says, "When this Parliament begun (being returned knight of the shire for the county where he lived), the eyes of all men were fixed upon him as their *patriæ pater*, and the pilot who must steer the vessel through the tempests and rocks which threatened it. And I am persuaded his power and interest at that time was greater to do good, or hurt, than any man in the kingdom, or than any man of his rank hath had in any time; for his reputation of honesty was universal, and his affections seemed so publicly guided, that no corrupt or private ends could bias them. He was very temperate in diet, and a supreme governor over all his passions and affections, and had thereby a great power over other men's. He was of an industry and vigilance not to be tired out or wearied by the most laborious; and of parts not to be imposed upon by the most subtle

[1] Historical and Critical Account of Charles II.

and sharp, and of a personal courage equal to his best parts; so that he was an enemy not to be wished wherever he might have been made a friend; and as much to be apprehended when he was so as any man deserved to be."[1]

During the years of childhood, through which we have thus far followed Charles, the royal family received several accessions. The Princess Mary, born November 4th, 1631, was married to William of Nassau, Prince of Orange, who at his death, in 1650, left her *enceinte* with a son, afterwards William III., King of Great Britain. James, created Duke of York, was born on the 14th of October, 1633, succeeded to the crown on the death of his elder brother, and died on the 16th of September, 1700. The Princess Elizabeth, born January 28th, 1635, died in captivity at Carisbrook Castle, Isle of Wight, on the 8th of September, 1650. Henry, created Duke of Gloucester, born on the 20th of July, 1640, and died on the 22nd of September, 1660. Henrietta Anne, Duchess of Orleans, born June 16th, 1644, died June 30th, 1670, aged 26.

[1] History of the Rebellion.

CHAPTER IV.

Arbitrary proceedings of the King.—Exaction of Ship-Money.—Hampden opposes this impost.—Oppressions of the Ecclesiastical Courts.—Declaration for Sports on Sundays.—Proclamation to prevent persons from passing to the Colonies without a license.—Attachment of Charles to Episcopacy.—Puritans and Presbyterians.—Endeavours made to establish Episcopacy in Scotland.—Discontents of the people.—Attempt to assimilate the Ordinances of the English Church to those of the Church of Rome.—Archbishop Laud.—Spirit of his religion—Reading of the Liturgy at Edinburgh.—Tumult in consequence.—The famous Covenant.—Pacification of Berwick.—The Earls of Loudon and Dumferline committed to the Tower by the King's orders.—Their liberation.—Religious innovations.—Impeachment of Laud.—Treaty of Rippon.—Meeting of the Long Parliament.—Impeachment of Dr. Cozens.—The King proceeds to Scotland.—Rebellion in Ireland.—Horrible massacre of the Protestants.—The English of the Pale.—Fraud of Sir Phelim O'Neale.—Treachery of Charles.—"The Incident."—Return of the King to London.—Hostile attitude of the Parliament.—Cavaliers and Roundheads.

LET us now take a passing glance at some of the more prominent proceedings of Charles I. during the first few years that followed his accession

to the throne. Finding that he could not obtain sufficient supplies from his Parliaments to meet his requirements, and that they also opposed him in other matters, he at length determined to dispense with them altogether.

Lord Clarendon accuses the Parliament dissolved in 1629, of making unhappy assaults upon the royal prerogative, though, at the same time, he says "he does not know any formal act of either house that was not agreeable to the wisdom and justice of great courts upon extraordinary occasions." He further remarks that, "after some froward and obstinate disturbances in trade [which were seizing merchants' goods and imprisoning their persons for refusing to pay duties[1] not granted by Parliament], there quickly followed so excellent a composure throughout the whole kingdom, that the like peace, plenty, and universal tranquillity for ten years were never enjoyed by any nation." During these years, however, the King governed in an absolute manner, without a Parliament. By his own authority, and by numberless obnoxious projects, he raised great sums, resorting to impositions and severities equally arbitrary and illegal.

Foremost among these was the exaction of Ship-Money in 1634, heretofore only levied on the maritime counties for resisting invaders. The inland shires were now called upon to pay this tax, not for maintaining the navy, but for collecting a sum to be expended in any manner at the King's discretion. The whole nation

[1] Denominated "tonnage and poundage."

took fire at a proceeding which they regarded as illegal and oppressive to the last degree. At this juncture, Mr. John Hampden, who was a gentleman of fortune in Buckinghamshire, and who had been rated for his own estate, refused to comply with the demand, and had the courage to stand forward to resist an impost which was so universally complained of. The case was argued for twelve days before the judges in the Exchequer Chamber. So strong were the arguments adduced against the pretensions of the Crown, that, servile and biassed as the judges were, there was only a small majority against Hampden; and, although he thus lost his cause, he was amply compensated by the applause of his fellow-countrymen.

Not only the Council of York and the Star Chamber, but even the courts of justice were made use of to support the public oppression. Armies were maintained, and soldiers billeted on the people by order of the Privy Council; and those who opposed this, on account of its being contrary to law, were committed to prison. The oppressions of the ecclesiastical courts were likewise very great; and many who had suffered by these courts, together with several ministers who had been ejected from their livings because they would not read the declaration for Sports on a Sunday,[1] were desirous

[1] "An order of session was made in Somersetshire, when Lord Chief Justice Richardson and Judge Denham were upon that circuit, for suppressing ales and revels on Sundays. Archbishop Laud complained of this to the King. The Chief Justice was summoned to attend the Council, where he was commanded to revoke his order. He replied that the order

of quitting their native country. But, in order to block up the passage of these voluntary exiles, a proclamation was published, forbidding any persons, being subsidy-men or of their value, to pass to the plantations without a license.[1]

The King, to satisfy his necessities, chose to have recourse to any violent methods, rather than recede from his unconstitutional demands, and receive supplies from his people. The expedients to which he was now driven were all of them unjustifiable, and some of them contemptible. Among others, he seized the bullion in the Mint, which was brought from abroad to be coined there. This gave great alarm to the Spanish merchants

was made at the request of the justices of the peace in the county, with the general consent of the whole bench, and upon view of divers ancient precedents. He was obliged, however, to go and declare at the next assizes the former order revoked, whereupon the justices and many gentlemen of the greatest distinction drew up a petition to the King, showing the great inconveniences that would befall the country, if these meetings, condemned by the law, should be set up again; but, before it could be presented, the King published a declaration warranting Sports on Sundays."—*Rushworth.*

[1] "This proclamation is dated May 1, 1638. It is one of the most important in our history. Cromwell, Hampden, Lords Say and Brook, and Sir Arthur Haslerig were about to seek in America that liberty which they had struggled for in vain at home. In a happy hour for their country, this vindictive measure of Laud's restrained their departure. The ship was already chartered for the voyage. How little did either the Archbishop, or his master, conceive the expansive force of the spirit pent up, or that it would so soon shatter their laboured fabric of absolute power!"—*Rushworth,* Vol. i. pp. 90—92.

and others, who alleged that it would for ever after prevent the bringing of bullion into the Tower; and would prove of great prejudice to the King's reputation and to the public by the loss of the coinage. To gain a little ready money, he bought all the pepper lying under the Old Exchange upon trust, and sold it out at a much less value. It was proposed in council to debase the coin by mixing copper with the silver, and to coin £300,000, of which the fourth part only should be silver, and the other copper; and that this should be the current money to pay the army, which was marching to Newcastle against the Scots.[1]

The jealousy and distrust which the people had entertained of the King, and which his principles and conduct had too deeply implanted in their minds, were the real foundation of his misfortunes. They rendered all his endeavours to satisfy the nation ineffectual, and they deprived even his virtues of their efficacy. That adherence to his principles, which in a just cause would have appeared firmness of mind, in an unjust one deserved no other name than obstinacy. The King believed that he held his crown by a divine right, and that the people owed him a passive obedience. He therefore thought, that they could not limit his power; that he was superior to the laws, and that he might dispense with these as he might think proper. This the clergy taught; and what they maintained he had a right to do, the King unfortunately showed he was resolved to do.[2]

[1] Rushworth, Vol. i. p. 114. [2] Ibid. p. 127.

Charles I. inherited from his father very high notions of the royal prerogative, a strong attachment to episcopacy, and a consequent antipathy to the dissenters from that system of Church government, who, affecting greater sanctity, and a stricter religious discipline, than the members of the Church of England, assumed the denomination of Puritans. They formed not merely a religious, but also a political party, which manifested a decidedly republican spirit and a zealous attachment to civil liberty. Presbyterianism, the prevailing system of Church government in Scotland, closely resembled that of the Puritans in England. These had gained such ground during the reign of James I. as to form a majority of the House of Commons in the first Parliaments convoked by his successor. Between such contrary elements, it was absolutely impossible that harmony and unanimity could long subsist.

When his unjust and despotic proceedings had excited such violent discontent in England, that the people were driven to the verge of open rebellion, the King, with the same wrong-headed pertinacity which he displayed on all important occasions, thought fit to embroil himself with his Northern subjects, by an attempt to establish episcopacy in Scotland. At the same time, he was encouraging Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, in the foolish attachment which he had conceived for superstitious ceremonies, tending to assimilate the ordinances of the English Church to those of the Church of Rome. The spirit of the nation was at this period so much the reverse of superstitious, that the ancient ceremonies,

which had been sanctified by the permission and practice of the first reformers, could scarcely be retained in divine service. This time, of all others the most improper, Laud chose for reviving the ceremonies of the fourth and fifth centuries, when the Christian Church was sunk into the superstitions which were afterwards continued and augmented by the policy of the Church of Rome. So openly were these practices espoused, that not only the discontented Puritans believed the Church of England to be relapsing fast into Romanism, but the Court of Rome itself conceived hopes of regaining its influence in this island. To stimulate Laud's efforts, an offer of a Cardinal's hat was twice made him in private, but declined. His reply, as he himself acquaints us, was, that "something dwelt within him which would not suffer his compliance till Rome was other than it is."

Though, in reality, Laud deserved not the appellation of Papist, yet the spirit of his religion was, only in a less degree, similar to that of the Romish. The same profound respect to the sacerdotal character was exacted; the same submission to the creeds and decrees of synods and councils required; the same pomp and ceremony were affected in worship; and the same superstitious regard to days, postures, meats, and vestments. Rigorous orders were given that the communion-table should be removed from the middle of the area, where it had hitherto stood, in all Churches but Cathedrals. It was placed at the east end, railed in, and called an *altar*, while the officiating clergyman was commonly denomi-

nated *priest.* All kinds of ornaments, especially pictures, were introduced. Some of these were found, on examination, to be the same that are to be met with in the Mass-book. The crucifix, too, that perpetual consolation of all pious Catholics, and terror to all sound Protestants, was not forgotten on this occasion.[1]

In return for the King's indulgence to the Church, Laud and his followers neglected no occasion to magnify the regal authority, and to manifest the utmost disdain, or detestation, of all Puritanical pretensions to a free and independent constitution. From this subjection, however, they took good care to exclude themselves, and insisted upon a divine and apostolic charter, in preference to a legal and parliamentary one. The sacerdotal character was magnified as sacred and indefeasible; all right to spiritual authority, or even to private judgment on spiritual subjects, was refused to profane laymen. Ecclesiastical courts were held by Bishops in their own name, without any notice being taken of the King's authority; and Charles, though extremely jealous of every claim in popular assemblies, seemed rather to encourage than repress those encroachments of the Clergy.

In Scotland, the promulgation of the canons for established ecclesiastical jurisdiction produced little open opposition, but much inward apprehension and discontent. The first reading of the Liturgy in the

[1] The reader will not fail to remark how exactly the Archbishop's silly vagaries have been copied by the papistically-disposed Tractarians of the present day.

cathedral church of St. Giles, at Edinburgh, on the 23rd of July, 1637, excited such a tumult that it was not thought safe to repeat the experiment. A general combination against the religious innovations was formed, but Charles, as if obstinately bent on his own destruction, continued inflexible in his purpose, though he had nothing to oppose to the united force of the kingdom but a proclamation, issued in February, 1638, in which he pardoned all past offences, and exhorted the people to be more obedient for the future, and to submit peaceably to the use of the Liturgy.

This proclamation served only to accelerate the insurrection which had been slowly advancing, and the authority of the whole kingdom was invested in a select body, composed of nobility, gentry, ministers, and burgesses. One of their first acts was the production of the famous Covenant, formerly agreed to by King James in his youth, which consisted of a renunciation of Popery, and was filled with many virulent invectives against its professors. A bond of union followed, by which the subscribers bound themselves to resist all religious innovations, and to defend themselves against all opposition whatever, and all this for the greater glory of God, and for the honour and advantage of their King and country. The Covenant was subscribed by persons of all ranks and conditions, who were thence denominated Covenanters, and ordered to be signed by every one under pain of excommunication.

After the pacification of Berwick, in 1639, the Scotch Parliament was summoned to meet at Edinburgh, and

the Earl of Traquair, the King's commissioner, was authorized to assent to the abolition of the Liturgy, and even of Episcopacy, and to make other concessions. Charles, however, determined to revoke them as soon as it should be in his power. Before any of these intended measures could be discussed, he ordered the Parliament to be prorogued for ten months, and Traquair to come to London to give an account of his proceedings.

Traquair, an unprincipled and ambitious man, finding himself as a Covenanter but coldly received at court, produced a letter which had been written, but never despatched, to the French King by some of the leading Covenanters, soliciting the assistance and protection of that monarch. Such a letter amounted, by the law of Scotland, to high treason, and Charles determined to take advantage of that law, to crush some of his chief subjects in that country.

The Covenanters, meanwhile, anxious to avoid a rupture, begged leave of the King to send deputies to vindicate their proceedings; and the request having been granted, the Earls of Loudon and Dunfermline were appointed for the general body. As public messengers, authorized by the King himself, these noblemen had a right to expect personal security in their important mission; and, if Charles suspected them of any crime, he was bound to order their impeachment in Scotland, where it was alleged to have been committed, and to the laws of which alone they were amenable. Such, however, was not the course he

adopted. No sooner had these deputies begun to vindicate the intended Acts of their Parliament, than they were committed to the Tower, on a charge of high treason, for having written a letter to the French King. It was understood by some of the best-informed persons, that not only without a trial, but even any charge, a warrant was issued for the private execution of Loudon on the following morning; but that Sir William Balfour, the Lieutenant, finding his own remonstrances fruitless, applied to the Marquis of Hamilton to use his influence against so horrid an act; and that the Marquis, entering his Majesty's chamber at midnight, succeeded in procuring the destruction of the warrant, by assuring the King that Scotland would be irrecoverably lost by such a proceeding, and that he would instantly set off for that country himself, to satisfy his countrymen that he had no part in the transaction.[1]

Loudon alleged in his defence that the letter had not been finished, was undated, and not even addressed; that no criminal act had been committed, as it had not

[1] Brodie, in his excellent "History of the British Empire from the Accession of Charles I. to the Restoration," says that this event appeared so extraordinary that he rejected it in the first instance. It is hinted at, he says, in Burnet's Memoirs of the Hamiltons, written when he was a thorough courtier; and, though the work was revised by Charles II. and his ministers, no objection appears to have been made to that passage. Burnet's testimony, which of itself might be thought insufficient, is corroborated by that of Scot of Scotstarvet, who had been minister both of James I. and Charles I., and whose work, "Staggering State of Scottish Statesmen," was not published till about the middle of last century.

been dispatched; that the object of it, at the worst, was merely to procure the mediation of the French King with their own Sovereign, during the late troubles; that if there had been an offence, it fell under the Act of Oblivion, in the late pacification at Berwick; that, at all events, he was ready to submit to a trial by his peers; but that, as he had gone to Court upon the royal warrant, he had a right to demand a safe-return as a freeman of his native country. He was liberated after an imprisonment of many months.

It would have afforded some, though a very inadequate apology for Charles I., that he was actuated by mistaken notions of religious duty; but it is unfortunately demonstrable, from his own correspondence, that his object was merely to assimilate the faith and worship to those of despotic countries, that they might operate in preparing the public mind for the same civil subjection. Without the prevalence of such superstition, he conceived it impossible to subjugate his people; and, in order to accomplish the fond object of his wishes, he did what no prudent despot ever attempted, attacked all that the community venerated, and thus kindled a flame which was necessarily directed against that usurped prerogative which imposed innovations.[1]

Active preparations for war were now made both by the Covenanters and the King, who, in order to obtain supplies for raising an army, was obliged to summon a Parliament after an intermission of eleven years; but, disappointed in his object of obtaining subsidies through

[1] Brodie, Vol. iii. pp. 9, 10.

that channel, he soon dissolved it. By means of an aid from the clergy, loans and other expedients, he was enabled, in 1640, to send an army to the north, where the forces of the Covenanters had crossed the borders. On his arrival at York, Charles was met by deputies from the Scots, with whom he agreed to treat, and named sixteen English noblemen to meet eleven Scotch commissioners for that purpose at Rippon. Rejecting the advice of Strafford, who then commanded the English army, to push forward and attack the Covenanters, the King resolved to refer the matter to a council of Peers, at York, who advised him to call a Parliament, a measure which he had previously determined upon.[1]

This assembly, called "the Long Parliament," met on the 3rd of November, 1640, and, in preference to any other business, passed several months in effecting the destruction of Strafford, following up that measure by one still more fatal to the King, but to which he nevertheless gave his assent. This was a bill enacting that "the present Parliament shall not be dissolved, prorogued or adjourned, *without their own consent.*" By this extraordinary step, he rendered the power of his enemies perpetual, as it was before uncontrollable. The Star Chamber,[2] the High Commission, and the Council of York also received their death-blow. Laud, as the prime mover of the religious innovations in Scotland,

[1] King's Declaration, pp. 57, 58.

[2] For a startling picture of the enormities committed by the Star Chamber and other arbitrary courts, particularly the spiritual courts, see Brodie's History, Vol. ii. chap. 4.

had been charged by the Scots as one of the grand incendiaries. He was impeached accordingly, and committed to the Tower.

Among the ecclesiastical dignitaries ordered by the Commons to be impeached at the same time with Laud, was Dr. Cozens, who carried his zeal for Popish ceremonies to such a length as to declare that the Reformers, when they took away the mass, took away all good order, and instead of a reformed made a deformed religion. So pertinaciously did he insist on the performance of those ceremonies, that when some ladies omitted bowing to the altar, he called them jades, pagans, and designated them by still more opprobrious epithets; and, quitting his place, laid violent hands on them in the face of the congregation, and rent their clothes. One Candlemas day, he had lighted up 300 wax candles in honour of Our Lady, three score of which he had placed on and about the altar. He denied the royal supremacy, insisting that the King had no more power over the church than the boy who rubbed his horse's heels; and crowned his conformity to the spirit of Popery by the most cruel persecution.[1]

As Cozens was appointed chaplain to the royal family abroad, during the life of Charles I., it is clear that the King meant to make no concession to the popular wish.[2]

Petitions poured in against the clergy, various scandalous vices were imputed to some, and superstitious

[1] Old Parliamentary History, Vol. ix. p. 193.
[2] Brodie, Vol. iii. pp. 35-6.

innovations were charged against a great many. It is even alleged that many men of loose lives were appointed to livings for the purpose of affronting the Puritans.

On the 9th of August, 1641, the King went to Scotland to settle the affairs of that country, and made great concessions to conciliate the predominant party there. It was during this visit that he received intelligence of a rebellion attended with circumstances of unparalleled bloodshed, devastation, and horror, and threatening nothing less than the extinction of the English authority in Ireland, the due government of which is a problem that has for ages baffled the sagacity of both sovereigns and statesmen.

Though the old Irish had been completely subdued through the judicious conduct of James, and proper measures adopted for securing their dependence, ancient animosities still rankled in their minds, and only waited for an occasion to burst forth. This occasion was afforded by the weak condition to which Charles was reduced. Roger More, descended from an ancient Irish family, of narrow fortune, first formed the design of expelling the English, and asserting the independence of his country. Going secretly from chieftain to chieftain, he exerted all his powers of argument and persuasion to rouse every principle of slumbering discontent. He maintained a close correspondence with Lord Macguire and Sir Phelim O'Neale, the most powerful of the old Irish, and soon engaged them and the other most considerable persons of the nation in a conspiracy; and they hoped to

be afterwards joined by the *English of the Pale* as they were called, or the old English settlers, being all Papists, in restoring their religion to its ancient splendour and authority. It was agreed that O'Neale and the other conspirators should rise on one day in the provinces, and attack the English settlements, while Macguire and More should on the same day surprize the castle of Dublin. The beginning of winter was fixed upon for this revolt, that there might be the more difficulty in transporting troops from England. They expected succours and supplies of arms from France, agreeably to a promise made by Cardinal Richelieu; and many Irish officers, who had served in the Spanish armies, gave assurances of their assistance as soon as the insurrection had broken out. Meanwhile, the fury expressed by the Commons in England against Papists, struck fresh terror into the Irish nation, and confirmed the conspirators in their fatal purpose.

The King, having received information from his ambassadors that something was in agitation among the Irish in foreign countries, gave warning to the administration in Ireland, by which the intelligence was unheeded. The Lords Justices were not awakened from their security till the very day before that fixed for the insurrection. The castle of Dublin, which commanded the capital, though containing arms for 10,000 men, with 35 pieces of cannon, and a proportionable quantity of ammunition, was guarded, and negligently too, by a force of only 50 men. Macguire and More were already in town with a numerous band of retainers; others

were expected at night, and next morning they were to undertake what they esteemed one of the easiest of enterprizes,—the seizure of the castle. The conspiracy was revealed by O'Conolly, an Irishman, but a Protestant. The Justices and Council immediately retired to the castle, reinforced the guards, alarmed the city, and all the Protestants prepared for defence. More escaped, Macguire was taken, and Mahon, another of the conspirators, who was also apprehended, first acquainted the Justices with the project of a general insurrection.

Though the castle was saved from surprize, Mahon's confession came too late to prevent the intended rising. O'Neale and his confederates had already taken arms in Ulster. The houses, goods, and cattle of the English were first seized. Those who heard of the commotions in their neighbourhood, instead of assembling for mutual protection, remained at home in hopes of defending their property, and thus fell separately into the hands of their enemies. The general slaughter which then commenced was accompanied with circumstances of unequalled barbarity.

No age, sex, or condition was spared. All ties were dissolved, and death was dealt by that hand from which protection was implored and expected. All the tortures which wanton cruelty could devise, all the lingering pains of body, the anguish of mind, the agonies of despair, could not satiate revenge excited without injury, and cruelty arising from no cause. Such atrocities, in short, were committed that, though attested by undoubted evidence, they appear almost incredible. The stately

buildings, or commodious habitations of the planters, as if upbraiding the sloth and ignorance of the natives, were consumed by fire, or levelled with the ground: and, where the miserable owners, shut up in their houses, perished in the flames, together with their wives and children, a double triumph was afforded to their insulting foes.

If a number did anywhere assemble to oppose the murderers, they were disarmed by capitulations and promises of safety, confirmed by the most solemn oaths. But no sooner had they surrendered than the rebels, with a perfidy equal to their cruelty, despatched their defenceless prisoners. Others tempted such as they took, to embrue their hands in the blood of friends, brothers, or parents; and, having thus rendered them accomplices in their own guilt, gave them that death which they sought to shun by deserving it. Such were the deeds by which O'Neale and the Irish in Ulster signalized their rebellion. More, struck with horror on hearing of these enormities, flew to O'Neale's camp, but found that his influence, which could excite the Irish to insurrection, was too feeble to restrain their inhumanity. Soon afterwards, he abandoned the cause, and retired to Flanders.

From Ulster, the flames of rebellion instantly spread through the other three provinces of the island. In all places, death and slaughter were not uncommon, though the Irish, in these provinces, pretended to act with moderation and humanity. But cruel and barbarous was that humanity. Not content with expelling

the English from their houses, they stripped them of their very clothes, and turned them out naked and defenceless to all the severities of the season, which brought with it cold and tempest, unusual to the climate, and completed what the sword had left unfinished. The number of those who perished by all these cruelties is computed by some at 150,000, or even 200,000; but the most moderate calculation makes it amount to 40,000, and even this last estimate is probably somewhat exaggerated.

The English of the Pale, who were perhaps not in the secret at first, pretended to blame the insurrection, and to abhor the barbarity with which it was accompanied. By their protestations, they induced the Justices to supply them with arms, which they promised to employ in defence of the government. It was soon discovered, however, that with them the interests of religion were paramount to every other consideration. They chose Lord Gormanstown their leader, and joining the old Irish, rivalled them in every act of cruelty towards the English Protestants. Besides many smaller bodies dispersed over the kingdom, the main army of the rebels, which amounted to 20,000 men, threatened Dublin with an immediate siege.

Both the English and Irish rebels conspired in one imposture, by which they seduced many of their countrymen. They pretended to have authority from the King and Queen, but especially from the latter, for their insurrection; and they affirmed that their motive for taking arms was to vindicate the royal prerogative,

which the Puritanical Parliament had invaded. Sir Phelim O'Neale having found a royal patent[1] in the house of Lord Caulfield, whom he had murdered, tore off the seal, and affixed it to a commission which he had forged for himself.

On his trial, and at the time of his execution, in 1651, O'Neale confessed to this fraud which had enabled him to impose upon his Irish followers, and solemnly declared that he had never received any commission from the King for levying or prosecuting war in Ireland.[2]

Whoever would wish to form a just estimate of the extent of Charles's treachery, should turn to the history of what was denominated *The Incident*, which occurred during the King's residence in Scotland. This was no other than a plot concerted between the King and the Marquis of Montrose, for cutting off their political opponents, the Marquis of Argyle, the most powerful man in that kingdom, the Marquis of Hamilton, and his brother, the Earl of Lanerick. Montrose advised that the simplest way to get rid of these obnoxious nobles was by assassination, which he him-

[1] Whitelocke, p. 402.

[2] In confirmation of the truth of his assertion, about six years before the publication of Carte's "Life of Ormond," the very patent from which the great seal was torn, and which contained a grant of some lands in the county of Tirone, was produced in a suit of law, at the assizes of Tirone, by the late Lord Charlemont, having on it evident marks of the seal having been torn off, and an endorsement proving the fact, and was allowed by the judges as authentic.

self, says Clarendon, "frankly undertook" to furnish the means of accomplishing.

The plan agreed upon was this. Argyle and the two Hamiltons were to have been sent for in the King's name to the drawing-room, on the 2nd of October, there seized as traitors, and delivered over to the Earl of Crawford, who, at the head of two or three hundred men, was to have been secretly stationed in the garden of the palace, and thence hurried in a close carriage to the shore, where a boat was to be in waiting to convey them to a frigate stationed in Leith Road, without any other visible object. This was to be their prison till they could be brought to trial. Crawford and his party had undertaken to murder them on the slightest resistance; and indeed it would almost appear that the alternatives of stabbing, or transporting to the King's ships, were regarded with equal indifference.[1]

Thus far matters rest upon evidence to which no unprejudiced mind can refuse credit; but the general understanding, though not so well established, went much farther; and, from the whole complexion of the case, appears extremely probable. According to this, troops were to have been in readiness to march immediately to secure Edinburgh, and, with the assistance of friends there, to make fast or kill, if necessary, that is, if they resisted, "so many of the Parliament men as were suspected might have been ready for the prisoners' relief; that the bordering clans were instantly to take

[1] See the Earl of Lanerick's Relation of the Incident, in Hardwicke's State Papers, Vol. ii. p. 99.

arms, and the troops stationed at Berwick were to co-operate with them."[1]

Such a plot promised to put Scotland into the King's power. Parliament, deprived of its leaders, and under military force, would become an instrument in his hands; the obnoxious nobles, if they escaped assassination, would be convicted on suborned testimony provided by Montrose. The monarch, placed at the head of the army, would, at this critical moment, have impeached leading men in England, which was clearly part of his scheme; while, under the pretext of tumults purposely raised, he would have returned to that kingdom with a military force, to ensure their condemnation, and to compel the Parliament to comply with his demands. Such were the designs apparently contemplated; and it is not a little singular that he had been earnestly writing to have money raised upon a large collar of rubies which had been sent for that purpose to Holland.[2]

This atrocious plot was divulged, in consequence of an application made by the conspirators to an officer, whose character they had mistaken, just in time to enable the intended victims to provide for their safety by retiring to the north. Edinburgh was in a state of the utmost alarm. Crawford and the subordinate agents were apprehended. The King, professing abhorrence of all such base treacheries, insisted on a

[1] Baillie, Vol. i. pp. 330—1.

[2] Evelyn's Memorials, Vol. ii. Appendix. Correspondence between the King and Sir Edward Nicholas, p. 19, *et seq.*

public investigation of the matter; but Parliament appointed a secret committee, at which the King should not be present, to inquire into the whole affair and report the result, which fully established the facts already related.

Immediately after "the Incident," Charles addressed the Scottish Parliament, to which he professed his innocence, "with teares in his eyies (and as it seemed), in a very great grieffe."[1] Thus it appeared that he could weep upon occasion, though he heard of his dear friend Buckingham's assassination with perfect composure.[2]

After remaining upwards of two months in Scotland, the King returned to London on the 25th of November, where, according to Hume, and other historians, "he was received with shouts and acclamations." His pacific mission to the north, no doubt conduced to elicit this loyal demonstration from his oppressed people.

The Commons affected continual fears of destruction to themselves and to the whole nation. They excited the people by incessant inquiries after conspiracies against Papists and their adherents, by reports of insurrections, by feigned intelligence of invasions from abroad, and by discoveries of dangerous combinations at home. During the absence of the King in Scotland, upon pretext of a plot formed by the Malignants, as they denominated the Royalists, to

[1] Balfour's Diurnal, p. 104.

[2] Brodie, Vol. iii. p. 291, note 3.

murder them and the godly in both kingdoms, they applied to Essex, whom Charles had left in command of the forces in the south of England, and obtained a guard to attend them. This guard the King dismissed, on his return. They complained, but when he promised them a new guard under the command of the Earl of Lindesay, they absolutely refused the offer, and ordered halberts to be brought into the house where they assembled, to arm themselves against the dangers with which they pretended to be hourly threatened. These indications of hostility failed not to produce a corresponding spirit in the partisans of royalty, reduced officers and students of the inns of court, who thronged to Whitehall, and offered their services to the King. These were called by the populace CAVALIERS, and they gave the rabble the name of ROUNDHEADS, on account of their hair cropped short in the Puritanical fashion. By these designations, the opposite parties were distinguished during the whole of that deplorable contest which was about to ensue.

CHAPTER V.

The King's design for raising forces in Ireland.—Declaration of the Commons.—Protest of the twelve Bishops.—Lord Kimbolton and five Commoners accused of high treason.—Charles enters the House for the purpose of seizing the latter.—Demands of the Parliament.—Threatening aspect of affairs.—The King and Queen leave London.—The Earls of Essex and Holland.—The Prince of Wales not allowed to visit his mother.—Henrietta embarks for Holland.—The King and Prince of Wales proceed to York.—Attempt to take possession of Hull.—Conduct of Sir John Hotham.—The Prince of Wales appointed to the command of the Life Guard.—Propositions of the Parliament.—Charles at Nottingham.—Marches to Derby, and thence to Shrewsbury.—Battle of Edge Hill.—The Royal Army approaches the Metropolis.—Treacherous conduct of Charles.—Battles of Stratton, Roundway Down, and Chalgrave Field.—Reduction of Bristol.—Battle of Newbury.—Death of Lord Falkland.—Projects of Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper.—Arrival of the Queen.—Her residence abroad.—Gallant appearance of her little Army.—Her stay at York.—Profanation of the Sabbath Day.—Charles escorts the Queen to Abingdon.—Their last meeting on earth.

FROM all the evidence industriously collected by Brodie, it cannot be doubted that, before the insurrection of the Irish Papists, Charles was en-

gaged in intrigues by means of various agents for raising in Ireland such a force as should enable him, not only to overwhelm the Scotch, but also to crush the English Parliament; and that, had he succeeded in this design, the atrocities which followed would, in all probability, have never occurred. It was the King's misfortune to be always engaged in various plots at the same time, of which no hint was given even to his most confidential ministers and servants. Thus, while Ormond and others were engaged in one branch of these Irish transactions, negociations, which involved deeper consequences, were going on with the Lords and gentry of the Pale, as well as with the native Irish.

It was natural for Charles to suppose that, as there had all along been such a vehement outcry against Popery in both divisions of Britain, now, when that religion was exhibiting itself in the blackest colours, the whole nation would vigorously support him in suppressing its outrages. The Scotch, however, whom the King had pacified by great concessions, refused succours to him, and would do no more than send commissioners to London, to treat with the English Parliament on the subject. He had no other resource, in this exigency, than the House of Commons, who alone possessed the power of granting supplies. He told them that, to their wisdom and care, he committed the suppression of the rebellion. Interpreting this expression in the most unlimited sense, they usurped the executive power of the Crown, levying money, and taking arms from the King's magazines, under pretence of the

Irish expedition, but reserving them with the secret intention of employing them against himself; so that the administrative authorities in Ireland were left to quell the rebellion there as they best could by their own unaided means and exertions.

Proceeding from one invasion of the royal prerogative to another, the Commons now openly declared themselves the representatives of the whole body of the kingdom; while the Peers were only individuals who held their seats in a particular capacity; and the Bishops being the objects of violent hatred to all the sectaries, were exposed to dangerous insults from the tumultuous rabble congregating about Whitehall and the Houses of Parliament, vociferating against "Bishops and rotten-hearted Lords."[1] The Bishops complained that they could no longer, with safety, attend their duty in the House; and, for this reason, they protested against all laws, votes, and resolutions which might be passed during their forced absence as null and invalid. This protest, signed by twelve Bishops, and addressed to the King and the House of Lords, though just and legal, was ill-timed. The Commons immediately impeached them of high treason; and, on the first demand, they were sequestered from Parliament, and committed to custody.

This was a fatal blow to the royal interests, but the imprudence of the King himself soon inflicted a much severer. He had long repressed his resentment, and endeavoured to conciliate the Commons by concession;

[1] Clarendon's History, Vol. ii. p. 336.

but, finding that compliance only increased their demands, he could no longer contain himself. He ordered his Attorney-General to enter an accusation of high-treason in the House of Peers against Lord Kimbolton and five Commoners, Sir Arthur Haslerig, Hollis, Hampden, Pym, and Strode, the most popular men of their party. The articles charged them with having traitorously endeavoured to subvert the fundamental laws and government of the kingdom, to deprive the King of his legal power, to impose on his subjects an arbitrary and tyrannical authority; with having aimed at subverting the very right and being of Parliaments, and having actually raised and countenanced tumults against the King. The astonishment raised by this rash step was surpassed only by that consequent on the still more intemperate proceedings that followed.

At the commencement of the year 1642, a serjeant-at-arms came to the House of Commons to demand, in the King's name, the delivery of the five members; he was sent back without any positive answer. Next day, the King himself entered the House alone. All the members stood up to receive him. The Speaker left his chair, in which the King seated himself. He told the House that he was sorry for the occasion which had forced him thither; that he was come in person to seize the members whom he had accused of high treason, seeing that they would not deliver them up to his serjeant-at-arms. Then, turning to the Speaker, he inquired if any of them were in the House? The Speaker, falling on his knees, replied that he had

neither eyes to see, nor tongue to speak in that place, but as the House was pleased to direct him, and he begged pardon for being able to give no other answer.[1] The King sat for some time to see if the accused were present, but they had escaped a few minutes before his entry;[2] and he retired disappointed amidst the invectives of the populace, and loud shouts of "Privilege! privilege!"[3]

The Commons met next day, affected the greatest alarm, voted that the King had violated their privileges, and that they could not assemble again in the same place till they should obtain satisfaction, and have a guard for their security. Charles, who had retired to Windsor, made in writing every concession, and promised every satisfaction in his power. But they were resolved not to be content with anything, unless he would discover the advisers of that illegal measure—a condition to which they knew that he could not possibly submit.

Proceeding in their design of wresting from the King all the prerogatives of the executive power, they next petitioned, upon the plea of dread of Popery, that the Tower should be put into their hands, and that

[1] Whitelocke's Memorials, p. 50.

[2] The Queen afterwards confessed to Madame de Motteville, that not being able to restrain her lively temper, she had talked of the King's intention of seizing the five members before her ladies in attendance, one of whom [the Countess of Carlisle] despatched a hasty note to the parties, who had just time to leave the House as Charles entered it.

[3] Whitelocke, p. 51.

Hull, Portsmouth, and the fleet should be entrusted to officers of their choosing. These points were contested only to be given up; next came a demand that the Militia also should be raised, and commanded by officers of their appointment. Charles, who was at Dover, whither he escorted the Queen and the young Princess Mary, then only eleven years old, and recently married to the Prince of Orange, on their way to Holland, now ventured to put a stop to his concessions, not by refusal but by delay. He alleged that he was not at leisure to consider of a matter of such importance, and would defer answering till his return.

The Commons replied that the state of the nation would not admit of delay, and that unless he speedily complied with their desire, they should be obliged, both for his safety, and that of the nation, to embody and organize a Militia by the authority of both Houses. They even went so far as to require the command of the army to be transferred to their hands for a certain time; which so exasperated the King, that he exclaimed, "No, not for an hour!" This peremptory refusal prevented further treaty, and both parties resolved to have recourse to arms.

When, in 1641, the threatening aspect of affairs caused the King to consider himself and his family unsafe in London, he removed with the Queen, his two eldest sons, and the Princess Mary, first to Hampton Court, and afterwards to Windsor. The disorders increasing, early in the following year, it was decided that on Henrietta's going to Holland, she should secretly

take with her the remaining crown-jewels, for the purpose of raising as large a sum upon them as possible. The main object of her mission, however, was to solicit supplies of men and money from foreign States; till the receipt of which Charles proposed to amuse the two Houses of Parliament with negociations.

Both Charles and his consort were exceedingly anxious that she, and there is reason to believe their children too, should be removed from England, lest they might be, in a manner, retained by the Parliament as hostages for its security.[1]

Shortly before the Queen quitted England, the leading members of Parliament were secretly apprized that there was an intention of conveying the Prince also to Holland, that he might be no obstruction to the military measures which were meditated. As Charles accompanied the Queen to take shipping, the two Houses, lest the Prince should be carried abroad, issued orders to the Marquis of Hertford, to whom the custody of the Prince was committed, not to allow him to visit his mother on her passage. It was while the Queen was on the eve of departure, and Charles was fearful lest the Parliament, discovering his projects, might detain her, that he gave his assent to the Bills for Impressment, and for excluding the bishops from the Upper House.

Hume complains of the "contumelious usage" which this *harmless* Princess "had hitherto borne in silent

[1] Mémoires de Motteville, Vol. i. p. 268.

indignation;" and commends her spirit and activity; but says nothing of the army-plots and other dark conspiracies in which those qualities were manifested. "The Commons, in their fury against priests," he relates, "had seized her very confessor, nor would they release him upon her repeated applications."

That candid historian forgets to add that this confessor, who had been too long with her for the peace of England, was removed in consequence of letters having been intercepted from him and another priest of his name, if not himself, to Mr. Walter Montague,[1] who, having turned Papist, had considerable influence in foreign Courts. These letters proved that the writer was a most dangerous character; that he was clearly of a temper to infuse the most violent counsels into the Queen; and that he used his endeavours to stir up a foreign State against England. He was, in consequence, impeached on various articles, which served as a pretext for his removal.

It will be recollected that King Charles had himself proposed to his father to acknowledge the Papal Su-

[1] Second son of the Earl of Manchester, and represented as having been a man of great talent and address. After much levity and dissipation, he changed his religion, and became a bigoted devotee. He lived long in the French court, where he was highly esteemed, as he likewise was by Charles and his consort. He afterwards took orders, and became Abbot of Pontoise. He was also appointed Confessor to Henrietta-Maria on the death of Father Philips, whom he far surpassed in bigoted violence. Life of Clarendon, vol. iii. p. 346.

premacy; that foreigners treated with him on the Catholics' account; that he had not only favoured that body, but that in negociation for reconcilement with the Court of Rome in his reign had proceeded far, while the Papists both at home and abroad expected it; and lastly, that the Irish Rebellion, which, in spite of all its unheard-of enormities, the Pope hallowed with his fatherly benedictions, and Spain at least encouraged, had made Ireland a scene of desolation!

On leaving England, Henrietta was exceedingly apprehensive "that the King would at some time be prevailed with to yield to some unreasonable conditions;" and, to make all things as sure as might be that her absence should not be attended with such an inconvenience, his Majesty made a solemn promise to her, at parting, that he would receive no person into any favour, or trust, who had disserved him without her privity and consent; and that, as she had undergone so many reproaches and calumnies at the entrance into the war, so he would never make any peace but by her interposition and mediation, that the kingdom might receive that blessing from her.[1] Long after this, he not only continued to negociate, but solemnly denied—calling God to witness his sincerity—that he had any intention of war; though war that precluded any accommodation, had then been resolved upon. The same apologetical historian, whose office as councillor prevented the possibility of mistake, informs us that "the con-

[1] Clarendon's Life, Vol. i. pp. 80, 156.

cert with the Queen shut out all opposite consultations."[1]

It was on the 23rd of February, 1642, that the Queen and the young Princess embarked at Dover, Notwithstanding his many failings, Charles appears to have been devotedly attached to his wife, who declares that "her husband rode four leagues, watching the departing vessel that bore her to Holland, along the windings of the shore."[2] He then sent the Duke of York to St. James's, there to remain with his younger brother, the Duke of Gloucester, and the Princess Elizabeth.

The King, on returning from Dover, went immediately with the Prince of Wales to York. Soon afterwards, he ordered the Marquis of Hertford to bring his second son from London to that city, and made use of him, young as he was, in an attempt to gain possession of Hull. This town, then considered as a strong place, contained a magazine of arms and ammunition sufficient for twenty thousand men, with a proportionable train of artillery, while the King had not wherewithal to arm a hundred men. The governor, Sir John Hotham, had been appointed to that post by the Parliament, and Charles had reason to suspect that he would refuse to admit him in his own person. He, therefore, sent the Duke of York thither, accompanied by the Elector Palatine and several Lords and gentlemen, as if only out of curiosity to see the place, resolving himself to follow the

[1] Clarendon's Life, Vol. i. pp. 57, 112.
[2] Madame de Motteville, Vol. i.

next day. Having imprudently apprized him in the morning, that he should dine with him that day, Hotham took alarm, confined the Duke and his attendants to their lodging, ordered the gates to be shut, and the garrison to stand to their arms. Charles, on his arrival, being refused admission, desired to speak with the governor, who appeared upon the walls. The King, finding that neither arguments nor persuasions had any effect upon him, declared that by such an open act of rebellion, begun by him, he would make himself guilty of all the evil and bloodshed that might ensue. Hotham, however, suffered the Duke and his company to depart, but ordered them, for fear of any attempt, to be let out one by one.

King James says in his Memoirs that, had the King surprised the Governor by an unexpected visit, he might probably have made himself master of the place, for the inhabitants were well disposed, and the garrison not disaffected towards him: the soldiers generally throwing down their arms when they were called on to do so by some who attended the King without the walls when they heard Hotham refuse him entrance, and they would not take them up again till threatened by their officers with their drawn swords.

The King returned with his sons to York, but was destitute both of money and arms for raising an army to oppose the force raised by the Parliament, who had likewise the whole navy at their disposal, excepting one or two of the ships which conveyed the Queen to Holland. One of these brought back a supply of arms

and ammunition, which, through the extraordinary skill and intrepidity of her commander, Captain Straughan, a Scotchman, was conveyed to York in safety.

At York, the King found the people much less infected with the frenzy of the times, and his cause supported by a more numerous party than he had expected. The nobility and gentry, dreading a total confusion of ranks, from the fury of the populace, hastened to enlist themselves under the banner of the sovereign from whom they derived their importance. From among those who thus came to offer their services, he selected a loyal and gallant band for his life-guard, to the command of which he appointed the Prince of Wales, under the tuition of the Earl of Cumberland. On the other hand, London and most of the great corporations espoused the cause of the Parliament. But, before hostilities commenced, the shadow of a negociation was set on foot by the Commons, rather to please the people than with any view of reconciliation. Their demands, contained in nineteen propositions, amounted to a total abolition of the monarchical authority; and war, on any terms, was deemed by the King and all his councillors preferable to so ignominious a peace. Accordingly, having assembled some troops, and secured York, he advanced southward, and erected his standard at Nottingham, on the 25th of August.

He proceeded thence by slow marches to Derby, and then to Shrewsbury, disarming the trained bands wherever he came, in order to furnish his newly-raised forces

with their arms. Resolving to give battle to his adversaries, he pursued his course to Northamptonshire, and near Keynton, in Warwickshire, falling in with their army under the Earl of Essex, the battle of Edge-Hill, on the 23rd of October, was the consequence.

Prince Charles and his brother were with the King, who marched immediately after the foot, attended by several lords, and the bands of pensioners on horseback, and that it might be known in what part of the army he was, he had a scarlet cornet, larger than ordinary, carried before him.

In this engagement, the King's horse having gone in pursuit of the enemy's left wing, thrown into disorder by Prince Rupert, left their own infantry uncovered. Essex availed himself of this opportunity, to charge. The King's standard-bearer, Sir Edmund Verney, was killed, the standard taken, and his troops were thrown into disorder. "He resolved to march up to them himself, to encourage them by his presence, and thereby to prevent their entire defeat; but, judging it not fit to expose the Prince and the Duke to the same danger, he ordered the Duke of Richmond to carry them out of the battell, and conduct them to the top of the hill. The Duke declined that employment, on which the King laid the same command on the Earl of Dorset, who answered him with an oath, that 'he would not be thought a coward for ever a King's son in Christendom,' and therefore humbly desired His Majesty to commit that charge to some other man. Thereupon, the King layd an absolute command on Sir Will. Howard

with his pensioners, which were about fifty, to go off with them."[1]

"They had not gone above musket shott," pursues James, "from the place, when they saw a body of horse advancing directly towards them from the left hand of the King's foot; and, finding them to be the enemy, they drew behind a little barn not far distant, which was incompassed by a hedge. In this barn, several of the King's wounded men were then dressing; but the enemy, observing the King's men to be within the inclosure, immediately drew back, without engaging them, by which means the Prince and the Duke escaped the evident danger of being taken; the small body which attended them were glad of the occasion to draw off further towards the top of the hill towards the dusk of the evening."[2]

The number of the slain on both sides was about fifteen hundred.[3] "Sir Gervase Scroop was left for dead upon the place, and found next morning by his son with three and twenty wounds on him, stripped of all his cloaths, unable to stirr, and lying amongst the dead bodys. It was the opinion of many chirurgeons that the frost which happen'd that night occasion'd the saving of his life by stopping of his blood."[4] Lord Lindesay, who commanded the royal army, and lost his life in this battle, is said, just before the armies met, after looking very attentively at the Prince, who was

[1] Memoirs of James II., Vol. i. p. 15.
[2] Ibid. p. 16.
[3] Most historians say five thousand.
[4] Memoirs of James II., Vol. ii. p. 17.

then twelve years old, and remarking his fearless bearing, to have exclaimed, "There is a child born to end the war that we now begin!"

Both the hostile armies appeared unwilling to renew the conflict. Essex retired to Warwick, and the King returned to his former quarters. Each afterwards claimed the victory. The following day, the King's nephew, Prince Rupert, son of the Elector Palatine, proposed to proceed with the greatest part of the horse, and 3,000 foot, to London to possess himself of Whitehall and Westminster, drive out the Parliament, and maintain himself there till the King could arrive with the rest of the army. But the King was dissuaded from the adoption of this measure by many of his council.

Instead of marching directly to London, by which he might probably put an end to the war, he was induced to waste time in taking Banbury, and then marching to Oxford, of which he took possession; and when, at last, in the beginning of November, he approached the metropolis, he found that he was too late, the Earl of Essex having got there before him. He then drew back to Reading, where he continued for some days, because the Prince fell sick of the measles. On his recovery, the King left a garrison in Reading, and returned to Oxford.

Here Charles consigned the Prince to the care of the Marquis of Hertford, who provided him with tutors; and, "so great was his love of learning, that he

applied himself to his studies with as much pains and seriousness as the severest gownsman there."[1]

The conduct of the Monarch immediately after the commencement of hostilities, was marked by a treachery which could not fail to excite unqualified detestation. "For," says Milton, "after he had taken God to witness of his continual readiness to treat, or to offer treaties, to the avoiding of bloodshed, had named Windsor as the place of treaty, and passed his royal word not to advance further [than Colnbrook] till commissioners by such a time were speeded towards him; taking advantage of a thick mist which fell that evening—weather that soon invited him to a design no less treacherous than obscure—he followed at the heels of those messengers of peace, and, with a blood surprise, falls on our secure forces, which lay quartering at Brentford, in the thoughts and expectations of a treaty."[2]

The whole history of this transaction, so highly dishonourable to Charles's character, both as a Prince and a man, is given, but in very cautious language, by Clarendon. On receiving the petition of the Parliament, worded in the most respectful and conciliatory terms, he put on his hypocritical mask of piety, and replied, "We take God to witness how deeply we are affected with the miseries of this kingdom, which heretofore we have striven as much as in us lay to prevent," and agrees to treat for peace. Clarendon appears to

[1] Augustus Anglicus, p. 6. [2] Eikonoklastes, c. xviii.

admit, that, had the King acted honourably on this occasion, the Parliament would have withdrawn their garrison from Windsor, and negociations would have ensued that might probably have ended in peace. "And sure the King intended to have done so," he says, "that is, to have retired to Reading, or, at least, to have staid at Colnbrook till he heard again from the Parliament. But Prince Rupert, exalted with the terror he heard his name gave to the enemy, trusting too much to the vulgar intelligence every man received from his friends in London, who, according to their own passions, and the affections of those with whom they corresponded, concluded that the King had so great a party in London, that if his army drew near, no resistance would be made,—without any direction from the King, the very next morning after the committee returned to London, advanced with the horse and dragoons to Hounslow, and then sent to the King, to desire him that the army might advance after, which was, in that case, of absolute necessity; for the Earl of Essex had a part of his army at Brentford, and the rest at Acton and Kingston."

But as they were then treating of peace, no danger was apprehended. At this moment of security, Charles protesting before God that he had the welfare of his people at heart, advanced through the "treacherous mist" against Brentford, where, on the 30th of November, being opposed by the troops of Essex, "the King's forces entered the town after a very warm service, the chief officers and many soldiers of the other

side being killed; and they took there above five hundred prisoners, eleven colours, fifteen pieces of cannon, and good store of ammunition. But this victory, (for considering the place, it might well be called so) proved not at all fortunate to His Majesty."

Thus by the battle at Brentford had the King violated his most sacred professions, and justly excited the indignation of his people, who were inflamed with resentment at this perfidious proceeding.

Towards the close of the year, both the hostile armies retired into winter-quarters; each party professing a desire for peace, and, at the same time, holding the determination of renewing hostilities in the following spring.

The new year of 1643 was ushered in by the most warlike demonstrations between both the contending factions. On the 15th of April, the Earl of Essex besieged Reading, and Charles, quitting Oxford, marched to its relief, taking the Prince along with him, but failed in the attempt. The battle of Stratton, fought on the 16th of May, was attended with signal success to the royal arms; while that of Lansdown, on the 5th of July, terminated with severe loss to both sides. At Roundway Down, on the 13th of the same month, the Parliamentary troops commanded by Waller were totally defeated by the King's forces, under Lord Wilmot. By the conflict on Chalgrave Field, about the same time, the Republicans sustained a severe blow in the

[1] History of the Rebellion, Vol. iii. pp. 325-8.

death of the celebrated Hampden, who had joined the army as a volunteer, and who, as we have already seen at the commencement of these troubles, had opposed the impost called "Ship Money." By his inflexible integrity and patriotism, he had gained the esteem even of his enemies. To his other great qualities, he added affability in conversation, eloquence in debate, and penetration in council. He was mortally wounded while bravely fighting in the hottest part of the contest, and expired a few days afterwards. On the reduction of Bristol by Prince Rupert, on the 25th of July, the Prince of Wales and his brother accompanied the King thither, and thence to Gloucester, to which he laid siege on the 10th of August, but on the city being relieved by the Earl of Essex, he sent his sons back to Oxford.

After leaving Gloucester, Essex, dreading an encounter with the King's army, which was greatly superior in cavalry to his own, decided to withdraw towards the metropolis; but, in order to deceive the enemy, he made a demonstration indicating his intention of proceeding towards Worcester. On reaching Newbury, after a circuitous march, he was astonished to find that the King had arrived there before him, and was already in possession of the town. A battle shortly ensued, which was fought with the most determined bravery on both sides on the 20th of September. Night put an end to the contest, and left the victory undecided.

Among other noblemen who fell fighting at Newbury, under the banner of their sovereign, was Lucius Cary, Viscount Falkland. He was a man of most elegant

manners, and had boldly resisted the King's pretensions so long as he considered him to be making bad use of his regal authority. But no sooner did he conceive that the designs of the Parliament were to overthrow the constitution of his country, than he abandoned his party, and steadfastly attached himself to the crown. His generous and humane disposition rendered him ardently desirous for peace, and, from the commencement of the war, his natural cheerfulness and vivacity forsook him. On the morning of the battle, it is not a little remarkable that he had a presentiment that the hour of his death was near at hand. Under this conviction, he took some pains in adorning his person, which he had previously much neglected, observing, "that he should not wish the enemy to find his body in a slovenly condition. I am weary," added he, "of the times, and foresee much misery to my country, but believe I shall be out of it ere night."[1] Thus died, at the age of only thirty-four, one of the most generous and estimable men of the age.

The following morning, Essex, with his army, pursued their way to the metropolis, followed by the King and his forces. As soon as the enemy had passed through Reading, Charles took possession of, and garrisoned that town, a measure in which he displayed good generalship.

In the early part of this year, Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper devised a plan for reconciling the differences between the King and the Parliament, and being recom-

[1] Whitelocke, p. 70.

mended by his relation, the Marquis of Hertford, he went to Oxford to lay it before the King. He proposed that Charles should authorize him to treat with the principal Parliamentary garrisons, and get them delivered into the hands of men of character, who would act impartially between the King and Parliament; that these should declare for calling a new and free Parliament, who might be better disposed to accommodation than those whose minds might have been sharpened by former proceedings. He made this plan appear so plausible that the King commissioned him to put it in execution. He met with such success in his own county, Dorsetshire, that Weymouth actually admitted the persons recommended by him, and Poole, Dorchester, and other places, engaged to follow the example. The scheme was defeated by Prince Maurice, who commanded some of the King's forces in those parts, and entered and pillaged the town after it was agreed to be surrendered. Sir Anthony not only expressed his resentment to Maurice, but put the other garrisons upon their guard.

He next formed a scheme for raising the *posse comitatus*, which, when any treaty should be set on foot between the King and the Parliament, were to declare and join against that side which should appear immoderate or adverse to a fair and just accommodation. In pursuance of this design, a considerable body was soon raised in Dorsetshire and the neighbouring counties. These were afterwards called club-men, and alarmed the armies both of the King and the Parliament.

The active and enterprising disposition of Sir Anthony

gave such umbrage to some of those immediately about the King, that they advised Charles to invite him to Oxford; and then to proceed against, or at least confine him. The King, accordingly, wrote a very flattering letter, desiring his attendance and advice: but Sir Anthony, being warned by the Marquis of Hertford of the King's intentions, went to London, and joined the party of the Parliament. In their service, he showed his characteristic activity and energy. In 1644, he distinguished himself by various successful military operations—the reduction of Wareham, Corfe Castle, and the relief of Taunton; but, when the Independents acquired the ascendancy in Parliament, he resigned his public employments, and withdrew into private life.

After the battle of Worcester, in 1651, Sir Anthony, who had openly declared his dislike to the violent proceedings of the Parliament, was apprehended as a delinquent, and continued for some time under their displeasure, till, finding themselves in danger of being supplanted by Cromwell, to whom Sir Anthony was known to be adverse, in order to gain his friendship, the House resolved that he should be pardoned of all delinquency. Having all along offered a steady but unsuccessful opposition to the ambitious designs of Cromwell, Sir Anthony, after the death of the Usurper, became one of the most efficient promoters of the Restoration of Charles II.

During the time that Charles established his quarters in the loyal city of Oxford, he was rejoined by the Queen, from whom, as we have seen, he had parted

at Dover, in the preceding year. After quitting England, Henrietta arrived with her young daughter at the Hague, on the 25th of February, 1642, where she was well received by Henry, Prince of Orange; but the Dutch Burgomasters, we are informed, "entered her presence with their hats on, threw themselves on chairs close to her, stared at her from under the brims of their beavers, and flung out of the room, without bowing, or speaking to her." She, however, felt no offence at the blunt manners of the boorish Republicans, who, in reality, meant none towards their royal visitor; and she soon managed, by her fascinating and agreeable deportment, to conciliate their regard, and to command their respect. She now concentrated her energies upon the grand object of her journey—that of procuring assistance for the King, her husband, and succeeded so admirably in procuring large loans, and by pledging her jewels, as to raise the enormous sum of £2,000,000 sterling.[1]

In March, she thus wrote to the King: "The money is not ready, for on your jewels they will lend nothing. I am forced to pledge all my little ones; for the great ones, nothing can be had here, but I assure you I am losing no time." In the same letter she observes, touching the Prince, her son—"Above all, do not leave Charles, and have him near you. Do not let him go out of your sight, for he is not so well attended that he has nothing to fear; for assuredly at this time every thing is to be feared, I must tell you."[2]

[1] Memoirs of Henrietta Maria, 1671, p. 41.
[2] Harleian MSS. 7379, folio 2.

Henrietta continued in Holland about a year, during which she was incessantly occupied in sending arms and warlike stores to the King, as well as large sums of money; and in superintending the education of her daughter, the little Princess of Orange, whose youthful husband was also under tuition.

Holland was, at this period, distracted with the struggle going on between the aristocratic and democratic factions. The former, headed by the Prince of Orange, was anxious to succour distressed royalty, while the latter was equally solicitous to keep on good terms with the English Parliament. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that the Queen proved a somewhat unwelcome visitor; and she soon received an intimation that her retirement would prove agreeable to the country, in which it was well known she was closely watched by the emissaries of Cromwell.

Having done all in her power to send aid to the King, Henrietta bade farewell to her daughter, whom she left under the care of her royal mother-in-law, the Princess of Orange. With the view of rejoining her husband, on the 2nd of February, 1643, she sailed from Scheveling in the Princess Royal, an English first-rate man-of-war, accompanied by eleven transports freighted with warlike stores, under convoy of the celebrated Dutch Admiral, Van Tromp.

Her fleet encountered a violent storm, which lasted for nine days, in which two of the vessels were lost; after which the remaining ships, with the Queen, returned to the port from which they had sailed. In the course

of a few days, Henrietta again embarked, and with her little flotilla safely anchored in Burlington or (as it is sometimes called) Bridlington Bay, on the 20th of February. After remaining on board two days, she went on shore, where the stores she had brought were landed. The Parliament ships, under Admiral Batten, having entered the Bay, soon after her arrival, kept up a brisk fire upon the village, the balls striking the very house in which the Queen took up her quarters, and compelling her to seek shelter in a ditch, where she was again fired upon, and one of her servants was killed within seventy paces of her.[1]

Recollecting that she had left a lap-dog asleep in its bed, she flew back; and, amidst the cannon-shot, returned in triumph, with her canine favourite. The Queen related this incident to her friend, Madame de Motteville, and they considered it as a complete woman's victory.

Although some may think this was a most ungallant proceeding on the part of a valiant admiral towards a fair lady, still it cannot be denied that Batten did no more than his duty towards the Parliament he served, and who had voted her guilty of high treason for sending arms into the country. Van Tromp retaliated by firing at the British cruizers on their retreat, and compelled Batten, whose ships were of a very inferior size, to those of the Dutch Admiral, to sheer off. The Queen remained in the vicinity of Burlington for about ten days, occupying herself in distributing arms to such

[1] Memoirs of Henrietta Maria, p. 34.

Yorkshire gentlemen as were favourable to the royal cause. Among these, was Sir Hugh Cholmondeley, who delivered Scarborough Castle to his Majesty. At length, a gallant escort of 2,000 cavaliers arrived from York, despatched by the Earl of Newcastle, and commanded by the Marquis of Montrose. With these, the Queen set out for York. This loyal little army, with six pieces of cannon, two large mortars, and 250 waggons laden with money, arms, and ammunition, and with the Queen of England mounted on a noble charger, officiating as its general, must have exhibited a very imposing appearance. Its presence no doubt excited a feeling of chivalry. As the soldiers crossed the Yorkshire wolds, they were joined by many gallant spirits on their march to York. The Queen informs us that "she took a town by the way, which truly was not defended quite so obstinately as Antwerp, when besieged by the Duke of Parma; but it was a considerable one, and very useful to the royal cause."[1]

Henrietta continued in Yorkshire nearly five months, during which she apprized the King by letter of her proceedings, fearing to proceed southwards on account of the Parliamentary armies under Essex and Fairfax. In the meantime, the King and Prince Rupert were engaged in opposing their formidable adversaries around Oxford and in the Midland Counties. No sooner, however, did she see the field clear, than she advanced with her army to Newark, where the ladies presented to her

[1] See Mercurius Belgicus.

a petition, entreating her not to proceed further till Nottingham was taken.[1]

The following curious particulars are given in a Journal published at this period, illustrative of Sabbath-Day amusements, so repugnant to the religious spirit of those days; and, if the truth of the story can be relied on, it is not surprising that, in addition to her other obnoxious proceedings, the Queen should have been so unpopular among the great mass of the people. "Upon the Queen's coming from Holland, she brought with her, besides a company of savage-like ruffians, a company of savage bears, to what purpose you may judge by the sequel. These bears were left about Newark, and were brought into country-towns constantly on the Lord's Day to be baited;[2] such is the religion those here related would settle amongst us; and, if any went about to hinder, or but speak against these damnable profanations, they were presently noted as Roundheads and Puritans, and sure to be plundered for it. But some of Colonel Cromwell's forces coming by accident into Uppingham town, in Rutlandshire, on the Lord's Day, found these bears playing there in the usual manner; and, in the height of their spirit, caused them to be seized upon, tied to a tree, and shot."[3]

All obstacles deemed likely to intercept Queen Hen-

[1] Disraeli's Commentaries, Vol. iii. p. 134.

[2] It must be remembered that the King himself issued a Declaration, authorizing Sports on Sundays.

[3] "Perfect Diurnal of some Passages of Parliament and from other parts of the Kingdom, from Monday, July 24th, to Monday, July 31st, 1643."

rietta on her route being at length removed, through the valour of the King and his brave cavaliers, she quitted Newark, and met her husband in the vale of Keynton, near Edge Hill, whither he had come from Oxford to meet and welcome her. Soon after her arrival, a silver medal was struck to commemorate the event. The King and Queen now held their Court at Oxford for some months, fondly indulging the hope that the fortune of war might not again separate them. This, however, proved delusive, as the approach of the Parliamentary forces soon rendered a battle inevitable. Solicitous for the safety of the Queen, who was near her confinement, Charles deemed it prudent that she should again depart the kingdom. He accordingly escorted her to Abingdon, on the 3rd of April, 1644, where they parted—never to meet again on earth.

CHAPTER VI.

Parliament convoked at Oxford.—Charles proceeds to the West.—Battle of Marston Moor.—Sketch of the career of Oliver Cromwell.—His valour and presence of mind.—Mortification of the Earl of Newcastle.—Difficulties of the King.—Proceedings of Henrietta on leaving her husband.—Birth of the Princess Henrietta Anne.—The Queen's arrival and reception in France.—Charles desirous for peace.—Treaty of Uxbridge.—Promise of the Duke of Lorraine.—Letter of the King to the Queen.—Execution of Laud.—The Prince of Wales sent to the West.—The King's anger with Prince Rupert.—Memorable letter of Charles to the Prince of Wales.—The King's letters to Princes Rupert and Maurice.—The former submits to his authority.

WITH a view to make efficient preparations for carrying on the civil contest, as well as to oppose the measures of the Parliament at Westminster, Charles summoned one to Oxford, which met in that city on the 22nd of January, 1644. The Prince and the Duke of York sat with the Peers in the Upper Schools, while the Convocation House was appropriated to the Commons. In the former, besides the two Princes, the Lord-

Keeper Littleton, the Lord-Treasurer Cottington, the Duke of Richmond, and the Marquis of Hertford; there were 19 earls, and 23 barons; and in the latter 140 knights and gentlemen.[1] Thus England had, for the first time, two legislatures sitting at the same moment.

Early in June, the King, to avoid being enclosed in Oxford by the two armies of the Parliament under Essex and Sir William Waller, left that city, taking the Prince along with him. After defeating Waller at Cropredy Bridge, on the 29th of the same month, he marched into Cornwall after Essex, whom he so hemmed in, that he abandoned his troops and proceeded by sea to Plymouth, the only garrison-town held by the Parliament in that quarter. The cavalry broke through the King's army and also got to Plymouth, while the infantry, thus doubly deserted, made terms for themselves, and marched away, leaving behind arms, cannon, and ammunition.

Meanwhile, the unfortunate battle of Marston Moor, on the 2nd of July, fought by the positive command of the King to Prince Rupert, proved a mighty blow to the King.

Of the career of the extraordinary man who was the very heart and soul of the Republican party—who, by his valour and presence of mind, in this famous battle, turned the tide of victory in their favour—and whose name must ever occupy a conspicuous place in the annals of our country,—we subjoin a few particulars,

[1] Monarchy Revived, p. 13.

which, it is hoped, will neither be deemed irrelevant, nor devoid of interest.

Oliver Cromwell was born at Huntingdon, on the 25th of April, 1599, and was christened four days afterwards in the parish-church of St. John's in that town. His father is said, by most historians, to have carried on an extensive brewery.[1] In his early years, while under the tuition of his preceptors—the Rev. Mr. Long and Dr. Beard—he is described "as a very obstinate, mischievous, and wrong-headed boy, always under the lash, or in disgrace." Heath informs us that he was notorious for robbing orchards and dove-houses, damaging trees and hedges, and committing other youthful iniquities, of which many complaints were made to his father and master for redress, "which missed not their satisfaction and expiation out of his hide." It seems that he had occasional fits of learning, and would study hard for a week, but afterwards remain idle for months.

Noble mentions a curious tradition current in Huntingdon, about sixty or seventy years since. Charles I.,

[1] In Magna Britannia (Vol. ii., p. 1048), it is stated that "his father was Robert Cromwell, Esq., a Justice of Peace in this county, and his mother, Elizabeth, the daughter of Sir Richard Steward, Knight. His parentage was genteel and commendable, and his personal endowments such, especially in martial courage and conduct, that, had he been employed for his own honour and his Sovereign's service, perhaps no man, in that respect, would have deserved a greater name; but, as he made use of them to the ruin of his King and country, the dishonour of his ancestors, and his own eternal ignominy, 'twere better he had never been born."

when a weakly little boy of four years old, happened to spend a day at Hinchinbroke, the seat of the Cromwells. Little Oliver being sent for, to play with the royal guest, a quarrel and fight ensued between them, in the course of which the Prince received from his opponent, who was about a year older, a blow on the nose, which made it bleed. How little could it be foreseen at that time that Charles would receive his death-blow from the same quarter!

In his early years, it is related that a spectre opened the curtains of his bed, and assured him that some day he should be "the greatest man in England." If there be any foundation for this story, it may, no doubt, be ascribed to a dream. The circumstance is alluded to by Clarendon, and Cromwell himself spoke of it in after-years. Oliver was, in due time, sent to Cambridge, where he made little proficiency in learning, passing his time with idle and dissolute companions in drinking and gaming. On the death of his father, he returned home, when he was sent to Lincoln's Inn, to study the common law, of which, however, he could make nothing. He is spoken of, at this period, by Sir Philip Warwick, as "a debauchee, and a boisterous and rude fellow."

On the 23rd of April, 1616, when about seventeen, he was entered at Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, where Dugdale says that "he threw himself into a dissolute and disorderly course of life, being more famous for football, cricket, cudgelling, and wrestling, than for study." He remained at the University about

a year, when he was removed to one of the Inns of Court in London. He now frequented taverns, and again became the companion of drunkards. After leading a depraved life for two or three years, he returned home, once more, to his widowed mother, when his abandoned and profligate ways rendered him a terror to the good people of his native town.

On the 22nd of August, 1620, at the age of twenty-one, he married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir James Bouchier, Knight, of Essex, with whom he had a considerable fortune. The nuptials took place in St. Giles's Church, Cripplegate, in which Milton, his illustrious Secretary, was buried. From this moment, Oliver became an altered character, and felt, or affected to feel, remorse for his evil ways. A religious enthusiasm now appeared to have taken such possession of his soul, as to cause him to neglect even the ordinary business of daily life. A farm at St. Ives, which he occupied, was suffered to run to neglect, and his labourers played at cards in the fields, instead of ploughing the ground, having no one to look after them. Their master had a chapel behind his house, in which he personally held forth to his fanatical congregation.

On quitting his farm, it is said that he lived in very reduced circumstances at Cambridge. While residing there, Sir Thomas Steward, his maternal uncle, bequeathed him some property near Ely. Soon after this, he contributed the liberal donation of £500 to-

wards quelling the Irish Insurrection; and, on another occasion, £100, in favour of the Republican cause.

About this time, as we have already seen, Oliver contemplated quitting England for ever, and passing his days in America, which then offered a wide field for the enterprising emigrant. It is said that he actually went on ship-board with this intention; and that, when the vessel was about to sail, it was detained, with seven others, in the river, the Government having withheld their license to allow the ships to take their departure.[1]

At the age of twenty-nine, Cromwell was returned as Member for his native town of Huntingdon in 1628, and also for Cambridge in 1640.

In early life, Oliver was noted for his mean apparel and slovenly appearance; but, in later years, as he grew in greatness, he became more attentive to his toilet. Dr. South observes, "Who that had beheld such a bankrupt, beggarly fellow as Cromwell first entering the Parliament House with a thread-bare, torn cloak and greasy hat, and, perhaps, neither of them paid for, could have suspected that, in the course of a few years, he should, by the murder of one King and the banishment of another, ascend the throne, be invested with the royal robes, and want nothing of the state of a King but the changing of his hat into a crown?"

His manners were as uncouth as his appearance, and he was sometimes so violent in Parliament as to give

[1] See note, page 63, of the present Volume.

great offence to his brother members. Among others, Sir Bevil Granville conceived such an aversion for him that he would not sit near him. When asked the reason by his friends, he could hardly account for it, he said, but he had a foreboding that that "ill-looking fellow would kill the King."[1]

His personal appearance was altogether most unprepossessing—robust and clumsy of form, of forbidding aspect, sallow complexion, large, bushy eyebrows, and bright, red nose, which last feature was much lampooned in the scurrilous effusions issued at the time by the opposite party.

Cromwell was among the first to rise up in open rebellion against his Sovereign. He was no doubt influenced by ambition, and took advantage of the discontented and fanatical spirit of the times, as the stepping-stone to enable him to climb

"The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar;"

and it is not impossible that his remarkable dream might have had something to do with his lofty aspirations. Be this as it may, he forthwith organized a regiment of militia at Huntingdon (who afterwards acquired the far-famed appellation of "Cromwell's Ironsides"), supplied his soldiers with arms and ammunition, and personally drilled and instructed them in the art of war, constituting himself their colonel. In about a twelvemonth, he had no less than 2,000 efficient men under his command, and instituted many wise regu-

[1] Morgan's Phœnix Britannicus, p. 187.

lations for preserving discipline among them. He, moreover, entered freely into familiar discourse with them, and affected to take the strongest interest in their welfare.

Cromwell, who shewed himself to be an excellent officer, had now attained his forty-third year. With his formidable troopers, his first step was to seize the royal magazine in Cambridge Castle. In July, 1643, he came off victor at the battle of Gainsborough, as well as in the fights that shortly followed at Winsley Field and Horncastle. Following up his successes, he took Stamford and Burleigh House, when he again marched to Cambridge, where he extorted large sums of money, as well as their valuable plate, from the University. At Peterborough and Ely, he allowed his soldiers not only to plunder the inhabitants, but also to deface the cathedrals. At the latter place, entering the building with his cuirassiers while divine service was going forward, he drew his sword, and commanded his troopers to expel the congregation, upon which his followers demolished the organs, and broke the windows. This work of desecration, so utterly at variance with his religious professions, is a foul blot and everlasting disgrace upon his memory. He exhibited great daring and courage at the memorable battle of Marston Moor. On this occasion, it is related that a cannon-ball passed so near to him as almost to graze his head. For the moment, it was thought he was killed; but recovering his equanimity, he observed, with a smile, that "a miss was as good as a mile." The number of troops engaged

in this sanguinary conflict amounted altogether to about 50,000. Both parties fought with desperation, and the victory was long doubtful. But eventually, owing to the superior valour and discipline of Cromwell's soldiery, the forces under Prince Rupert were fairly driven from the field.[1] The disastrous result of this battle not only lost to the King the important city of York, but likewise the entire north of England. There was also another fatality attending it. His gallant and loyal adherent, the Marquis of Newcastle, who had raised regiments of horse and foot, principally at his own charge, to aid his sovereign, when dangers thickened around him—who had taken possession of Newcastle, and proclaimed the royal authority at a time when not a single port-town had avowed its obedience—was so chagrined at the total overthrow of his troops, as well as annoyed at the part which Prince Rupert had taken, that he hastened to Scarborough and embarked for Hamburgh. He lived abroad in great necessity till the Restoration.

On the return of the King from the west, he was encountered by Waller at Newbury, and being worsted in the action that ensued on the 27th of October, he retired to Oxford early in November. It was now not difficult for him to perceive that his power stood upon a very tottering foundation, since his enemies were not only far more numerous than any forces he could bring against them, but were also well provided with the munitions of war and all necessary supplies. They were, moreover, led on by Fairfax, Essex, Waller, and other able

[1] Rushworth, Vol. ii. p. 633.

and experienced generals. To these was now added a still more formidable leader, in the person of Oliver Cromwell. In spite of the fearful odds against him, however, Charles bore all his calamities with composure and resignation.

The Queen, from whom he had parted at Abingdon, in April, proceeded to Exeter. While in this city, Sir Theodore Mayerne was summoned from London to attend her. One day, Henrietta observed to him that she "found her understanding failing her, and was afraid she should go mad;" when the court-physician, hardly courtly to fallen Majesty, replied, "Madam, fear not that, for you have been mad some time."

In June following, she was delivered of the Princess Henrietta; fifteen days after whose birth she was forced, for fear of the Parliament army, to provide for her own safety by flight, making her escape to Pendennis Castle, in disguise, and thence embarking for France, leaving the infant behind her, at Exeter, under the care of Lady Morton.

The birth of this Princess is thus noticed by the industrious Izacke:[1]

"The King in person coming to this city, being in pursuit of the Earl of Essex . . . lodged here in Bedford House two days; and, having defeated his enemies, returned hither again, and was pleased to bestow the dignity of knighthood on the mayor. Prince Charles attended his father in all this march, and lodged here in the dean's house. The Queen likewise resorted hither

[1] Memorials of the City of Exeter, p. 158.

for safety. Bedford House was prepared for her reception, where, during her abode, on the 16th of June, her Majesty was delivered of a young princess, who was baptized[1] in the cathedral-church here by Dr. Burnell, chancellor, and a canon residentiary, on Sunday, 3d July next following. In the body of the church, a font was erected on purpose, under a rich canopy of estate, and Sir John Berkley, then governor of the said city, the Lady Paulett, and the Lady Dalkeith (the said Princess's governess), were her witnesses. . . . This city presented his Majesty with 500*l.*, the Queen with 200*l.*, and Prince Charles with 100*l.* more."

After the Queen embarked from Pendennis Castle for her native land, the vessel was chased by a Parliamentary cruiser; and, when in danger of being taken, Henrietta commanded the captain not to strike, but to prepare, at the last extremity, to blow up the ship, resisting the shrieks of her ladies and domestics. She eventually landed in safety on the coast of Brittany, where, her people being taken for pirates, she was compelled to explain who she really was; upon which she was treated with all the respect due to the daughter of Henri Quatre, and accommodated with a carriage to convey her to the baths of Bourbon, whither she had decided to repair for the benefit of her health. Her appearance was greatly changed, from the sufferings she had undergone. The Queen-Regent of France, Anne of Austria, her sister-in-law, generously supplied

[1] The name given to the infant was Henrietta-Anne, after her mother and her aunt, of France.

her with 12,000 crowns per month to meet her expenditure, which was superintended by Lord Jermyn, her treasurer. On her restoration to health, she was invited to the French Court. Owing to the civil war of the Fronde, which shortly broke out in France, the Queen-Regent was not able to continue the allowance to her royal relative, who then fell into very reduced circumstances, having previously sold, or pledged, all her jewels in order to send money to her husband.

At the commencement of the year 1645, the King, after the many reverses he had sustained, naturally felt anxious to negociate a peace with the Parliament, and he accordingly sent messages to them to that effect; whereupon they despatched commissioners to Oxford, who carried matters with a high hand, and Uxbridge was named as the place for carrying on the treaty. On the day appointed, the 30th of January, sixteen commissioners were sent by the King, and twelve from the Parliament, accompanied by the Scottish commissioners. On discussing the three important matters of Religion, the Militia, and Ireland, it was soon found impracticable to come to an agreement with regard to any of these articles. The conferences lasted for twenty days; but, so exorbitant were the demands of the Parliament, that the commissioners separated, finding that further negociation would be fruitless.

At the time when the treaty of Uxbridge was set on foot, the Queen was again gone abroad to obtain supplies, and she was dreadfully alarmed lest her husband should recede from his former grounds, particularly in

regard to the Militia, declaring that she would not live in England if it were renounced, and alleging that she absolutely required a guard for her own safety, she assured him of a promise from the Duke of Lorraine to transport 10,000 men into England. Charles, in his answers, comforted her with professions of steadiness, and urged her, as he saw no prospect of peace, to hasten the conveyance of Lorraine's troops by Dutch shipping.

From the tenor of these letters, it would indeed appear that Charles durst not take the least step without the sanction of his wife, of whom he seems to have stood in as much awe as a schoolboy of his master. When the treaty was broken off, he desired her to promise, in his name, a repeal of all penal statutes against Catholics, in order to obtain assistance from abroad; and, in another letter, after informing her that he had prorogued his *mongrel* Parliament, as he called that which he had convoked at Oxford, he thus proceeds: "Now, if I do anything unhandsome or disadvantageous to myself, or friends, in order to a treaty, it will be merely my own fault; for I confess, when I wrote thee last, I was in fear to have been pressed to renew the treaty (knowing there were great labourings to that purpose), that I now promise thee that, if it be renewed, (which I believe it will not without some eminent good success on my side) it shall be to my honour and advantage, I being now freed from the place of base and mutinous motions (that is to say our mongrel-Parliament here) as of the chief causes, for

whom I may justly expect to be chidden by thee for having suffered thee to be vexed by them, Wilmot being already there, Percy on his way, and Sussex on his way to thee; but I know thou carest not for a little trouble to free me from inconveniences; yet I must tell thee that if I knew not the steadiness of thy love, I might reasonably apprehend that their repair to thee would rather prove a perfect change than an end of their villanies." Thus the very individuals whom the Parliament proposed to except from pardon, and on whose account Charles affected to be influenced against the treaty, only incurred his resentment by urging him to accommodation.[1]

It was during the negociations at Uxbridge that Laud, after a long trial, was sentenced to lose his head, and suffered on Tower Hill. He had long been allowed to lie forgotten; but the Scotch, in conjunction with the Presbyterian party, and particularly Prynn, renewed the prosecution after their second entrance into England. Laud died with firmness; but, by alleging that he had always been a friend to Parliaments, he tarnished the character of his last moments by such a display of the insincerity which he had exhibited through life.

After the treaty of Uxbridge, the King sent the Prince of Wales into the loyal West, where an association had been formed by the counties of Dorset, Devon, Somerset and Cornwall for petitioning, or compelling, the Par-

[1] Brodie, Vol. iii. pp. 578, 9.

liament to a peace, and he was constituted general of all the royal forces in that quarter. Harris informs us that, on account of his youth, a council was assigned to him by his father; but Eglesfield, whose work was published in Charles's life-time, says that "he set up a royal court and chose out a retinue at his own pleasure, the King, though disapproving the action, in a letter to the Queen, yet admiring his discretion in the election of them." The same writer relates, that about this time, "the King of Portugal sent over an ambassador, who, among several specious proposals relating to his majesty's present exigencies, tendered one for a marriage between the daughter of that king and the Prince of Wales;" which, however, was civilly declined.[1]

It was on the 4th of March, 1645, that the Prince parted from his father at Oxford, and set out for the west; "and this," says Harris, "was their last interview," though older writers assert that he was again in Oxford in the course of the same year, and that he there reconciled his father to his cousins, Rupert and Maurice, who had incurred his Majesty's displeasure.[2]

The King's vehement anger with Prince Rupert was especially excited by his surrender of Bristol to Sir Thomas Fairfax, on the 11th of September, though he had boasted a few days before, in a letter to the King, who was then in Wales, whither he had retired after the fatal battle of Naseby, on the 14th of June, 1645, that he

[1] Monarchy Revived, p. 14.

[2] Augustus Anglicus, p. 8.—Monarchy Revived, p. 14.

would defend the place for four months. It was on occasion of this disaster, which crushed the King's last hope of prevailing over the Parliament by arms, that he wrote the following memorable letter from Brecknock to the Prince:

"Brecknocke, 5 Aug., 1645.

"Charles,

"It is very fitt for me now to prepare for the worst; in order to w^ch^ I spoke w^th^ Culpeper this morning concerning you, judging it fitt to give it you under my hand, that ye may give the reddier obedience to it; wherefor know that my Pleasure is whensoeuer you fynde your selfe in aparent danger of faling into the Rebelles hands, that you conuay your selfe into France, and there to be under your Mother care, who is to have the absolute full power of your Education in all things, excep Religion, and, in that, not to medle at all but leaue it, entyrly to the care of your Tutor, the Bishop of Salisbery, (or to whom he shall apoint, to supply his Place, in time of his necessitated absence). And for the performance of this, I comand you to requyre the assistance and obedience of all your Councell, and by theire aduyce, the seruice of euery one, whom you and they shall judge fitt to be employd in this Business; w^ch^ I expect should bee performed, if neede requyre, and without grumbling: this is all at this tyme from

"Your louing Father,

"CHARLES R."[1]

[1] Harleian MSS. 6988, fol. 113.

It was but one month afterwards that the intelligence of the loss of Bristol, which reached him at Ragland, filled him with surprise and indignation; and, returning to Hereford, he despatched an express with a letter to Rupert, who had retired with his troops to Oxford. He gave orders that he should deliver up his commission to the Lords of the Council there; and, with a letter to Secretary Nicholas, he enclosed a warrant for the arrest of the Prince, in case he should refuse obedience to his Majesty's commands. In a postscript to the last-mentioned letter, he writes, "Tell my Sone that I shall lesse greeve to heare that he is knoked in the heade then that he should doe so meane an act as the rendring of Bristoll Castell and Fort upon the termes it was."

The King's Letter to Prince Rupert was as follows:

"Hereford, 14th Sept. 1645.

"NEPHEW,

Though the loss of Bristol be a great blow to me, yet your surrendering it, as you did, is of so much affliction to me, that it makes me not only forget the consideration of that place, but is likewise the greatest trial of my constancy that hath yet befallen me; for what is to be done after one that is so near me as you are, both in blood and friendship submits himself to so mean an action?—(I give it the easiest term) such—I have so much to say, that I will say no more of it: only lest rashness of judgement be laid to my charge, I must remember you of

your letter of the 12th of August, whereby you assured me that, if no mutiny happened, you would keep Bristol for *four months.* Did you keep it for *four days?* Was there anything like a mutiny? More questions might be asked, but I confess to little purpose. My own conclusion is to desire you to seek your subsistence, until it shall please God to determine of my condition, somewhere beyond seas; to which end, I send you herewith a pass; and I pray God to make you sensible of your present condition, and give you means to redeem what you have lost; for I shall have no greater joy in a victory than a just occasion without blushing to assure you of my being

"Your loving uncle & most faithful friend,

"C. R."

A few days afterwards, Charles also wrote to Rupert's brother, Prince Maurice. The following is a *verbatim* transcript of his letter:

"Newtoune, 20 Sep. 1645.

"NEPUEU, What through want of tyme, or unwillingness, to speake to you of so unpleasing a subject, I have not yet, (w^{ch} now I must supply) spoken to you freely of your Brother Ruperts present condition; the treuth is, that his unhansom quitting the Castell and Forte of Bristol, hath inforced me to put him off those comands w^{ch} he had in my Armys, and have sent him a Passe to goe beyond Sease; now though I could doe no lesse then this for w^{ch} (belive me) I have too much reason upon strikt examination, yet, I asseure you that I am most confident that this great Error of his (w^{ch}

indeed hath given me more Greefe than any Misfortune since this damnable Rebellion) hath no waise proceeded from his change of Affection to me or my Cause, but meerly by hauing his Judgement seduced by some rotten-harted villaines, making faire pretentions to him;[1] and I am resolued, so litle to forgett his former services, that whensoever it shall please God to enable me to looke upon my Frends lyke a King, he shall thanke God for the paines he hath spent in my Armys. So much for him, now for yourselfe; I know you to be so free from his present Misfortune, that it nowais staggers me in that good opinion, w^ch^ I have ever had of you, and so long as you shall not be weary of your Imploiments under me, I will give you all the incouragement and contentment that lyes in my Power, howeuer you shall alwais fynd me your louing Oncle, and most asseured friend:

"CHARLES R."[2]

Though Rupert submitted to the King's pleasure in resigning his commission, he determined not to use his pass till he had seen the King, and assigned the motives for his conduct. Clarendon has given an account of his forcing his way to the King at Newark, and of the consequent interview, when, after a day or two's debate, a short declaration was drawn up, "by which Rupert was absolved from any disloyalty, or treason, in the rendering of Bristol, but not of indiscretion."

[1] It is evident from this, that the King suspected his nephew of having basely betrayed his trust, in giving up the city to his enemies.

[2] Harleian MSS. 6988., f. 116.

CHAPTER VII.

Disasters of the King at the battle of Naseby.—Capture of his Coach and private Cabinet.—His correspondence published.—Project of Charles for getting troops from Ireland to assist him.—Commission of Glamorgan.—The King's wanderings in Wales.—Passes the winter at Oxford.—Defeat of the army in the West, under Prince Charles.—Reasons assigned for it.—He proceeds to Scilly.—His refusal to leave the kingdom.—Capture of a French vessel.—The bag of letters.—Private correspondence of the Queen with Lord Culpepper and Sir Edward Hyde, on the subject of her son's future destination.—The Prince's overtures to Fairfax.—Letter of the Parliament to him.—Henrietta commands him to come to France.—The Prince leaves Scilly, and goes to Jersey.—Disputes among his council.—He at length yields to his mother's wishes, and sets out for Paris.

ABOUT three months previously to the surrender of Bristol, the memorable battle at Naseby, a village in Northamptonshire, was fought on the 14th of June, 1645. The forces on each side were nearly equal. The main body of the Royalists was commanded by the King in person; the right wing by Prince Rupert, the left by Sir Marmaduke Langdale. Fairfax, Cromwell,

Skippon, and Ireton[1] were the distinguished leaders of the Parliamentary army. The action was commenced by a spirited charge on the part of Prince Rupert, and with such signal success, that Ireton, who was severely wounded, was taken prisoner. The King conducted the main body into action, and exhibited the conduct of a prudent General, with the valour of the soldier.[2] Fairfax and Skippon encountered him, and well supported the reputation they had acquired. The latter general, though desperately wounded, refused to quit the field. The infantry were broken through by the King, till Fairfax came up to their relief. Meanwhile, Cromwell, having attacked and routed the forces under Langdale, turned back upon the King's infantry, and threw them into utter confusion. Charles soon found it impossible to prevail on his discomfited troops to renew the combat, and he was compelled to quit the field, and leave the victory to the enemy.[3]

In this sanguinary conflict, Charles is said to have lost about 800 men, slain on the field of battle, and to have had 500 officers and 4,000 private soldiers taken prisoners by Fairfax, who likewise captured all the King's artillery and ammunition. This was the most signal defeat sustained by the monarch during the Civil Wars, and inflicted a blow upon him from which he never recovered. It was, however, a most hard and well-contested battle, his opponents having sustained a

[1] Afterwards the son-in-law of Cromwell.

[2] Whitelocke, p. 146.

[3] Ibid. p. 145.

loss of 1,000 men. The courage and presence of mind displayed by Cromwell won for him fresh laurels, and greatly raised him in the estimation of Parliament. Among other trophies, the King's coach, with his private cabinet, fell into the hands of the victors. The correspondence found there, and published by the Parliament, completely proved the perfidy of the King's assertions, in regard to his negociations with foreign powers for supplies of troops, notwithstanding his most solemn appeals to Heaven that he never had such an intention. It fully established the insincerity with which he had entered into a treaty with the Parliament, and partially exposed his intentions in regard to Ireland.

In October, another capture of letters and papers was made in an action at Sherburn, in Yorkshire, with a small force under Lord Digby, whose coach fell into the hands of the Parliamentary forces. These papers, published like the preceding, were of great importance, as developing the King's designs for obtaining foreign aid, and even from the Pope himself.

Charles had been long intent on procuring the co-operation of forces from Ireland; and Ormond, the Lord Lieutenant, following out his instructions, had sought to accomplish this object on terms which the King had, with the utmost solemnity, denied that he would ever grant. The Pope, when his assistance was directly solicited by Sir Kenelm Digby, son of Sir Everard Digby, one of the principal conspirators in the Gunpowder Plot, dispatched Rinuccini, as his Nuncio, to encourage the Irish to insist on the restoration of their

religion as the price of their co-operation for the recovery of the King's absolute power. Charles only hesitated at the conditions, from fear of for ever forfeiting the support of his Protestant subjects, and even of exciting them to insurrection. Ormond had incurred such reproach from the chief Protestants, for his concessions to the Catholics, that he declined to proceed further; and the Queen, dissatisfied with him, had already declared that no Protestant was to be trusted in such an affair. Lord Herbert, (son of the Marquis of Worcester, created Earl of Glamorgan,) a rigid papist, was, in consequence, selected as a fit instrument for conducting that business, and furnished with extraordinary powers, to treat with the Pope and Catholic princes, as well as with the Irish, and even to erect a mint and dispose of the revenue and forfeited estates. To conceal the extent of these powers from Ormond, Charles resorted to the most unworthy artifices. Glamorgan, in 1646, concluded a treaty with the confederated council of the Irish Catholics, for the supply of troops, upon condition of removing all disqualifications, and allowing their clergy to retain all the livings of which they had possessed themselves at the time of the Rebellion.

The King's design was to bring one army of 10,000 from Ireland through North Wales, and another of the same force through South Wales; while a third, of 6,000, was to be brought from the Continent, and supported by the Pope, and Catholic Princes, at the rate of £30,000 a month. Though Glamorgan's commission

had been suspected, yet the steady denial of it by Charles silenced the rumours respecting it. The King, as it had been preconcerted, disclaimed, in the most solemn manner, his having ever granted authority to Glamorgan which was not to be exercised under the guidance of Ormond; though, at the same time, he had furnished him with powers for superseding that too faithful servant. The fall of Chester, and the ruin of the royal affairs elsewhere, rendered the treaties abortive, but the intrigues were still persisted in by the misguided Sovereign.

It is singular enough that a knowledge of Glamorgan's commission was secretly obtained long before the full disclosure, by papers found on the person of the titular Archbishop of Tuam, who was slain at Sligo, and other documents thrown overboard from a vessel from Ireland in Padstow Harbour, and recovered. The promises made to Glamorgan were repeated to the Nuncio. "My instructions and powers," says that nobleman, in a letter to Lord Clarendon, dated June 11, 1660, "were signed by the King under his pocket-signet, with blanks for me to put in the names of the Pope, or Princes, to the end that the King might have a starting-hole to deny the having given me such commissions, if excepted against by his own subjects, leaving me, as it were, at the stake, who, for his Majesty's sake, was willing to undergo it, trusting to his word alone. In like manner, did I not stick upon having this commission inrolled, or assented to by his council, nor indeed the seal to be put on it in

an ordinary manner, but as Mr. Endymion Porter[1] and I could perform it with rollers and no screw-press." He adds, "It was even resolved, that the King should seem angry with me at my return out of Ireland, until I had brought him into a posture and power to own his commands, to make good his instructions, and to reward my faithfulness and zeal therein."

After his defeat at Naseby, the King retreated to Hereford, thence to Abergavenny, and remained for some time in Wales, in the vain hope of gaining an accession to the forces that still remained to him. It is related that, during his wanderings, Charles was sometimes in want of a dinner, and that at Boconnock Down "he lay in the field all night." Sir Henry Slingsby[2] affirms that when the King and his weary attendants were wandering about the Welsh mountains, he was glad to sup on a pullet and some cheese; "the good wife, who ministered to his wants, having but one cheese, and the King's attendants being importunate in their hunger," she came in, and carried it off from the table."

The fugitive King, weary with his long marches, was sometimes glad to sit under the shelter of a tree in some lonely field. He often rode hard through the night, and the break of day only recalled the Royal fugitive to the anxious cares of a retreat, or the pursuit of his enemies. On one occasion, late in the evening,

[1] One of the King's attendants, who had formerly accompanied him to Spain.

[2] Afterwards executed by the orders of Cromwell.

he dismissed some loyal gentlemen to their homes with these pathetic words: "Gentlemen, go you and take your rest; you have houses and homes, and beds to lodge in, and families to love and live with; but I have none! My horse is waiting for me to travel all night." He often compared himself, in the words of the Psalmist, to "a partridge hunted on the mountains." When thus overtaken by adversity, he bore all his troubles with becoming fortitude. Such was the life he led towards the close of his troublous career, exhibiting, in a striking manner, the force of the remark, "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," and that "ambition, glory, and power, are often but as empty bubbles on the stream of time."

The King returned to Oxford, where he passed the winter of 1645. His condition was a truly melancholy one. Isolated from his family, and deprived of many of his best friends and advisers by the fortune of war, surrounded on all sides by implacable foes, his reflections, like the dreary season, must have been of the most gloomy character. In the past, he could not but recall a succession of reverses; the present was anything but consolatory; while, in the future, he could only foresee a yet darker tempest impending over his destiny. In the conflicts with his enemies, he had betrayed no want of personal daring; but the sufferings which his loyal adherents had undergone for his sake, were a source of deep and constant regret to him. He appears to have had a prescience of the unhappy fate that awaited him, as well as to have possessed courage and resolution to

meet it. In a letter to Lord Digby, he writes that "if he could not live as a King, he was determined to die like a gentleman;[1] nor should any of his friends ever have reason to blush for the Prince whom they had so unfortunately served."[1]

At this period, he might justly have been regarded as an object of compassion, had not certain of his proceedings been masked by great duplicity, which was more than ever transparent to his enemies, and afforded them an excuse for the rigorous measures they pursued in regard to him.

Nothing of consequence was accomplished either by the council or the army of the Prince in the west. Thither, after the decisive battle of Naseby, the army of the Parliament followed him. They were everywhere victorious through their own valour and conduct, as well as the rapine, cowardice, and dissensions of their adversaries. According to the account of Lord Clarendon, there never was a more abandoned set of men than those who composed the several little armies which the King had in the west. The Gorings and the Grenvilles, who commanded them, were painted in colours as black as their enemies themselves. The former, he says, "valued not his promises, professions, or friendships, according to any rules of honour or of integrity;" and the latter are described by him as monsters of impudence, villany, and cruelty. Under such leaders, it is no wonder that the soldiers were mutinous, rapacious,

[1] Carte's Ormond, Vol. iii. No. 433.

and cowardly. "Goring's crew," says Harris, "is still proverbial in the west."

Fairfax, after having driven all before him, came up with and easily defeated the remains of these bodies, then under the chief command of Lord Hopton, at Torrington, and totally dissolved the western army. By a treaty concluded at Tresilian Bridge, near Truro, in February, 1646, it was agreed that Hopton should disband his troops, and have fifty of his own horse and the like number of Fairfax's, to escort him to Oxford; that all foreigners should have passes to go beyond seas, and to carry with them all their effects, excepting horses and arms; that all English officers should go home to their respective habitations, or, if they pleased, beyond sea; each colonel to have his horse and two men to wait on him; each captain one man and horse; the troopers twenty shillings a-piece, and to go whither they liked. The Prince had previously retired to Pendennis Castle, near Falmouth, whence he embarked on the 1st of March, 1646, for St. Mary's, Scilly, accompanied by Lords Goring and Culpepper and Sir Edward Hyde, preparatory to obeying the injunction of his father, who had ordered him, in case of necessity, to go to France, and there place himself under the care of his mother, who was to have full and absolute power over his education in all things excepting religion.

Lord Clarendon imputes the loss of the West to the ill behaviour of the generals, excepting Lord Hopton, and the soldiery; but Lord Lansdown insists that neither the generals nor the soldiers were to blame; but

the appointment of a civil council to inspect and regulate the conduct of his generals and control the military operations. Hence, those who advised, and those who were to execute, lived in eternal contradiction and variance. The very council itself was divided into parties. The Earl of Berkshire, to whom the care of the Prince's person and education was committed, was kept out of all secrets, and so were several others of its members.

At the time the western counties were menaced by the Parliamentary forces, it was deemed expedient to remove the Prince of Wales to a safer retreat. But, if newspaper-authority can be relied on, he was very averse to quit the kingdom. "The match of Prince Charles," says a Journal of the 27th of January, 1646, "with the Prince of Orange's daughter is still on foot. The chief officers in Cornwall have used their endeavours to send him beyond sea into France, or elsewhere; but his Highness puts them off, and cries, and stamps, and vexeth, and saith, he will not leave the kingdom—he had rather come into the Parliament, if he cannot stand out long."

Early in the year, a French vessel was captured near Dartmouth. The captain, finding escape impossible, threw overboard a bag of letters, which was perceived by their pursuers, who succeeded in rescuing it from the waves. On the bag being opened, it was found to contain one, among others, from Henrietta-Maria to Lord Culpepper.

"The Queen's letter intimates that she had received a

letter from the King, whereat she is much troubled, because, he therein declares that he had altered his resolution of sending the Prince into France, grounded upon a letter which the Council about the Prince had written unto him, giving him advice to send the Prince into Denmark, and this resolution of that Council was grounded upon these three heads:—1. Goring's protestation against the voyage of the Prince. 2. Upon the reports of Charles Murray that the very talk of it in France dreaded the hearts of all honest men there, who conceive that kingdom the most dangerous place for the Prince to abide in. 3. That, upon the leaving of this kingdom, the west would be scandalized and lost.

The subscribers of this letter were the Lord Culpepper, Lord Hopton, Lord Capel, and Hyde, the King's Chancellor of the Exchequer. To which three reasons, the Queen delivers her opinion in a letter directed to the Lord Culpepper, being a whole sheet of paper, all written in French by her own hand, bearing date from St. Germains, in France, January 13th, wherein she affirms Goring's reasons to be worth nothing, and Murray's to be but the reasons of one unacquainted with Cabinet Councils; and, for the western gentlemen, she hopes they will not put the hazard of the Prince into competition with themselves, and adviseth that the Prince may not go to Denmark, nor to Holland, neither to France, if with security he may stay at home. But, if he must depart this kingdom, then she apprehends that France will be the aptest place, and most probable to procure succours. And, as for the match which it

is conceived will be propounded for the daughter of the Duke of Orleans, she acknowledgeth the match to be rich, and the family honourable, and, if effected, would conduce much to procure assistance for the Prince; but, in case it be propounded, it must be denied, for she hath engaged herself elsewhere for the Prince. You may here clearly see who rules the roast still," add the parliamentary Journalists. They also name "another letter from the Queen to the Lady Dalkeith, to get the Princess (Henrietta) out of Exeter, that she may be conveyed beyond the seas."[1]

On the subject of the Prince's removal to the Scilly Isles, the Queen thus expresses her sentiments to Hyde, (afterwards the great Lord Chancellor Clarendon) :—

"Paris, 4th of April, 1646.

"My Lord Culpepper must witness for me that I have patiently, and at large, heard all that he could say concerning the condition of Scilly, and all that has been proposed for rendering of the Prince of Wales's abode there safe. Yet, I must confess to you that I am so far from being satisfied in that point, that I shall not sleep in quiet until I shall hear that the Prince of Wales shall be removed from thence. It is confessed it is not sufficiently fortified, and is accessible in divers places, and the manning the works will require 1,000 men more than you have, or, for aught I see, can procure; neither can you be confident that the loss of Cornwall may not

[1] Weekly Intelligencer, Feb. 10th, 1646.

suddenly have a dangerous influence upon that garrison, most of your soldiers being of that country. The power of the Parliament at sea is so great, that you cannot rely upon the seasonable and safe conveyance of such proportions of provisions as so great a garrison will require.

"I need not remember you of what importance to the King, and all his party, the safety of the Prince's person is. If he should fall into the rebels' hands, the whole would thereby become desperate; therefore, I must importunately conjure you to intend this work as the principal service you can do to the King, me, or the Prince. Culpepper will tell you how I have strained to assist you with present provisions, shipping, and money necessary for the Prince's remove to Jersey, where, be confident of it, he shall want nothing; besides, for satisfaction of others, I have moved the Queen-regent to give assurance that if the Prince, in his way to Jersey, should be necessitated by contrary winds, or the danger of the Parliament shipping, to touch in France, he should have all freedom and assistance from hence in his immediate passage thither, which is granted with great cheerfulness and civility, and will be subscribed under the hands of the French King and Queen, my brother, and Cardinal Mazzarine. Therefore, I hope that all scruples are now satisfied. Culpepper is hastening to you with good frigates; but, if you shall find any danger before their arrival, I shall rely upon your care not to omit any opportunity to prevent that danger, according to the resolution in Council,

which Culpepper hath acquainted me with, for which I thank you. I need not tell you how acceptable this service will be to the King, who in every letter presses me to write to you concerning my son's safety; nor that I am, and always will be, most constantly,

"Your assured friend,

"HENRIETTA MARIA R."[1]

While in the west, the Prince had made various overtures to Fairfax tending to open a negociation for mediating with the King a treaty with the Parliament. Fairfax replied at one time, that being only a servant to the Parliament, he could not exceed his commission, which empowered him only to fight; and therefore, in reference to a treaty, application ought to be made to his masters at Westminster; and, at another, he intimated that, if his Highness would disband his army, he would conduct him with honour to the Parliament. These communications led to no result.

It is possible that though the Prince had the nominal command of the western army, the Parliament might bear him no particular grudge; but it is much more probable that with such ulterior views as they must have contemplated, they could not overlook the advantage that must accrue to them from having the heir to the throne in their power. Accordingly, on the 30th of March, 1646, the two Houses agreed to address to him the following letter, which was signed by the Speakers, the Earl of Manchester, and William Lenthall.

[1] Weekly Intelligencer, February 10th, 1646.

"Sir,

"The Lords and Commons assembled in the Parliament of England, being informed that your Highness is lately removed into the Isle of Scilly, have commanded us, in their names, to invite you to come forthwith into their quarters, and to reside in such place, and with such council and attendance about you, as the two Houses shall think fit to appoint."

The Prince, in answer dated "At our Court in the Isle of Scilly, April 15," after acknowledging the receipt of the above letter, adds:—"We have a great earnest desire to be amongst you, if we might have any assurance that it might prove an expedient towards a blessed peace, and the composure of these miserable distractions; and therefore, when we were compelled to depart from Cornwall, we chose this poor island to reside in, where we hoped we might have securely attended God's pleasure, till we might have been made an instrument towards a happy peace; but the scarcity of provisions being such in this place, that we have not, since our coming hither, which is now about six weeks, received one day's victual, though we left servants of our own in our dutchy of Cornwall to take care for our necessary supply, we are again compelled to remove to the island of Jersey, whither we hope God Almighty will direct us, which place we chose the rather, as well being part of the dominions of our royal father (which as yet it is evident to you we have no mind to quit) as being much nearer to you, and so fitter for correspondency; and

therefore that we may the better receive advice from you, with which we shall always comply as far as with our duty and piety we may, we desire you to send to us a safe conduct for the Lord Capel to come to you, and to receive from you such particular propositions for our welfare and subsistence as you think fit to make; and that he may then attend our royal father, and return to us at Jersey; and thereupon we hope, by the blessing of God, you will receive such satisfaction as shall testify the great joy we have, and shall always have, to follow the counsel and advice you shall give, which will be an unspeakable comfort to us."

This letter was well calculated to cover the design, long before fixed, of going into France, and to render the execution of it the more easy.

The Queen, continuing exceedingly anxious about her son's safety, her royal husband wrote to her, leaving the important affair of his destination in her hands, upon which she addressed to the Prince a letter dated Saint Germains, May 17th, requesting him to rejoin her as speedily as possible, and inclosing a note from the King, which ran as follows:—

"CHARLES,

"This is rather to tell you where I am, and that I am well, than at this time to direct you in any thing, having written fully to your mother what I would have you to do, whom I command you to obey in everything, except religion, concerning which I am confident she will not trouble you, and see that you go no whither

without her, or my particular direction. Let me hear often from you. So God bless you.

"Your loving father,

"CHARLES REX."

"Postscript.—If Jack Ashburnham come where you are, command him to wait on you, as he was wont, until I shall send for him. If your mother and you be together, if she will, he must wait on her."[1]

On the same day that she transmitted the foregoing behest to her son, she also wrote as follows to Lord Culpepper, being extremely uneasy concerning the fate both of the King and Prince.

"MY LORD CULPEPPER,

"I despatch this gentleman to my son, being very much astonished at not hearing tidings from you, to carry to him a copy of a letter which I have received from the King, by which you will see how necessary he thinks it for my son to come here. Before your departure, I had already said sufficient on this subject, not to speak of it again at this time, but this letter, and also the news from London, make me again urge you to send my son. For, if the King has joined the Scotch, or gone into Ireland, as reported, (for certainly he has left Oxford,) or if it should happen that he has been taken, his life is not safe, if the person of my son is not out of danger of being taken. I believe that the

[1] Clarendon's State Papers, vol. ii. p. 230. Perfect Diurnal, June 15, 1646.

Council of my son will not oppose that, and more, that they will obey the orders of the King, and that promptly. There is no longer time to delay, the King's command must be executed. Besides obedience, the life of the King, the good of my son, and of the kingdom depend on it; therefore, there must be no more dispute upon it. I write only to you, but it is that you may show it to my son's council, and it is for you all that I write. I believe I have said enough to hear of the first tidings that my son is arrived in France, and the command which the King has given me is sufficiently ample for that. I will end, assuring you that I am,

"Your very good friend,

"HENRIETTA MARIA R."[1]

"St. Germains, May 17th."

In the meanwhile, Prince Charles, in conformity with the wishes of his mother, as expressed in her letter to Hyde of the 4th of April, had quitted Scilly and proceeded to Jersey, having manifested his reluctance to go to France.

Here great disputes took place among his Council, among whom was Hyde, Chancellor of the Exchequer. Many of them thought it very unsafe and impolitic to trust the heir to the British dominions in a foreign land, especially as it was well known he would be there under the government of his mother, whose counsels had been so fatal to herself, her husband, and the kingdom. But the truth was, the King judged the Prince's free-

[1] Clarendon Papers, Vol. ii. p. 231.

dom necessary to his own preservation, that it was in danger from the power of the Parliament in any part of his dominions; and the Queen, who loved to give the law to her husband, peremptorily insisted, as we have seen, on her son's residence with her; to which the King was no way averse, though he had more than once also mentioned Denmark as the place of refuge.

It had been suspected and talked of that France was designed for the abode of the Prince; nor was it a secret in that kingdom that such was the intention of their Majesties. "One of the Prince's bed-chamber, who was newly-returned from Paris, brought a letter from the Earl of Norwich, then the King's ambassador there, to one of the council; in which, taking notice of a report there of the Prince of Wales's coming thither, he passionately declared against it as a certain ruin to the Prince; of which the messenger, by his direction, gave many instances of moment."[1] The advice had no effect, though the event showed the wisdom of it.

The Queen, knowing the power and treachery of their enemies, and feeling anything but satisfied of the Prince's safety, even in Jersey, again implored him to come to France, sending him, at the same time, a handsome sum of money, and a portrait of his heiress-cousin, Mademoiselle de Montpensier, together with an assurance from the French Court, as well as herself, that he should be at liberty to return whenever he pleased.[2]

[1] History of the Rebellion, Vol. iv. p. 685.
[2] Weekly Intelligencer, July 21st. 1646.

The penetrating mind of Henrietta suggested to her the reason of the reluctance of the Prince's advisers to comply with the commands of the King and herself, upon which she wrote to her son a letter, giving him every assurance that he would be at full liberty to conduct his affairs as if he had continued in England or Jersey.[1]

She enclosed an extract of a letter from the King to her, expressive of his wish that her eldest son should be with her, and subsequently another as follows:

"I think not Prince Charles safe in Jersey; therefore, send for him to wait upon thee with all speed, for his preservation is the greatest hope for my safety; and in God's name let him stay with thee till it is seen what ply[2] my business will take. And, for my sake, let the world see that the Queen seeks not to alter his conscience."[3]

These repeated commands were at length complied with, and Prince Charles quitted Jersey to rejoin his mother in the French metropolis.

[1] Clarendon State Papers, Vol. ii: p. 238.

[2] *i. e.* Turn.

[3] Letters of Charles I., edited by Mr. Bruce, for the Camden Society, p. 42.

CHAPTER VIII.

Mistaken policy of the King.—Sir Henry Vane.—The Solemn League and Covenant.—Fairfax approaches Newark.—Charles leaves Oxford in disguise, and goes to the Scottish camp.—Treaty for giving him up to the English Parliament.—The Duke of York escapes from England to France.—Letter of the King to Glamorgan.—The Scotch deliver their royal prisoner to the Parliamentary Commissioners.—The King is conducted to Holdenby Castle.—Some account of his stay there.—End of the Civil War.—Cromwell usurps the authority of Parliament.—Charles is brought to the Army on Triplow Heath; and thence transferred to Hampton Court.—He escapes to the Isle of Wight.—His letter to Colonel Whaley.—Confined in Carisbroke Castle.—"Pride's Purge."—Negociations between the King and the Parliament.—His perfidious conduct.—Remonstrance of the Army.—Its arbitrary proceedings.—Insurrections put down by the energy of Cromwell.—Invasion of the Scotch.—The Prince of Wales assumes the command of some revolted ships.—Enters the Thames and takes some prizes.—His Public Declaration.—His Letter to the Peers.—Their Answer.—The Squadron under Prince Rupert.

THOUGH the idea of deposing Charles was gaining ground among the two great parties of the Presbyterians and Independents, yet the change of

the form of government into a Republic, appears, thus far, not to have been contemplated. Both parties indeed still regarded Charles as a Prince, with whom it was possible to negociate, and whose co-operation with either would confer ascendancy in the State. The King was no stranger to this posture of affairs; but, so far from being induced by it to coalesce with either, he chose to play the same false and subtle game which had always distinguished him. Trusting that, by flattering each in turn, he might excite such a jealousy between them as would lead to a bloody contest, in which each would aim at the extermination of the other, and he be enabled to recover his power, he strove to soothe each, and to inflame their mutual animosities. "Now for my own particular resolution," says he, in a letter to Lord Digby on the 26th of March, 1646—"it is this; I am endeavouring to get to London, so that the conditions may be such as a gentleman may own, and that the rebels may acknowledge me King, being not without hope that I shall be able to draw either the Presbyterians or Independents to side with me for extirpating the one the other, that I shall be really King again."[1]

On the fortunes of the King, after his parting from the Prince at Oxford, in the preceding year, it would be unnecessary to dwell at any length, since every reader of English history must be familiar with them.

The doubtful appearance presented by the contest in

[1] Carte's Ormond, Vol. iii. 452.

which the Parliament was engaged with the King in the early years of that unnatural struggle, induced them to seek a closer alliance with the Scotch, who were far from being favourably disposed towards Charles. For this purpose, commissioners were sent to Edinburgh, having at their head Sir Henry Vane, who in ability, eloquence, and address was not surpassed by any man of that age, so prolific in active talents. Through his efforts chiefly, was framed the Solemn League and Covenant, which bound the two nations mutually to defend each other, and in consequence of which, a Scotch army of more than 20,000 men was sent into England to co-operate with the forces of the Parliament. In April, 1646, this army was encamped before Newark. Charles, who had shut himself up during the preceding winter in Oxford, the only place of security which the successes of his enemies had left him, learning that Fairfax was approaching with a victorious army to besiege that city, and dreading to fall into the hands of his implacable English subjects, secretly left Oxford in disguise, with two attendants only, and made his way to the Scottish camp, where he discovered himself to the commander, the Earl of Leven.

The King soon found how much his confidence was misplaced. Fearing lest Fairfax should fall upon them and compel them to give him up, they retired with him to Newcastle, and then entered into a treaty with the English Parliament for the delivery of their prisoner. This appeared to the Scotch a favourable opportunity for

recovering the arrears due to them from England, and they at length agreed, upon the payment of £400,000, to place the King in the hands of his direct enemies. The Parliament of Scotland, shocked at the infamy of this bargain, which exposed the whole nation to the stigma of having sold their King, who had thrown himself upon their mercy, voted that he should be protected, and insisted on his liberty. But the bigots of the General Assembly overruled this vote, alleging that, as he had refused to take the Covenant, it became not the godly to concern themselves about his fortunes.

When the King quitted Oxford, he left the Duke of York behind him in that city, on the surrender of which to Fairfax, the Prince fell unconditionally into the hands of the Parliament. They appointed the Earl of Northumberland to be his governor, and ordered him to be conveyed to St. James's Palace, in which the Duke of Gloucester and the Princess Elizabeth already were in confinement. The Earl and his lady treated the King's three children with the same respect and care as if they had been entrusted with them by his Majesty himself. In his Memoirs, James has given an interesting account of his various schemes for escaping from this captivity, till his last successful attempt, in woman's clothes, down the river and thence to Holland.

Madame de Motteville furnishes the following particulars in relation to it, which she had from his own lips. "About this time, (May 1648), the Duke of York, then about 12 or 13, made his escape from England by

command of the Queen, his mother, and went into Holland. He told me himself that he had cherished this project in his heart for an entire year, without finding an opportunity of carrying it into effect. He was at length assisted by one of his servants, whom his mother had sent to him. His governor had been already well aware of his intention, and had several times thought of aiding him, but the Parliament of England threatened that, if he did so, he should himself be sent prisoner to the Tower of London. The young Prince, therefore, affected to entertain no further desire to get away, till one day, those in charge of him having gone out to amuse themselves, he took the opportunity, during their absence, of going through a little back-door, opening into the park; and seeing a woman's dress in one of the rooms, he took it with him. He then sought refuge in a house in London, where he remained some days, habited in female apparel. After this, with his attendant, he embarked on board a vessel bound for Holland, and his complexion being very fair, the sailors regarded him as a comely little girl.

"On the discovery of his flight from London, an English ship was sent in pursuit of him, and it was thought he would be captured off Flushing. It would have been dangerous for him to land at this port, which he was anxious to do, on account of the high wind that then prevailed. Surmising the intentions of the commander of the vessel that followed him so closely, the young Prince threw off his borrowed dress, to assume

that of his own sex, with the view of having greater authority over the skipper, and of compelling him to put him ashore. This person refusing to do so, he took the sword of one near him, and threatened to run the captain through the body, if he did not comply with his request of landing him wherever he wished. The latter, thus intimidated, had no other alternative than to comply;[1] and thus the Duke escaped the persecutions of the barbarous subjects of the King, his father. He then came to France, where the King and Queen-Regent most graciously received him, and with all that affection which the grandson of Henry IV., and the son of a great but unfortunate monarch, so well merited. He left behind him in England his young brother, the Duke of Gloucester, under the care of his governor, the Duke of Northumberland, and the Princess, his sister, at that time about eleven or twelve years of age. These two royal children alone received the benediction of their father just before his execution. The English Parliament then sent this young Prince, who remained in their power, to the Queen, his mother. They had not treated him as a Prince during his detention; and the young Princess, who was infinitely grieved at the fate of her unfortunate father, died shortly afterwards."[2]

During the time that the King remained in the custody of the Scotch at Newcastle, the Earl of Essex,

[1] This certainly appears a rather improbable story.

[2] Madame de Motteville, Vol. iii. pp. 204, 5. Paris edition, 1822.

one of the most popular and powerful generals in the Parliamentary army, breathed his last. His death was considered a public calamity. Although held captive by his northern subjects, Charles still indulged the hope, even in this dire extremity, of being enabled to regain possession of his throne. On the 20th of July, 1646, he thus writes to Glamorgan:—"If you can raise a large sum of money by pawning my kingdoms for that purpose, I am content you should do it; and, if I recover them, I will fully repay that money. And tell the Nuncio that, if once I can come into his and your hands, which ought to be extremely wished for by you both, as well for the sake of England as Ireland, since all the rest as I see despise me, I will do it. And, if I do not say this from my heart, or in any future time I fail you in this, may God never restore me to my kingdoms in this world, nor give me eternal happiness in the next!"

The King had, during his stay in Spain, proposed to bring back all his kingdoms to the Catholic church, and a negociation for that purpose had afterwards proceeded far. On the 8th of April, 1642, he called God to witness "that he never would consent, upon whatsoever pretence, to a toleration of the Popish profession, or abolition of the laws now in force against Popish recusants in Ireland," and took the sacrament from Archbishop Usher that he would never connive at Popery;[1] and yet his own letters prove beyond all

[1] Birch Papers, pp. 278, 9.

question, that he proposed to bargain away the whole of the penal laws on that subject.[1]

As for yielding to the desires of his Catholic subjects, had this not implied a breach of faith and a lust of power, it could not have been condemned. But the horrid guilt was in endeavouring to purchase the assistance of the atrocious actors in the Irish rebellion to subjugate Britain, where, had they succeeded, they might, and would, have imposed their own creed. Even this is defended by Hume, who alleges that it was necessary for the safety of himself, his wife, children, and friends. But why was his own and their safety ever in danger? Because nothing short of the overthrow of the laws which made him King would content him. He might even still have reigned secure by adequate concessions; and his friends, far from wishing him to pursue the course he took, were only prevented from deserting him as one man by his denials of the truth. All of them, with the exception of two or three, who could not brook their own proscription, urged their master to enter into an accommodation with his Parliament; and, by doing so, they only brought upon themselves, from this very King, a charge of villany and treason.[2]

The Scotch, having received from the English Parliament the blood-money for which they had bargained, delivered the King to the commissioners of the latter, and returned to their own country. Charles was con-

[1] See Birch and Clarendon Papers.

[2] Brodie, Vol. iv. note 39—54.

ducted under a guard to Holmby (or Holdenby Castle, in Northamptonshire, where he was closely confined: his old servants were dismissed; visitors were not admitted to see him, and all communication with his family and others was cut off. While imprisoned in this castle, "his majesty had all due respect given him, and was allowed to use such recreations as pleased him best, but could not have his friends and chaplains come to him; and he did not care the Presbyterian divines should, because, as he says in his Eikon Basilike, "some of them had a great hand in inflicting his wounds."

"The King remained here something better than three months, and spent his time in much lamenting the loss of his chaplains. But, notwithstanding his Majesty's restraint, which was as a cloud spread over the regal dignity, the people retained a mighty veneration for him; and, as at his removal from Newcastle to Holmby, they brought their sick to be touched by him, and followed him with acclamations of joy and prayers for his safety; so, while he was kept a prisoner here, they resorted to him in great throngs to be touched for the King's Evil. The commissioners at Holmby, by letters, acquainted the House of Commons with the great resort of people to his Majesty, on that account. Upon which, the House ordered a declaration to be drawn up to inform the people of the fond superstition of being touched by the King for the Evil, and renewed their orders for a more strict custody of his person."[1]

[1] Magna Britannia, Vol. iii. p. 508—1724.

No sooner was the Civil War at an end, than the army, under the secret guidance of Oliver Cromwell, the most successful of its fanatical leaders, began to usurp the authority of the Parliament, as systematically as the Parliament had usurped that of the King. One of the first measures of the ambitious general was to secure the person of his Majesty, for which purpose, on the 3rd of June, 1647, he despatched a party of five hundred[1] horse, under Cornet Joyce, to bring him from Holdenby Castle to the army encamped on Triplow Heath, near Cambridge, and he was soon afterwards transferred to Hampton Court. The King was extremely surprised at this change of affairs, and Parliament was no less amazed, because it was done without their order.[2]

During his residence here, the Presbyterians, in the name of both Houses of Parliament, on the one hand, and the Independents, with Cromwell at their head, on the other, treated with him separately in private. More respect was now shown him; he was allowed to converse with his old servants; his chaplains were permitted to attend him; but the most exquisite pleasure that he enjoyed was in the society of his children, with whom he was indulged with several interviews. But, no sooner had the army established its supremacy, in opposition to that of the Parliament, than the King was again treated with the utmost disrespect, and even

[1] According to most historians. In Magna Britannia, the number of horse is stated to be only fifty. Vol. iii. p. 509.

[2] Ibid.

kept in continual alarm for his personal safety. He resolved, in consequence, to leave the kingdom.

Attended only by Sir John Berkeley, Colonel Legge, and Mr. Ashburnham, Charles privately quitted Hampton Court on the night of the 11th of November, 1647. It was a gloomy and tempestuous one, like his own sad career. He travelled all night through the Forest, and reached the coast of Hampshire on the following day, with the intention of crossing over to Jersey, where Prince Charles then was. Disappointed of a ship which he expected to meet there, he proceeded to Tedsworth, near Titchfield, the seat of the Countess-Dowager of Southampton. As he could not possibly remain long concealed there, the King could devise no better expedient than to throw himself on the protection of Lieutenant-Colonel Hammond, governor of the Isle of Wight, of whom, though entirely dependent on Cromwell, he entertained some hopes, as being nephew to his favourite chaplain, Dr. Hammond, and having acquired a good reputation in the army. Berkeley and Ashburnham were accordingly despatched to the island, with orders not to mention the place of the King's concealment till they had obtained the governor's promise not to deliver him up, even though required by the Parliament and the army, and to restore him to his liberty if he could not protect him. Though such a promise would have been a slender security, yet even that was not exacted, and Ashburnham, with a most imprudent confidence, brought Hammond back with him to Titchfield! Charles was obliged to put himself into his

hands, and to accompany him to Carisbroke Castle in the Isle of Wight, where, though he was received with demonstrations of respect and kindness, he was kept a close prisoner.

After his departure from Hampton Court, the following letter, dated November 11th, was found, addressed to

"COLONEL WHALEY,[1]

"I have been so civilly used by you and Major Huntington, that I cannot, but by this parting farewell, acknowledge it under my hand; as also to desire the continuance of your courtesy by your protecting of my household stuff and moveables of all sorts, which I leave behind me in this house, that they be neither spoiled nor embezzled. Only there are three pictures here which are not mine, that I desire you to restore to me: my wife's picture in blue, sitting in a chair, you must send to Mistress Kirke; my eldest daughter's picture, copied by Belcam, to the Countess of Anglesea, and my Lady Stanhope's picture to Cary Raleigh. There is a fourth, which I had almost forgot; it is the original of my eldest daughter (it hangs in this chamber, over the board next to the chimney), which you must send to the Lady Aubigny.

"So, being confident that you wish my preservation and restitution,

"I rest your friend,

"CHARLES R."

[1] Whaley was one of the regicides, but this letter was the means of preserving his life. It is printed in Reliquiæ Sacræ, published at the Hague, in 1650.

During his confinement at Carisbroke, which lasted for about a year, he made two unsuccessful attempts to escape, and the window, through which he essayed to force himself, is still pointed out to the visitor as "King Charles's window." Captain Burleigh, a truly loyal subject, and an inhabitant of the island, endeavoured to raise a sufficient force to rescue him, but was taken prisoner by Colonel Hammond, who sent him over to Winchester, where he was tried, condemned, hanged, and quartered. Charles continued to negociate with the Parliament, who saw no method of diminishing the military power, but to depress it by the kingly. The great obstacle, however, which had hitherto prevented them from agreeing, still stood in the way. This was the refusal of the King to abolish episcopacy, though he consented to alter the liturgy. At length, the Commons, taking into consideration the whole of his concessions, decided, after a violent debate which lasted three days, that they formed a sufficient foundation for the two Houses to proceed upon in settling the affairs of the nation. On the following day, Cromwell sent a military force under Colonel Pride, which blockaded the House, seized and excluded all the Presbyterian members, amounting to about two hundred, leaving none but furious Independents, not exceeding sixty. This atrocious invasion of Parliamentary right was commonly called "Pride's purge," and the remaining members acquired the ignoble name of "The Rump."

During the whole time that Charles was under re-

straint, he was almost incessantly engaged in treating with his enemies, and in devising plans for his escape. While at Newcastle, all the entreaties of the Queen and his lay advisers had utterly failed, and nothing could induce him to accede to the less rigorous propositions of the army. When in the Isle of Wight, he was removed from Carisbroke to Newport, whither commissioners were sent by the Parliament to treat upon the old points,—the Militia, the Church, and Ireland: but, upon his part, it was carried on with his usual insincerity. His object was to amuse the Parliament till he should ascertain the fate of his military projects, both in Scotland and England; and to induce the Parliament, in confidence of an accommodation, to be so negligent about guarding him that he might effect his escape.

He wrote to Ormond, on the 10th of October, 1648, to inform him, lest he might be misled by false rumours, that, though he was engaged in a treaty, there was no chance of an accommodation. "Wherefore," he continues, "I must command you two things: first, to obey all my wife's commands; then, not to obey any public command of mine, until I send you word that I am free from restraint. Lastly, be not startled at my great concessions concerning Ireland, for they will come to nothing." Closely indeed did he adhere to the principle which he said he had learned from divines during his residence at Newcastle, that a promise given by a man under restraint is not obligatory.

At this same time, he was in correspondence with Sir William Hopkins, respecting a ship to convey him from the island, and his letters to him fully prove the want of candour in his negociations with the Parliament. "To deal freely with you," says he in one of them, "the great concession I made to-day was merely in order to my escape, of which if I had not hopes, I had not done. For then I could return to my strait prison without reluctance; but I now confess it will break my heart, having done that which nothing but an escape can justify."[1] Yet Charles had given his parole not to leave the place.

Hollis and others, upon their knees, besought him to comply while it was yet time; but they did so in vain. When his hopes were disappointed in England, he fixed them steadily on Ireland, where the Earl of Inchiquin, having revolted from the Parliament, had raised a standard for the King; and the Catholics, notwithstanding the severe defeat by Jones, the Parliamentary-general, were still powerful. The unhappy Monarch had involved himself in so many intrigues that he could not move a single step without perfidy, and thus convincing all who were acquainted with his measures, of the utter insecurity of any agreement with him. He had pledged himself in the most solemn manner to Glamorgan and the Pope's nuncio, implicating the divine vengeance if he failed; and yet not only the concessions demanded of him, but even those proposed by himself in regard to that island, involved a complete departure from all those en-

[1] Wagstaff's Vindication, 3rd edition, p. 142.

gagements, and would have exposed the Catholics to the greatest perils for having relied on his promises.[1]

With the reduction of Colchester in 1648, all England was subdued, and Cromwell, after his success in Scotland, was returning to the South. Charles, by not complying in time, had sealed his own doom. No party could trust him, and that which had now gained the ascendancy could only secure its own safety by his removal. If inferior offenders were brought to the scaffold, it was argued, the *great delinquent* ought not to be permitted to escape. Some, however, were for only deposing Charles, and transferring the crown to the Duke of York, who had not been, like his elder brother, in arms against the Parliament; but this moderate course was not adopted. From what they had already seen and suffered, they could not but anticipate fresh insurrections in his favour, even though they should confine him strictly to a prison. It was fully believed that, impose upon him what conditions they might, they could not effectually bind him, since he had proved by his past conduct that by no ties was he to be restrained; and, in the then unsettled state of the nation, he could never find difficulty in raising up a body to take a perfidious advantage of the false security of those with whom he had entered into an accommodation.

Impressed with these sentiments, the army, which, composed principally of Independents, had acquired a decided preponderance for that party, presented to Parliament a strong remonstrance, in which they urged the

[1] Brodie, Vol. iv. pp. 144—146.

necessity for making an example of the grand offender, who, by trampling on all those laws which he had sworn to maintain, had already brought so many calamities upon the country, and still threatened innumerably more.

The arbitrary proceedings of the army had so disgusted the majority of the British nation, as to produce a strong desire for an accommodation with the King; while the Scotch, ashamed perhaps of their former conduct, and irritated by the unreasonable pretensions of the leaders of the Independents, engaged, by a treaty concluded with Charles during his residence in the Isle of Wight, to raise an army for his protection. Commotions in several parts of England and in Wales, and the defection of part of the fleet from the Parliament, contributed further to give the King and his friends some hopes of his deliverance from captivity. These favourable prospects, however, were soon dispelled by the activity and energy of Cromwell and his military partisans. The unconnected attempts at insurrection in Wales, Kent, Surrey, Essex, were quelled with ease, and some of the leaders, who had the misfortune to be taken, paid the forfeit of their lives. Thus Colonel Poyer, who fell into the hands of Fairfax, in Wales; the Earl of Holland, who headed what the Earl of Leicester terms "the foolish attempt"[1] at insurrection in Surrey, and who, after his defeat at Kingston in 1648, was taken prisoner at St. Neot's, in Huntingdonshire, was tried and beheaded in March following; and Lord

[1] See his Diary, in the Sydney Papers, edited by Blencowe.

Capel, the brave defender of Colchester, suffered the like fate. The Prince, under whose commission they had acted, wrote to Fairfax, desiring that they might be treated according to the ordinary usages of war; but the General replied that he durst not interpose against the justice of Parliament, which had ordered their trial.

The Scotch army, amounting to 20,000 men, under the Duke of Hamilton, was not more successful. Having entered England, it was met on the 17th of August by Cromwell and Lambert with a far inferior force, at Preston, in Lancashire, and sustained so signal a defeat that the remnant of the invaders precipitately retreated to their own country. Hamilton himself was taken.[1]

With the assent of the King, it had been arranged that the Prince of Wales should put himself at the head of the Scotch as soon as they entered England. He was accordingly preparing himself for that destination, when that portion of the fleet lying in the Downs, consisting of seventeen ships and frigates, declared in favour of the King. The crews, having put their officers on shore, and chosen new commanders from among themselves, sailed for Holland, where the Duke of York then was.[2] On their arrival, they sent to inform the Duke of what had happened. He immediately went to them, and remained on board till his brother came by sea from France, and himself took the command of the squadron,

[1] He was impeached, condemned, and executed for high treason on a scaffold before Westminster Hall, immediately after the King's death.

[2] Clarendon, Vol. v. p. 137.

which in a few days returned to England, leaving the Duke at the Hague, with his sister, the Princess of Orange.

The Prince of Wales, accompanied by Prince Rupert, the Lords Willoughby of Parham, Colepeper, and Hopton, sailed to Yarmouth, and thence to the Downs, proceeding into the Thames, in order to encourage the King's party in the City, and to make the people clamorous for a peace. Here he took some prizes of considerable value, for which he apologized in a letter to the lord-mayor and aldermen; and, soon afterwards, published "a declaration to all his Majesty's loving subjects concerning the grounds and ends of his present engagement upon the fleet in the Downs." In this document, after declaring himself under a necessity of taking up arms in order to rescue his father from captivity, and the good people of the kingdom from the cruel tyranny of fellow-subjects, he called upon all the people of England, but especially the City of London, and the sea-port towns, "manfully to shake off the heavy yoke imposed upon them by force of arms as on a conquered nation; and, instead of that lawless power which now depriveth them of the security of their persons, and the property of their goods and estates, to vindicate the just rights of the free-born subjects of England, in seeking their protection under the government of their undoubted sovereign lord, our royal father, and the law of the land." Then followed an offer of pardon to all the officers and soldiers of Fairfax's army, and to the officers and seamen of Warwick's fleet who should join him,

and an invitation to the people in general to associate as one man against all opposers of peace, and thereby prevent a bloody war.

This declaration was artfully calculated to flatter the Scots; it soothed the English Presbyterians; it caressed the citizens, and pointed out to them their own importance; but it had no other effects. The army, seeing itself beset on all sides and its destruction avowed, exerted itself with uncommon diligence, and overcame all their opposers. As to the fleet of Prince Charles, except the prizes taken by it, it hurt its adversaries but little. Faction, so fatal to weak bodies, entered into it, and rendered it of no significancy; for it left the Downs on the approach of the enemy, and sailed for Holland, where it no longer was an object of terror.

It ought not to be omitted that the above declaration, being presented by the sheriffs of London to the Commons, and the citizens being withdrawn, it was moved that the House should declare the Prince a rebel and traitor. The motion miscarried, as they had then voted for a treaty of peace with the King. However, all were declared traitors who adhered to, or assisted him, in the present war.

The House of Peers was then applied to by the Prince, in a letter dated from on board the fleet in the Downs, August 5, 1648, in which, among other things, he proposed "that an orderly, moderate subsistence, during the treaty between the King and the two Houses, be agreed upon for all armies and forces now on foot, and particularly for the Scots army." He

then offers his mediation for obtaining from his Majesty all such concessions and acts of grace as might conduce to peace, and concludes with desiring that "some equal course might be suddenly settled for the support of himself and the Navy with him." On the 19th of August, an answer to this letter was agreed on by the Lords, in which, after thanking his Highness for the offer of his mediation, which they took as an argument for the affection he bore to his native country, they add, "and we do conceive that nothing can more conduce to procure your Highness an interest in the affections of the people of England than to steer all your motions in concurrence with those councils and resolutions that are taken in the Parliament, which is by the ancient constitution of the government of this kingdom the great council thereof." This was a sharp reprimand for encouraging the Scotch invasion, the English insurrections, and the naval revolts. Soon after this, Prince Charles left the squadron, and retired to the Hague.

Prince Rupert, with the revolted ships, then acted the part of a pirate by capturing merchant-vessels; and, as the isles of Jersey, Guernsey, and Scilly afforded him convenient retreats, they were reduced by the Parliament, but with some difficulty. Blake was then sent out against Rupert, and pursued him into Kinsale, whence he escaped to Portugal. Thither Blake followed, and blockaded him in the Tagus; but fortune again befriended his escape. After losing some of his ships on the Spanish coast, he sailed for the West Indies, whither his brother, Maurice, had gone with some of the revolted

ships, and perished in a hurricane. Rupert subsisted by piracy, on English and Spanish vessels indiscriminately, and returned to Europe during the war with the Dutch, with the intention of joining them; and, at the conclusion of the war, disposed of his shattered ships for a sum of money.

CHAPTER IX.

The King removed to Hurst Castle.—His letter to the Prince of Wales.—Brought to London.—Charges against him.—Intercession of the Prince on behalf of his father.—His letter to Fairfax.—His *carte-blanche* to the Parliament.—Affecting interview between the King and his two children, the Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Gloucester.—Letter of the Prince to his father.—Testimony of Colonel Thomlinson as to the King's bearing on the night preceding and the morning of his execution.—Curious fact recorded by the Earl of Leicester.—Charles meets death with firmness and resolution.—Indignation of the people.—His last word.—His body deposited at Whitehall.—Anecdote of Cromwell.—Opinions as to the place of the King's interment.—His coffin opened at Windsor.—Designs for a monument to his memory.—His supposed work, "Eikon Basilike."—Summary of his character and conduct.—Repulsive picture of his Adherents.—Murder of Dr. Dorislaus and Ascham.—Insolence of Prince Rupert.—Inventory of the King's personal goods and estate.—The Duke of Gloucester and the Princess Elizabeth consigned to the care of the Earl and Countess of Leicester.

N the last day of November, 1648, the King was removed from Carisbroke to Hurst Castle, (a desolate block-house, projecting into the sea at

high tides, and scarcely connected with the Isle of Wight,) by command of Fairfax, without the consent of Parliament, and contrary to their intentions, as they declared. In a letter addressed by the King to the Prince, shortly before his removal, he alludes to a sickness with which his son had been visited, but of which the author finds no mention made by any of his biographers. This letter, written partly in cipher, and accompanied with the direction, "Let none decypher this but yourself, or my Lord Culpeper," is as follows:—

"Newport, 7 Nov. 1648.

"CHARLES,

"I have had so hopeful a reporte of your sickeness by Dr. Fraiser, that I hope you will be fitt to read a letter before that this can come to you; and, though now I will not trouble you with long discourses, yet I must desyre of you an account of the receipt of my former letters, to witt, fyve in October, besydes one yesterday; in some of which I gave you an advice [a passage in cipher]. For other things, I refer you to my former letters, and to the obedience of your mother's commands. So, God bless you, and send you perfect healthe and prosperity.

"Your loving Father,

"CHARLES R."

The House of Commons, which, since the forcible expulsion of all those members whose sentiments were

sufficiently moderate to dispose them to an accommodation with the captive monarch, was composed of the most obscure citizens and officers of the army, was ready to obey any injunctions of the military despots, who had secured to themselves the supreme sway. It now appeared that nothing short of the King's death could satisfy those ambitious spirits. A committee was nominated to prefer a charge against him; and, on their report, a vote was passed, declaring it treason in a King to levy war against his Parliament; and a high court of justice was appointed to try his Majesty, for this newly-invented crime. For form's sake, they desired the concurrence of the few Peers remaining in the Upper House; but they had virtue enough to reject the proposal unanimously. The Commons were not to be stopped by so small an obstacle, and voted that the concurrence of the House of Lords was unnecessary, and that the people were the origin of all just power. Colonel Harrison was sent to bring the King from Hurst Castle to Windsor, and thence to St. James's. At both these Palaces, he lived in all the state of a monarch; but, before he was brought to trial, the usual ceremony was ordered to be laid aside, and the number of his menial servants reduced. The particulars of those extraordinary proceedings which terminated in the public execution of the unfortunate monarch are too well known to every reader to need recapitulation here.

When it was determined by the army, with the approbation of the Parliament, to bring the King to trial

for high treason, his friends were greatly alarmed. The Prince, in particular, made application to the States of Holland to interpose in his behalf with the Parliament; which they promised to do, and actually did, by an ambassador sent for that purpose, though it proved of no avail. Not content therewith, he sent a servant with a letter to Fairfax; and the council of war, knowing that the Parliament had no authority, referring to the rumour of the intended trial, which rumour, though of so monstrous and incredible a nature, had called upon his piety to make this address to them, "who had at this time the power to choose whether they would raise lasting monuments to themselves of loyalty and piety, by restoring their sovereign to his just rights, and their country to peace and happiness, or make themselves the authors of endless misery to the kingdom, by contributing, or consenting, to an act which all Christians, into how different opinions soever divided, must abhor as the most inconsistent with the elements of any religion, and destructive to the security and being of any kind of government." "This letter," says Lord Clarendon, "was, with much ado, delivered into the hands of Fairfax; but the messenger could never be admitted to speak with him; nor was there more known than that it was read in the council of war and laid aside."

If this letter was really sent, its fate was just what might have been expected. For what heed could be given to the intercessions and promises of a man who, but a very little before, had declared himself an enemy to them, and desirous of their destruction? The men

his Royal Highness had to do with, were not to be charmed with words.

It is said the Prince also sent to the Parliament to prescribe the terms on which his Majesty's head might be secured. This is not improbable, as there is in the British Museum a blank paper, at the bottom of which, on the right hand, is written "Charles P.;" and on the left, opposite thereunto, a seal is affixed; and on the back there is written, in another hand, "Prince Charles, his *carte-blanche* to the Parliament to save his father's head." No intercessions were, however, regarded; and the Prince had the mortification to find that the pretence of royal blood could not fix a tyrant on the throne, or secure him from open punishment. Happy had it been, if the children of this monarch had learned wisdom from the sufferings of their father. But a fatality, for the most part, attended their race: they loved tyranny, and they experienced the hatred it produced. May it be the fate of such as imitate them in every age, and in every nation, that they may know the rights of human nature, the prerogative of man, and the reasonable laws of their respective communities!

On Monday the 29th of January, 1649, the day preceding the King's execution, the two royal children, the Princess Elizabeth and her little brother the Duke of Gloucester, were brought from Sion House to take a last farewell of their unfortunate father. They both shed tears on beholding him, upon which he consoled them, blessed them, and pressed them to his heart.[1]

[1] The young Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Glou-

The young Princess, who was then only thirteen years of age, thus describes what took place during this affecting interview. Her touching tale is endorsed "What the King said to me on the 29th of January, the last time I had the happiness to see him."

"He told me that he was glad I was come; for, though he had not time to say much, yet somewhat he wished to say to me, which he could not to another, and he had feared 'the cruelty' was too great to permit his writing. 'But sweetheart,' he added, 'thou wilt forget what I tell thee.' Then, shedding abundance of tears, I told him I would write down all he said to me. He wished me, he said, not to grieve and torment myself for him, for 'it was a glorious death he should die, it being for the laws and religion of the land.'

He told me what books to read against Popery. He said 'that he had forgiven all his enemies, and he hoped God would forgive them also, and he commanded us all, all the rest of my brothers and sisters, to forgive them also! Above all, he bade me tell my mother, that his thoughts had never strayed from her,

cester became the sad tenants of their father's prison in Carisbroke Castle in the August of the following year, after his removal from it. She was a prisoner for only twenty-three days, and closed a blameless life at the early age of fifteen, on Sunday, the 8th of September, 1650. She was buried in the old church of St. Thomas, Newport, where, for two hundred years, a stone, with the simple initials, "E. S." (Elizabeth Stuart), formed her only memorial. Her present Majesty, we understand, has caused a monument of rare and peculiar beauty to be erected to her memory.

and that his love for her would be the same to the last. Withal, he commanded me (and my brother) to love her, and be obedient to her. He desired me not to grieve for him, for he should die a martyr, and that he doubted not but God would restore the throne to his son, and that then we should be all happier than we could possibly have been, if he had lived.

"Then, taking my brother Gloucester on his knee, he said, 'Sweetheart, now will they cut off thy father's head,' upon which the child looked very steadfastly upon him. 'Heed, my child, what I say, they will cut off my head, and perhaps make thee a King; but mark what I say, you must not be a King as long as your brothers, Charles and James, live; therefore, I charge you, do not be made a King by them. At which the child, sighing deeply, replied, 'I will be torn in pieces first!' And these words, coming so unexpectedly from so young a child, rejoiced my father exceedingly. And his Majesty spoke to him of the welfare of his soul, and to keep his religion, commanding him to fear God, and he would provide for him. All which the young child earnestly promised." [1]

History affords indubitable proofs, that Cromwell spared no exertions to bring about the execution of Charles I., and laboured hard in procuring the signatures to the memorable instrument for carrying it into effect, in which he experienced no little difficulty. Lord Clarendon assures us that, on Colonel Ingoldsby refusing to affix his name to the document, Cromwell

[1] Reliquiæ Sacræ, pp. 337-8.

and others held him by violence, and Cromwell, with loud laughter, taking his hand in his, and putting his pen between his fingers, with his own hand, writ "Richard Ingoldsby," he making all the resistance he could.

The distinct and free character which the name presents on the death-warrant, justifies us in questioning the truth of this improbable story.

The very natural anxiety which Prince Charles felt for the situation and prospects of the King, prompted him to risk the transmission of a letter to his Majesty himself, written just a week before his execution, and sent by Mr. Henry Seymour, or, as some writers call him, Lord Seymour. It was as follows:

"Sir—having no means to come to the knowledge of your Majesty's affairs, but such as I receive from the prints, or (which is as uncertain) reports, I have sent this bearer, Seymour, to wait upon your Majesty, and to bring me an account of it; and that I may withal assure your Majesty I do not only pray for your Majesty, according to my duty, but shall always be ready to do all which shall be in my power, to deserve the blessing which I now humbly beg of your Majesty upon,

"Sir,

"Your Majesty's

"Most humble and most obedient

"Son and servant,

"CHARLES."

"Hague, Jan. 23, 1649."

That this letter did reach the hands of the King, but not till he had entered Whitehall, for the last time, on the morning of his execution, we know, from the testimony of Colonel Thomlinson, who had the command of the guard to which the custody of the King's person was entrusted during his trial and residence at St. James's, and who attended him to the scaffold. It was not to be expected that, on the restoration of Charles II., an officer who had performed such a duty could escape a searching investigation; but he seems to have honourably deserved erasure from the proscribed list, and exemption from seizure of person, or property, by his humane treatment of his royal prisoner—conduct which so won the affection and gratitude of Charles, that the night before his execution he presented him with his gold toothpick and case, as a memorial of himself; and he appears, during all the last trying scenes of his life, to have considered him, and to have relied upon him, as his friend.

The following passage is taken from Thomlinson's evidence on the trial of Colonel Hacker: "I would not omit anything that I well remember, and this I remember, that the night before the execution, the King called me to his chamber, and told me several things. He told me of some legacies he had given; he told me he had prepared something he would speak the next day; and, in the close of it, he desired me that I would not leave him, for (I speak it in truth) there were many times several incivilities offered to him; and, though I was upon a duty that was of a harsh and unpleasing

nature to me, and did desire several times to be released from it, yet I did not admit any time that any incivility should be offered to the King. People would take tobacco before him, and keep their hats on before him; I always checked them for it. He was pleased to have a consideration for that care that I had in that capacity I then stood. That very night, he was pleased to give me a legacy, which was a gold toothpicker and case, that he kept in his pocket. The next day, when the warrant came, the guard of halberteers went with him through St. James's Park; I was present, walking with the King. The Bishop of London (now of Canterbury) was with him, and some others. As we were going through the Park, he was pleased to discourse somewhat of what he had been discoursing before, touching his burial; he wished that the Duke of Richmond, and some others that he should bring, should take care of it.

"That morning, in the park, he told me he had been thinking of what he had said the night before. He told me he had some thoughts that his son might come to bury him; and desired he might not suddenly be buried. I gave him assurance, I would communicate his desire, and so I did. When he came to Whitehall, he went into a room in the gallery—I know not the name—the guard stood in the outer room there. A gentleman came to me there, and told me he was endeavouring to present a letter from the Prince to the King, and told me he could not get an opportunity: I said he should not want an opportunity if I could help

him. It was Mr. Henry Seymour; it was delivered, and the King read it, and he gave several things in charge to Mr. Seymour to acquaint the Prince with, and was pleased to mention something of civility I had shewed him in his imprisonment: the effect and fruit of it I find, and do most humbly acknowledge before all the world my thanks to his most gracious Majesty the King, and to the Lords and Commons."[1]

The Earl of Leicester has recorded in his Diary a curious fact respecting the execution of the King. "The executioners," he says, "were two, and disguised in sailors' clothes, with visards and peruques unknown: yet some have a conceit that he that gave the stroke was one Colonel Fox, and the other Captain Joyce, who took the King from Holmby; but that is not believed. This I heard for certain, that Gregory Brandon, the common hangman of London, refused absolutely to do it, and professed that he would be shot, or otherwise killed, rather than do it."[2]

Having with great firmness and resolution, placed his head on the block, it was severed from his body, at a single blow, by one of the executioners; while the other, holding it up, exclaimed with a loud voice, "This is the head of a traitor!" when a thrill of horror ran through the immense concourse of spectators assembled to witness the dying agonies of the unfortunate monarch. Then followed a deep and angry murmur

[1] State Trials, Vol. v. p. 1179.
[2] Sydney Papers, p. 61.

—the subdued voice of an incensed people—at so sad a spectacle. This was instantly suppressed by the soldiers, who lined every avenue to the place of execution, and dispersed the assembled multitudes, who retired with sorrowful hearts to their respective homes.

Thus perished Charles I., before his own Palace of Whitehall, on the 30th of January, 1649, in the forty-ninth year of his age, and the twenty-fourth of his reign.

The last word that he is recorded to have uttered, as the fatal axe was about to descend on his neck, was "*Remember!*" addressed in a most impressive accent to Bishop Juxon, who was allowed to attend him in his dying moments. The leaders of the party by which he was sacrificed, conceiving that this word had reference to some extraordinary mystery, required of the prelate an explanation of the King's meaning. Juxon replied that the King having frequently charged him to inculcate on his son the forgiveness of his murderers, had taken this opportunity to repeat that desire, in the last moment of his life, concluding that commands given at such a time would be regarded as the more sacred and inviolable; and thus his generous spirit finished this part of its course by an act of benevolence to his greatest enemies.

"The body was put in a coffin covered with black velvet, and laid in his lodging-chamber in Whitehall."[1]

Cromwell, soon after, went to see the corpse of his royal victim. Regarding it attentively for some moments, and then taking up the head, he coolly re-

[1] Sydney Papers, p. 64.

marked, "This was a well-constituted frame, and promised long life."[1] The body was then conveyed to St. James's Palace to be embalmed; and, on the 7th of February, "it was removed to Windsor, and there buried in St. George's Chapel, in a vault with Henry VIII. and the Lady Seymour, one of his wives, and by appointment of the Duke of Richmond (who with the Lords of Hertford, Lindsey, and Southampton, and Dr. Juxon, late Bishop of London, were permitted to attend the body). This inscription was put upon the late King, 'King Charles. An. 1648.'"[2]

That opinions differed at the time of the King's death respecting the place of his interment, cannot be doubted. Aubrey, the Surrey antiquary, in one of his manuscripts, speaking of Cowley's translation of the Sortes Virgilianæ, says, "Now, as to the 'sand his grave,' I well remember it was frequently and soberly affirmed by officers of arms and grandees, that the body of King Charles I. was privately put into the sand at Whitehall: and the coffin that was carried to Windsor, and laid in King Henry the Eighth's vault, was filled with rubbish, or brickbats. Mr. Fabian Philips, Juris Consultus, who adventured his life before the King's trial by printing, assures me that the King's coffin did cost but six shillings: a plain deal coffin."[3]

Sir Henry Halford's account, however, of what

[1] Herbert's Memoirs, pp. 141 2. Warwick's Memoirs, pp. 294—6. Guizot, Axtel, &c.

[2] Sydney Papers, p. 65.

[3] Remaines of Gentilisme, Lansdowne MS., 231, fol. 158.

appeared on opening the coffin of King Charles I., at Windsor, on the 1st of April, 1813, has set this question perfectly at rest.

In the Journals of the House of Commons of January 30, 1678, a vote of supply will be found to Charles II., for defraying the expenses of a solemn interment of the King, his father, and the erecting of a monument to his memory. Among the drawings of Sir Christopher Wren, still preserved in the library of All Souls College, Oxford,[1] are the designs made at that time for a mausoleum and a tomb, accompanied by the following explanation: "This monument, approved by his Majesty, was proposed to have been erected at Windsor Castle, at the east end of St. George's Chapel, on the place where stands the little chapel (commonly called the Tomb House), in the middle of which was begun, by Cardinal Wolsey, a most magnificent tomb, copper-gilt, for King Henry VIII., but never finished."

Charles II. received the sum of £70,000, voted by the Parliament, for the funeral and monument; but, as Clarendon tells us, "the thought of the remove of his father's body was laid aside, and the reason communicated to very few, for the better discountenancing further enquiry." Echard even says, "It was thought that King Charles II. never sent to enquire after the body." But this supposition was erroneous, as we shall see hereafter.

The King had only been executed a few days, when

[1] Vol. ii. number 89.

was published the "Eikon Basilike, or Portraiture of his Sacred Majesty in his Sufferings," a work purporting to have been written by himself. It pretends to give an account of the royal government and the conduct of the King in all his actions, while each chapter concludes with fervent prayers and appeals to Heaven for the sincerity of all his ways, and with invocations of blessings on his people. He is represented as a prince fraught with every virtue, aspersed in all his administration, oppressed unjustly in all his measures for the public good, rebelled against, without a pretext; and yet breathing forth his secret prayers for the good of his subjects, and draining the bitter cup of affliction with all the benignity of a saint whose affections, placed on another and a better world, are only concerned here for the wickedness and destructive folly of his people, and the safety of his wife and children.

By the royalists, and particularly the high church party, this publication was received as the undoubted production of the "Royal Martyr," and eulogized as the work of inspiration itself. Though the only compositions which can, with confidence, be asserted to be Charles's are his private letters, and possibly one or two messages from the Isle of Wight, yet even Hume has the hardihood to assert that "these meditations resemble in elegance, purity, neatness, and simplicity, the genius of those performances which we know to have flowed from the royal pen." No wonder that the bigotry which could discover these qualities in the

harsh, abrupt style of his letters, could perceive no defect in his conduct. Though the same historian is pleased to add, that "these meditations are so unlike the bombast, perplexed, rhetorical, corrupt style of Dr. Gauden (Bishop of Exeter), to whom they are ascribed, that no human testimony seems sufficient to convince us that he was the author;"[1] still, thanks to the researches of later writers, they are proved, beyond controversy, to have been the production of that churchman.[2]

Unfortunately for the memory of Charles, however, though he had no merit in the composition, he had guilt in the publication; for, as the manuscript had been shown to him by Gauden, and he consented that it should be published in his name, he adopted all the mis-statements, accompanied with appeals to Heaven for the truth of the narrative and prayers which, as they abound with untruths, can be viewed in no other light than as a mockery of that Supreme Being, for whose worship in purity he affected such zeal.

Charles was a great encourager of the arts of painting and architecture, and collected works of eminent masters at a great expense; but it is difficult to decide whether he was influenced by taste, or a love of magnificence, or by the latter chiefly, with a small mixture

[1] Hume's History of England, Vol. iii. p. 293.

[2] See the Clarendon Papers, Vol. iii., the remarks of Symmons' Life of Milton and Laing, and especially the documents published by Todd in his Life of Dr. Walton, vol. i. p. 118, *et seq.*

of the former. This unfortunate monarch, accustomed from his earliest years to intrigue and dissimulation, seems, like his father, to have regarded hypocrisy as a necessary part of "King-craft." He had reconciled his conscience to the most uncandid protestations, and studied divinity in order to satisfy himself of the lawfulness of taking oaths to break them. Though he loved the church of England only as a prop to his own power, he had endeavoured to persuade himself that, by upholding it, he was rendering a service to religion; and he was surrounded by clergy, who were ready to assure him that a pious fraud, which promoted such an object, was not only justifiable, but commendable in the sight of God.

Thus did his faith, instead of controlling the dictates of his will, serve only to encourage them: and the interests and welfare of his family seemed to him to demand such a sacrifice of principle. Deeply, however, must every man who regards sincerity, deplore that the firmness displayed by Charles on the scaffold, was disgraced by the speech which he uttered. His whole government and all his measures, as proved by authorities and documents, which can admit of no dispute, had been subversive of Parliament, of the privileges of the people—in short, of the law of the land, on which alone was founded his right to govern; and yet, like his two grand criminal ministers, Laud and Strafford—whose own correspondence, in the absence of all other proof, would indisputably establish their guilt—he averred on the scaffold that he had always

been a friend to Parliaments, and to the franchises of the people![1]

It seems to be admitted on all hands, that such was the hypocrisy and duplicity of Charles's character that no one could trust him. In 1647, when the Scotch commissioners waited on him at Hampton Court, and many officers of the army seemed desirous of serving his cause, a dread of his Jesuitical principles arose and checked them. "If those who at this time governed the army had any real intention of restoring the King, they certainly were diverted, from the duplicity they discovered in the King's character, manifested in this negociation with the Scotch commissioners."[2] And again: "The King, by all the accounts of that time, even by some of those wrote by his own servants, acted a double and disingenuous part with those who governed the army. So that Cromwell's complaint below seems not to have been without foundation." What this complaint was, is explained by Clarendon. "Cromwell himself expostulated with Mr. Ashburnham, and complained that the King could not be trusted, and that he had no affection or confidence in the army, but was jealous of them and of all the officers; that he had intrigues in the Parliament, and treaties with the Presbyterians of the city to raise new troubles; that he had a treaty concluded with the Scotch commissioners to engage the nation again in blood, and therefore he would not be answerable if anything fell out amiss,

[1] Brodie, Vol. iv. p. 219, note.

[2] Warburton, Notes on Clarendon, Vol. vii. pp. 618-19.

and contrary to expectation."[1] Upon this, the bishop remarks, "All this seems to justify Cromwell in point of honour, and is very consistent with all he said to Huntingdon."[2] Further on, in answer to Clarendon's invectives against the general, he says: "Of all Cromwell's acts of hypocrisy, this here mentioned to the King is the most questionable. The King was as insincere with him as he could be with the King."

That Charles I. should have been favourably disposed towards the Roman Catholics is not at all surprising, since his wife, by whom he was governed, was a most bigoted Papist; and, in the face of the country, acted so many disgraceful fooleries, at the command of her confessors, that she drew upon herself the contempt of every thinking person. Disraeli, partial as he is to every thing bearing the title of King or Queen, calls them degrading penances, and very honestly inserts them in his work. "One of the most flagrant," he says, "is alluded to in our history. This was a barefoot pilgrimage to Tyburn, where, one morning, under the gallows on which so many Jesuits had been executed as traitors to Elizabeth and James I., she knelt and prayed to them as martyrs and saints, who had shed their blood in defence of the Catholic cause."[3]

Another example is quoted out of a MS. letter of those times from Mr. Povy to Mr. Meade, July, 1626:[4]

[1] History of the Rebellion, Vol. v. p. 485.
[2] Ibid. Vol. vii. p. 619.
[3] Jesuits executed as traitors to Elizabeth and James I.
[4] Harleian MSS. No. 383.

"The priests also made her dabble in the dirt in a foul morning, from Somerset House to St. James's, her Luciferian confessor riding along by her in his coach! They have made her to go barefoot, to spin, to eat her meat out of dishes, to wait at the table of servants, with many other ridiculous and absurd penances. And, if they dare thus insult over the daughter, sister, and wife of so great Kings, what slavery would they not make us, people, undergo!"[1]

The pilgrimage to Tyburn, which Disraeli himself does not consider as altogether becoming, is noticed in "The King's Cabinet Opened," where Charles I. is giving an account of the domestic quarrels between himself and his wife. "Having had so long patience with the disturbance of that which should have been one of my greatest contentments, I can no longer suffer those that I know to be the cause and the fomenters of these humours to be about my wife, which I must do if it were but for one action they made my wife do, which is, to make her go to Tyburn in devotion to pray, which action can have no grater invective made against it than the relation:"[2] This was written July 12, 1626.

There can be little doubt that the rising of the Irish Catholics, in which so many thousands of Protestants were sacrificed, was not merely instigated, but commanded by Charles I. These orders are positively asserted to have been dispatched while the King was in

[1] Curiosities of Literature, Vol. iii. pp. 401-5.

[2] No 34. pp. 35-6.

Scotland, under the great seal of that kingdom, then in his own custody, agreeably to a promise given the preceding summer to Irish commissioners in London. Clarendon notices the rumour as prevalent at the time. "Those men again whispered, and by degrees shortly afterwards spake aloud, that that commotion was licensed by the King, with a purpose to perplex this kingdom, and to form an army of Papists that should be at his devotion, to invade this kingdom, and oppress the Parliament, a circumstance to which we have already referred."[1]

The rebels are said to have "published and declared that they had the King's authority for all they did." This, however, the partial historian denominates "a calumny, without the least shadow or colour of truth."[2] "How," observes Warburton, "could the historian say this, who well knew that the Irish rebels produced the broad seal affixed to an instrument, in which was this pretended authority?"[3] He insinuates his suspicions that the history had been mutilated, and this conjecture has since been proved to be correct.

What opinion was entertained of Charles I.'s mercy, we may learn from the following anecdote, related by his apologist. "Before his going [to Hampton Court] he sent to the Earl of Essex and Holland to attend him in his journey; who were both by their places, the one being Lord Chamberlain of his Household, the other, the first

[1] History of the Rebellion, suppressed passage, Vol. ii. p. 584.
[2] Ibid. Vol. ii. p. 23. [3] Ibid. Vol. v. p. 542.

gentleman of his bed-chamber, or groom of the stole, obliged to that duty, the Earl of Essex resolved to go, and to that purpose was making himself ready, when the Earl of Holland came to him and privately dissuaded him; assuring him that if they two went, they should be both murdered at Hampton Court."[1] Upon this, Warburton significantly remarks: "The Earl of Essex was no fool. What an idea must this give us of the King's known character."[2] These Lords referred the matter to the House, of which they were members, aud were by them commanded to attend to their duty in Parliament.

"The King's best friends," says Bishop Warburton, "dreaded his ending the war by conquest, as knowing his despotic disposition."[3]

Mrs. Macauley was right when she said of Charles I. that "his manners partook of dissipation, and his conversation of the indecency of a court;" for, notwithstanding the panegyrics of Clarendon and Hume, Milton's view of his private character is proved to be strictly consistent with the truth of history. On this subject, he speaks out clearly in his "Pro Populo Anglicano Defensio," charging Charles with the grossest libertinism. "Castimoniam tu ejus et continentiam laudes quem cum Duce Buckinghamio flagitiis omnibus coopertum novimus? secretiora ejus et recessus perscrutari quid attinet, qui in theatro medias mulieres petulanter amplecti et suaviari, qui virginum et matro-

[1] Clarendon, Vol. ii. p. 163.

[2] Notes on Clarendon, Vol. vii. p. 548. [3] Ibid. p. 563.

narum papillas, ne dicam cætera, pertractare in propatulo consueverat."[1]

This, it may said, is the account of an enemy—then let us hear his friends. In 1636, Lady Leicester writes to her husband: "I have been at court. In his Majesty, I found an inclination to show me some kindness, but he could not find the way; at last, he told me that he perceived I was very kind to my husband when he was with me, which kept me very lean, for he thought me much fatter than I used to be. This short speech was worse to me than absolute silence, for I blushed and was so extremely out of countenance that all the company laughed at me."[2] And in 1642, young Lord Sunderland writes from the camp to his wife. "I never saw the King look better; he is very cheerful, and, by the indecent discourse, I thought I had been in the drawing-room."[3] Warburton has copied these passages in his Notes on Clarendon. So that, after all, the court of Charles II. sprang naturally enough from that of Charles I.

Of the adherents of Charles I., a most repulsive picture is drawn by all the writers of the time. Milton describes them as consisting mostly of dissolute swordsmen and suburb roysterers,[4] following the authority of Ludlow, and says that the ignorant and narrow-minded gentry, who, on their distant estates, had cherished the

[1] Cap. iv. see also Cap. xii.

[2] Sydney Papers, Vol. ii. p. 472. [3] Ibid. Vol. ii. p. 668.

[4] Guizot, Histoire de la Revolution de l' Angleterre, tome i. pp. 226-7.

exploded ideas of feudal times, "came up to London in arms, haunted the taverns and the streets, and repaired frequently to Whitehall to offer the King their services; and, at the same time, to solicit some favour. There they were joined by others, still less pure and less enlightened, officers whom the disbanding of the army had left without pay or employment, mostly soldiers of fortune, bred in the wars of the continent, dissolute, servile, and bold, exasperated against the Parliament which had deprived them of their commissions, against the people who detested their manners, and ready to do the bidding of any master who would employ them, be it what it might. Young lawyers, students of the Temple, protégés of the Court, either eager to share its pleasures, or, by embracing its cause, to exhibit proofs of nobleness and elegance, swelled this restless and presumptuous throng, which collected daily about Whitehall, declaiming against the Commons, insulting their partisans, lavish of bravadoes and mockeries, and impatient for the King, or chance, to afford them some occasion of pushing their fortune by displaying their loyalty."

At a later period, the character of Charles' courtiers and advisers is acknowledged to have been so despicable that even in the council there was but one honest man. "There was only one man in the council of whom nobody spoke ill, or laid anything to his charge, and that was Lord Hopton. But there was then such a combination, by the countenance of Prince Rupert with all the other Lords of the Court, and the attorney-

general, upon former grudges to undervalue him, that they had drawn the Prince himself to have a less esteem of him than his singular virtue and fidelity and his unquestionable courage and industry (all which his enemies could not deny that he excelled in) did deserve."[1]

On this passage, Warburton remarks: "One may judge from these words of the abandoned character and disorderly conduct of the then followers of the royal cause, and how little probability there was that they should ever recover this losing game; while there was but one man among them in that place who did honour to the cause, and him all the rest were in a combination to discredit."

The adherents of the King seem to have felt no more remorse in the assassination of enemies than did their master when he armed the Irish Catholics against his Protestant subjects. The murder of Dr. Dorislaus at the Hague, and of Ascham at Madrid, are execrable examples of this sanguinary spirit. Of the former, Clarendon gives the following account. While he was at supper the same evening that he came to the town, in company of many others who used to eat there, half a dozen gentlemen entered the room with their swords drawn, and required those at the table not to stir, for that there was no harm intended to any but the agent who came from the rebels in England, who had newly murdered their King. And one of them, who knew Dorislaus, pulled him from the table, and killed him at

[1] Clarendon's History of the Rebellion, Vol vi. p. 82.

his feet: and thereupon they all put up their swords, and walked leisurely out of the house, leaving those who were in the room in much amazement and consternation. Though all who were engaged in the enterprize went quietly away, and so out of the town, insomuch as no one of them was ever apprehended or called in question, yet they kept not their own counsel so well (believing they had done a very heroic act) but that it was generally known they were all Scottish men, and most of them servants, or dependants upon the Marquis of Montrose."[1] In the same volume of his work, the historian has to relate the trial and execution of this same Marquis of Montrose, which will be described hereafter.[2] Numbers of his adherents underwent the same fate, among them probably the murderers of Dorislaus, one of whom, it seems, was saved under some pretence or other.

The murder of Ascham by the royalists at Madrid, took place under circumstances similar to those which attended that of Dorislaus. Clarendon gives one version of them in so extenuating a tone, and with so many contemptuous epithets bestowed on the victim, that we are almost led to suppose he was not wholly clear of the guilt; which, at all events, he seems not to have thought very great.[3] In fact, we may certainly infer that, against Republicans, this noble historian, as Warburton is fond of calling him, considered assassination

[1] History of the Rebellion, Vol. vi. pp. 297-8.

[2] Ibid. Vol. vi. p. 419. [3] Ibid. Vol. vi. pp. 441—446.

allowable, for he speaks, evidently with approval, of the design of assassinating the Protector, which he artfully attributes to the whole nation. Warburton says, moreover, that "this is confirmed by Thurloe's Papers, in which it appears that the royal family did project and encourage Cromwell's assassination." The bishop also is inclined to look upon the affair with no very severe eye. "Without doubt," he says, "they had high provocation;" but it is clear that he had some misgivings that such a step would have been justifiable; for he adds: "But such a step *appears* neither to have been prudent nor honourable"[1]—only *appears*.

The reader may see in Guizot's work the conduct and character of Prince Rupert. His insolent behaviour to Newcastle on the eve of the battle of Marston Moor,[2] and the total want of foresight and ability on that celebrated field, expose him to our contempt; elsewhere, his actions entitle him to our hatred. Alluding to the treacherous advance upon Brentford, Warburton observes: "He seems to have done it for no other reason but to break off the treaty. He was a soldier of fortune, and loved the service, and his whole conduct was conformable to that character. In a word, the King was ruined by his ministers in peace, and by his officers in war. But he who certainly most contributed to the ill success of his arms was Prince Rupert; and this was one of the most mischievous as well as barbarous of his

[1] Notes on Clarendon, Vol. vii. p. 640.

[2] Histoire de la Revolution de l'Angleterre, Tome ii. pp. 51-2.

exploits. In this affair, if the King's sole purpose was to disengage Prince Rupert's horse on Hounslow Heath, why did he advance to Brentford with his foot, and force the barricades of the town defended by the Parliament's foot? I doubt he was not so clear in his purpose as his historian represents him."[1] Clarendon, who has always something civil to say of a tyrant, or a tyrant's instruments, calls Rupert and Newcastle "two great generals," on which Warburton remarks: "These two great generals ought both to have been hanged, and where any discipline or law prevailed, would have been so."[2]

Even the gentle Baillie calls Charles, during his life, "excessively bloody, false, and hypocritical." From the evidence we have collected, we leave our readers to form their own estimate of his true character.

In March, 1649, the Parliament ordered commissioners to be appointed to inventory the goods and personal estate of the late King, the Queen, and the Prince; and in April, adds Whitelocke, an act was committed for that purpose. This inventory, which still exists, forms, says Disraeli, a magnificent folio of near a thousand pages, of extraordinary dimension, bound in crimson velvet, and richly gilt, written in a fair, large hand. Every article was appraised; nothing was sold under the affixed price, but a slight competition appears sometimes to have raised the amount. The pictures taken from the numerous palaces of this

[1] History of the Rebellion, Vol. vii. p. 564.

[2] Notes on Clarendon, Vol. vii. 597.

monarch exhibit in number an unparalleled collection; but, with the exception of a few works of the great Italian masters, none of the pictures in this immense collection reached a picture's price. If the famous Cartoons of Raphael were saved to the country, it was because, though valued at only £300, they could not find a purchaser. The greatest sums were produced by the tapestry and arras hangings, which were chiefly purchased for Cromwell. Their amount exceeded £30,000.

Charles, we are told, not only admired the fine arts, but occasionally handled the pencil himself; and, during his imprisonment at Carisbroke Castle, he solaced his woes by composing a poem, entitled "Majesty in Misery, or an Imploration to the King of Kings." This poem, says Disraeli, is omitted in the great edition of the King's works, published after the Restoration, and was first given by Burnet in his Memoirs of the Dukes of Hamilton.[1]

Soon after the death of the King, the Parliament, on the recommendation of the Earl of Northumberland, placed the Duke of Gloucester and the Princess Elizabeth under the care of Leicester and his Countess; and such were the kindness and attention with which they were treated during their short stay in his family, that the Princess, after her removal to the Isle of Wight, where she died shortly afterwards, bequeathed a jewel to Lady Leicester, in testimony of her gratitude and regard.

[1] Curiosities of Literature, Vol. iii. p. 396.

There appears to be no truth in the report mentioned by Hume, that it was the intention of the Parliament to bind the Duke of Gloucester apprentice to a button-maker, and that the Princess Elizabeth was to be taught some trade. The following amusing extract from a manuscript at Penshurst proves that the sum allowed for their education and support was not otherwise than liberal:—

"In June, 1649, the Parliament placed the Duke of Gloucester and the Princess Elizabeth with my wife, allowing for them £3,000 a-year, which was a great accession of means to my wife in proportion to the charge of these two children and ten or eleven servants; and, considering my expenses in fuel, washing, household-stuff, &c., also that I should have less liberty in my own house than I had, and be obliged to attendance which would be troublesome to me, I thought it very reasonable to abate a great part of that £700 a-year [the sum which he allowed Lady L.]; and so, from midsummer, 1649, I resolved to take off £400 a-year. This caused a huge storm in the house, but I persisted in it."[1]

On the Restoration of Charles II., Lord Leicester resumed his seat in the House of Lords, and was appointed a privy councillor; but, in consequence of ill health, he again retired to Penshurst, where he passed the remainder of his days in solitude, and died in 1677, in his eighty-second year.

[1] Preface, pp. 33-4.

CHAPTER X.

Prince Charles rejoins his mother at Paris.—Dependant upon her.—Treated with neglect.—Invitation to Court.—His reception there.—Present at the betrothal of Mademoiselle de Thémines.—His personal appearance.—Proposed union with his cousin, Mademoiselle de Montpensier.—A lesson to lovers.—Attentions of Charles to his fair relative.—Grand ball at Madame de Choisy's.—Splendid appearance of *La Grande Mademoiselle.*—The infant Princess Henrietta brought to its mother by Lady Morton.—Charles takes command of the revolted ships.—The Queen retires to the Convent of the Carmelites.—Her destitute condition.—Voted a subsidy of 20,000 livres.—The Prince prosecutes his suit with the rich heiress.—She hesitates to accept his proposition.—Grief of Henrietta at the death of her husband.—Rejoins the nuns.—The Prince recognised as King of England by the States of Holland.—Returns to Paris.—Determines to try his fortunes in England.—His memorable reply.—Hesitates whether to proceed to Scotland or to Ireland.—State of affairs in the latter country.—Conduct of Lord Ormond.—Massacres at Drogheda and Wexford.—Reduction of the island by Cromwell.—The Prince's arrival in Jersey.

THE scene of our eventful drama of real life now changes to Paris, whither Queen Henrietta had taken refuge during the unhappy troubles that

afflicted England, of which it has been "our hint to speak" in preceding chapters.

In September, 1646, she had the felicity of being rejoined by her eldest son, who, as we have seen, had left Jersey at her express command.

Lord Clarendon informs us that "all the professions which had been made of respect and tenderness towards the Prince of Wales, when his person should once appear in France, were unworthily disappointed. The Prince," he continues, "had been above two months with the Queen, his mother, before any notice was taken of his being in France by the least message being sent from the Court to congratulate his arrival there; but that time was spent in debating the formalities of his reception; how the King should treat him; whether he should take place of *Monsieur*, the King's brother; and what kind of ceremonies should be observed between the Prince of Wales and his uncle, the Duke of Orleans, and many such other particulars, in all which they were resolved to give the law themselves. And it can hardly be believed with how little respect they treated him during the whole time of his stay there. They were very careful that he might not be looked upon as supported by them, either according to his dignity, or for the maintenance of his family; but a mean addition to the pension which the Queen had before was made to her Majesty, without any mention of the Prince her son, who was wholly to depend on her bounty, without power to gratify or oblige any of his own servants, that they likewise might depend only upon the Queen's

goodness and favour, and so behave themselves accordingly."[1]

All this was very naturally to have been expected. For France was too much engaged with the whole house of Austria to wish to raise up new foes, which probably would have been the event, had they received Charles with the ceremonies to which his birth entitled him, and enabled him to live in splendour. Nor would it have been becoming the prudence of Mazarine to have lavished the treasures of the crown on an exiled Prince, when their armies were frequently in want of pay, and money was of so great importance to their affairs. Add to this, that misfortunes seldom create respect in standers-by, and that dependence, of course, meets with slights and neglects.

The neglect of the French Court was not the only evil felt by the Prince. His mother exerted her authority over him, and required the like submission she had exacted from his father. "The prince," says the author so often quoted, "remained in Paris under the government of his mother, exercised with that strictness that, though his highness was above the age of seventeen years, it was not desired that he should meddle in any business, or be sensible of the unhappy condition the royal family was in. The assignation which was made by the Court of France for the better support of the Prince was annexed to the monthly allowance given to the Queen, and received by her and distributed as she thought fit; such clothes and other

[1] History of the Rebellion, Vol. v. pp. 33-4.

necessaries provided for his Highness as she thought convenient; her Majesty desiring to have it thought that the Prince lived entirely upon her, and that it would not consist with the dignity of a Prince of Wales to be a pensioner to the King of France. Hereby none of his Highness's servants had any pretence to ask for money, but they were to be contented with what should be allowed to them, which was dispensed with a very sparing hand; nor was the Prince ever master of ten pistoles to dispose as he desired.' The Lord Jermyn was the Queen's chief officer, and governed all her receipts, and he loved plenty so well that he would not be without it, whatever others suffered. All who had any relation to the Prince were to implore his aid, and the Prince himself could obtain nothing but by him."

At length, Charles and his mother received an invitation from the Queen-Regent, Anne of Austria, to visit her and the youthful King Louis XIV. at Fontainbleau. Madame de Motteville thus describes their reception at the French court:—

"The Queen-Regent of France and the little King[1] went to meet their royal guests, whom they received into their coach. When they alighted, they proceeded direct to the apartment destined for the Queen of England. The King gave his hand to the Queen, his Aunt, and the Prince of Wales escorted the Queen-Regent. The next day, the Prince of Wales visited the Queen-Regent, who appointed him a *fauteuil*, as

[1] Louis XIV.

had been concerted between the two Queens. After this ceremony, the Queen of England entered the apartment, upon which her son immediately rose and remained standing among the circle of other persons present."[1]

Soon after his arrival at Paris, the Prince of Wales was present at the betrothal at the Louvre of Mademoiselle de Thémines with the Marquis de Cœuvre. Queen Henrietta, who was among the guests at this ceremony, felt great hesitation to take precedence in signing the marriage-articles, "which she did not do till after the civilities and resistances required on such occasions had been gone through. Then the young King and the Queen-Regent of France, Anne of Austria, signed the marriage-contract; then Charles, Prince of Wales; and then *Monsieur* (Gaston, Duke of Orleans), because the *veritable Monsieur* (Phillippe, Duke of Anjou) was too little to sign, not being able to write."[2]

Madame de Motteville affirms that the young King of France seldom took precedence of Charles on their meeting at court, or when they danced the *Branlé*, or brawl, "without great apology."

Of the personal appearance of Charles, (now a youth about sixteen) this lady-writer says,—"This Prince was very well-shaped, his brown complexion agreed well enough with his fine black expressive eyes, though his mouth appeared somewhat large and unbecoming. He was of goodly stature."[3]

[1] Madame de Motteville, Vol. ii. pp. 188-9.
[2] Ibid. Vol. ii. pp. 229-30. [3] Ibid. Vol. ii. p. 189.

Queen Henrietta had for some time past meditated a marriage between her son and her niece, Mademoiselle de Montpensier, the daughter of her favourite brother, Gaston, Duke of Orleans, and considered to be the greatest heiress in Europe. This Princess was famed for her beauty and accomplishments, of which she herself appears to have entertained the highest sense.

On the Prince's arrival at Fontainbleau, she observes, "the Queen of England presented her son to the King, and then to the Queen-Regent, who embraced him. After this, he saluted the Princess and myself. He was only sixteen or seventeen, and rather tall for his age. He had a fine head, black hair, and swarthy complexion, and altogether, possessed an agreeable person. What rendered it very awkward for him, was that he neither spoke nor understood French, after any fashion whatever. During the three days that he remained at Fontainbleau, he was taken out on hunting-excursions and amused by all other recreations resorted to at that period. He visited all the Princesses. From this moment, I found that the Queen of England was anxious to make me believe that her son was in love with me. She said he was always talking about me, and that he was ready to visit me in my apartment at any hour, so greatly was he fascinated with me."[1]

Touching this early attachment of the Prince, the royal beauty goes on to say, "I saw at Paris Madame

[1] Mémoires de Montpensier, Vol. i. pp. 97-8. Paris Edition, 1806.

and Mademoiselle d'Epernon, who repeated to me what the Queen of England had already said at Fontainbleau. They were intimately acquainted with her, having resided for a considerable time in England, where they were treated with every possible honour by their Britannic Majesties.

"Monsieur d'Epernon had, during his exile, assisted the King of England, by advancing him money to carry on the war; although I was well informed of the sentiments of the Queen, my aunt, I gave no more credence to this second declaration respecting the Prince of Wales, than I did to that made by the Queen, his mother. It might have been different had he himself avowed his passion; and I thought little of what was told me on the part of a man who had nothing to say for himself."[1]

This remark of the fair lady, affords a lesson to lovers. She doubtless thought that an admirer so unlike the polite gallants of her own country, and who courted her only through his mother's agency, was scarcely to be tolerated.

The young Prince of Wales seems, however, to have been by no means indifferent to the charms of his wealthy and fascinating cousin, who continues: "I often saw the Prince, as at this period he was so incessantly at the Palais Royal, on which occasions he never failed to come and take his place near me. Whenever I went to see the Queen of England, he always escorted me to my coach, and sometimes would not put on his hat

[1] Mademoiselle de Montpensier, Vol. i. pp. 93-9.

until he left me. His attention towards me manifested itself in the smallest things. One day, when I was going to a grand assembly at the residence of Madame de Choisy, the Queen of England insisted upon dressing and arranging my hair herself. For this purpose, she came in the evening to my apartment, and took all imaginable pains to set me off to the best advantage; while the Prince of Wales held the flambeau near me, to afford me light."[1]

The volatile French Princess was, according to her own shewing, not a little vain, self-conceited, and fond of ostentation. She thus describes her dress and personal appearance on the occasion of her visit to Madame de Choisy:—"My *parure* of precious stones was fastened by ribands of black and white carnation; I also wore a plume of feathers of the same colour, and everything was arranged according to the taste of the Queen of England. The Queen-Regent, who knew by whose hands I was attired, sent for me before I went to the ball, which she never failed to do, on my going to similar assemblies, because she wished to see if I were dressed to her fancy. The Prince of Wales arrived before me at Madame de Choisy's, and gave me his hand to assist me in alighting from my coach.

"Before joining the assembly, I entered a chamber to re-adjust my hair at a mirror. The Prince of Wales, again holding the flambeau for me, continued to follow my steps. Prince Robert (Rupert), his cousin, acted as an interpreter between us; for, believe it who will,

[1] Mademoiselle de Montpensier, Vol. i. pp. 102-3.

although he understood everything I said to him, he was not able to reply to me in French. When the ball was over, I was truly astonished, on reaching my apartment, to find the Prince of Wales. He had followed me to the very door; and, as soon as I entered, he went his way. His gallantry was carried so far that it made a great noise in the world, particularly at a grand fête given at the Palais Royal, towards the end of the winter. On this occasion, was performed a magnificent Italian Comedy, with machinery and music. This was followed by a ball, for which the Queen would again apparel me herself.

"It took three days to prepare my *parure*. My robe was studded with diamonds, and carnation-coloured trimmings; I wore the jewels of the crown of France, as well as those of the Queen of England, who at this time had still some in her possession.[1] It is impossible to conceive what a magnificent appearance I made at this *fête*, and many persons complimented me upon my fine figure, my good mien, my fair complexion, and the beauty of my flaxen hair."

The *grande mademoiselle* took her station on a throne in the middle of the ball-room, which she always occupied. Neither the young King nor the Prince of Wales ventured to follow her example, but modestly seated themselves at her feet.

"I did not feel at all embarrassed," continues the

[1] The reader will bear in mind that the Queen had previously sold, or pledged, her most valuable jewels, to raise money to assist her husband.

proud fair one; "my heart as well as my eyes looked down upon the Prince with contempt, as I meditated marrying the Emperor. So greatly did this idea occupy my soul, that I only regarded the Prince of Wales as an object of pity."[1]

In the course of the year 1646, Lady Morton, governess of the infant Princess Henrietta, brought the babe whom the Queen had left when only a fortnight old at Exeter, and with whom she had contrived to effect her escape from the power of the Parliament, to her at Paris.

James, Duke of York, her second son, who had, as we have already seen, escaped from his imprisonment in St. James's Palace in May, 1648, remained on board that portion of the English Fleet which had forsaken the Commonwealth, and taken refuge at Helvoetsluys. He had hoisted his flag as Lord High Admiral, to the great joy of the sailors. On the receipt of this welcome news, Prince Charles determined to leave Paris to join his younger brother, and take the command of the revolted ships.

On his departure, the Queen, his mother, retired to the Convent of the Carmelites, where Madame de Motteville and Mademoiselle de Beaumont soon afterwards paid her a visit. The former lady says, "The Queen communicated to us the great apprehensions she felt regarding the success of her son's undertaking. She confided to us her present state of pecuniary dis-

[1] Charles was poor and dependant at this time, and there appeared little hope of his ever coming to the English throne.

tress, originating in the destitution of the Queen-Regent of France, the civil war of the Fronde having disorganized all the resources of government. Queen Henrietta shewed us a little gold cup out of which she was accustomed to drink, and protested that she had not another piece of gold coin or otherwise in her possession. She told us, that her misery in parting with her son was much aggravated by the fact, that all his people came to her, demanding payment of their salaries; and had told her at his departure, "that if she could not pay them, they must quit his service;" but, she added, "that she had the grief of finding it quite impossible to relieve all their wants."[1]

In consequence of the siege of Paris during the war of the Fronde, Queen Henrietta remained shut up in the Louvre at the close of the year 1648, to escape the horrors of the Civil War, which at that time raged in the French capital. Here, with her little daughter, the Princess Henrietta, then only four years of age, she endured the severest privations, being often destitute of the commonest necessaries of daily life,[2] until her necessities were made known by Cardinal de Retz to the Parliament of Paris, who voted the daughter of Henri Quatre a subsidy of 20,000 livres.

Mademoiselle de Montpensier, although proud,

[1] Madame de Motteville, Vol. iv. p. 34.

[2] The allowance previously made to Henrietta by the Queen-Regent, as we have already observed, could no longer be continued by her royal relative, who was herself reduced to the greatest straits, in consequence of the Civil War in France.

haughty, and ambitious of an alliance with the Emperor of Germany, was, it seems, an obedient and dutiful daughter.

"As soon as *Monsieur*[1] arrived," she narrates, "he spoke to me of my marriage with the King of England. I replied that 'I was ready to obey him in everything, and that he knew much better than I did myself what was most conducive to my welfare, as I had no other wish than his own.' A few days after this, the King[2] sent Lord Perron to offer his respects to their Majesties, and to solicit their permission to permit him to come to France. His Lordship paid me the highest compliments, and both he and Jermyn shewed me the greatest attentions. The Queen-Regent testified her strong desire for this marriage, as did also the Cardinal. He assured me that France would render powerful assistance to the King of England, who had received good news, even whole provinces having submitted to his authority; besides which, he was now master of the entire kingdom of Ireland. The Queen-Regent told me that she loved me as if I were her own daughter, and that if I did not consider the proposition advantageous, she would not press it, as she wished me every happiness; that I well knew the Queen of England was the best person in the world, and one who had the highest regard for me; that her son was passionately in love with me, and desired

[1] Her father, Gaston, Duke of Orleans.

[2] Charles II. He was then in Holland, where he was recognised as King of England.

nothing more than my union with him. I replied that he did me infinite honour; and, although the affairs of the King would not permit me to aid him to the extent of reinstating him in his dominions, I would nevertheless do all that *Monsieur* desired. The Queen rallied me before Lord Jermyn, and I was so bantered that I could not refrain from blushing.

"M. De la Rivière also came to visit me, telling me he was going to the King of England, who was then in Holland, and who requested to have my final answer, because his affairs would soon compel him to proceed to Ireland; that, if I consented to his proposition, the King would come to the French Court for two days, when he would marry me; that, after the ceremony, he would remain a little longer to afford me the pleasure of being with the Queen. After this, I could go with him to St. Germains, whither the Queen of England had returned since the Court had left there, and that he would then proceed to Ireland. As for me, I could still remain at Paris, if I wished, having always been accustomed to reside there.

"I told him that this proposition was impossible; that I would go to Ireland with the King, if he desired it. If otherwise, I would remain with the Queen, his mother, or at one of my own residences; that it was not befitting I should mingle in society, and indulge in pleasure and diversion while the King was with the army, nor launch out into expenses, which persons of my station are compelled to do, when I ought to forego everything so as to be able to send the King money;

that I should never cease to be uneasy at finding him embarrassed in such a war; and, in short, if I married him, I must make up my mind to take resolutions which would be difficult for me to follow—as I should feel compelled to dispose of all my property to enable him to reconquer his kingdoms. I freely confessed that these thoughts not a little dismayed me, having always been happy and blessed with opulence. He replied, I was in the right, but that I must remember there was no other prospect for me in Europe — that the King of Spain was married, that the King of Hungary was betrothed to the Infanta of Spain. As to the Archduke, he never would be sovereign of the Pays Bas; that I could not desire for my husband the sovereign of Germany, nor of Italy; that in France the King and Monsieur[1] were too young to marry, the Prince being only ten years of age. After reasoning well with him, I said if *Monsieur*[2] wishes me to marry the King of England, and is persuaded that my union with him is inevitable, I would prefer to wed this prince while he is unfortunate, because he will then be under obligations *to me;* and, when he regains his possessions, he will regard me as the cause of it, by the assistance which he will have received from me."[3]

That *Mademoiselle* felt disinclined to accept her royal cousin for her husband, is clearly evident from what follows:—

[1] Philippe, the little Duke of Anjou.
[2] Her father.
[3] Mademoiselle de Montpensier, Vol. i. p. 176, *et seq.*

"The next day, we left for Amiens. I then informed my mother-in-law of my proposed alliance, because I well knew she was averse to it, and would use her influence with *Monsieur*[1] to prevent it, which she did. Lord Jermyn came to me at Amiens, and pressed me to declare my sentiments, making me a thousand fine protestations on the part of the King of England. I found, from his discourse, that the Queen-Regent and Monsieur, who did not wish to embroil themselves with the Queen of England, had said of me, 'She is a creature that must be won: she will only do what she likes, and we have no power over her.'

"As regarded this proposed marriage, they were quite right in thinking so; for I always considered that, on arriving at mature years, a person should esteem this period as the most important in life, when it is right to study one's own interests, rather than those of relations. When I reflected that Jermyn negociated this matter with me as a third person, which is not usually the custom in regard to young ladies, when the question is one of marriage, I thought of withdrawing from this project of the Queen of England. I accordingly told him that I had the most infinite respect for the King, and, if I might venture to say as much, even loved him (and I spoke truly); that his consideration for me made me almost overlook all the troubles and impediments that surrounded him.

"In respect to religion, this was an obstacle I could not surmount; that, if the King had any regard for

[1] Her father, who was married a second time.

me, he must overcome that difficulty, as I should have many other matters to which to reconcile myself. He told me that the King of England, in his situation, could not, and ought not, become a Catholic, for which he assigned strong reasons, too numerous to mention, the leading one being that, if he did so, he would for ever shut himself out from his dominions. We had a long conference before he took his leave. From the moment the Queen-Regent and Monsieur spoke to me at Compiègne, my mind was greatly disturbed as to how I should conclude so grand an affair, and one of such protracted duration. This uncertainty was not of long continuance. I heard no more of the King of England till after my return to Compiègne, one day before his arrival there."[1]

Queen Henrietta did not receive the news of her husband's death until ten days after his execution; and, when the dreadful tidings reached her, through Lord Jermyn, she was overwhelmed with grief. Pending the suspense in which she had remained, her heart had been gladdened by the arrival, at the Louvre, of her son James, Duke of York. "He came in while the Queen was at dinner," says Père Cyprian Gamache, the Queen's Catholic confessor, "and knelt down and asked his mother's blessing, for such is always the custom of English children when they have been absent for any length of time from their parents."[2]

[1] Mademoiselle de Montpensier, Vol. i. pp. 181-2.

[2] Diary of Père Gamache, Section 93.

No sooner did the sad tidings reach her, than Queen Henrietta resolved to retire, with a few of her ladies, into the Convent of the Carmelites, in the Fauxbourg St. Jacques, Paris. Here she was soon after visited by her friend, Madame de Motteville, who observes, "the Queen gave me some orders relative to the interests of the young King, her son (become Charles II., through the lamentable death of his father). She earnestly hoped that he might be recognised as such by the King and Queen of France, and that her second son, James, Duke of York, might receive similar honours as the King, his brother, had done previously. As she requested me to speak of these matters on her behalf to the Queen, she pressed my hand, and said to me, with a burst of grief and tenderness, 'I have lost a King, a husband, and a friend, whose loss I can never sufficiently deplore, and this separation must render the remainder of my life a perpetual torture!' I confess that the tears and words of this afflicted Queen touched me deeply. Besides the sympathy I felt in her grief, I was astonished at the words she commanded me to address to the Queen-Regent, as well as the calamities she made me dread were yet in store for herself; nor did I ever forget the wise discourse of this Princess, who, from her own experience in adversity, seemed to presage disasters to us. Heaven, however, averted them from us, although we merited them all from the justice of God."[1]

The Queen did not remain long at the Carmelite

[1] Madame de Motteville, Vol. v. p. 177.

Convent. "The affairs of the King, her son, and of her family and household," says Père Gamache, "being in so deranged a state, that they demanded her utmost care, her wisest counsel, and even active exertions, I was obliged to seek her, to urge her to leave her peaceful retirement with the nuns, and return to the Louvre. At that time, her son, Charles II., was at the Hague, where he was recognised as King of England by the States of Holland. It was the wish of the young King to remain there, but the strong military despotism of Cromwell was too formidable to the States of Holland to suffer it. The Queen, accordingly, wrote to her son to come to her; he arrived in the summer of 1649. The mother and son had their first interview at St. Germains, and afterwards she returned with him to her abode at the Louvre."[1]

Charles II. now appeared desirous to prosecute his suit in gaining the hand of Mademoiselle de Montpensier. One day, soon after her triumphant return to Orleans, whither she had gone to allay the popular excitement, and succeeded in doing so by her address and energy, Queen Henrietta remarked to her, "I am not astonished that you saved Orleans from the hands of its enemies, as Joan of Arc formerly did; and, like her, you began by chasing the English in driving my son away from you."

After Queen Henrietta had returned to Paris, on the 18th of August, she received a visit of condolence from Anne of Austria and her young son, Louis XIV., who

[1] Diary of Père Gamache, Sec. 93.

on that day made their triumphal entry into the French metropolis,[1] after the abatement of the Civil War in France.[2]

"The young King of England," says Madame de Motteville, "was there in his deep mourning for his father; it was his first formal state-recognition at the Court of France." Early in September, he resolved to set out for Jersey, which, with the other Channel Islands, still adhered to the cause of the Stuarts. He meditated going to Scotland, or Ireland. The Queen was opposed to this project, and remonstrated with him as well as with Sir Edward Hyde (Clarendon), observing to the latter, "That she wished he would always be near the young King, because he would, she knew, deal plainly and honestly with him, and advise him to live virtuously." It was, however, decreed by Charles II.'s Privy Council that Chancellor Hyde should proceed on an embassy to Spain, to implore assistance against the English regicides. Queen Henrietta urged "that, if they would listen to her advice, she could tell them beforehand that they would find the Court of Spain cold and unwilling to render any assistance."[3] This indeed proved to be the case.

In pursuance of his determination, Charles, spite of his mother's entreaties, resolved to carry out his design of venturing into England, with the view of retrieving the lost fortunes of his royal house. Queen Henrietta

[1] Mademoiselle de Montpensier, Vol. ii. p. 58.
[2] Memoirs of Henrietta Maria, 1673, p. 45.
[3] Life of Clarendon, Vol. i. p. 262.

felt great alarm for the success of his enterprise, the more particularly on account of his youth. She, moreover, knew full well the sad state in which their adherents in England were involved. On finding that he rejected her maternal counsel, she requested Lord Jermyn to lay before him the dangerous enterprize he was about to undertake.

The young Prince made the following memorable reply to that nobleman: "It is far better for a King to die in such an enterprize, than to wear away life in shameful indolence here." It would have been well for him had he followed out this axiom in his after-life, which presented so remarkable a contrast to these sentiments.

Charles was for some time undecided as to the best line of policy to pursue, and whether he should proceed to Ireland, or Scotland. After the late terrible Rebellion in the former country, the Parliament had adopted rigorous measures against the Papists, who were the authors of it; while the Marquis of Ormond, the Lord-lieutenant, had sought to compose the disorders of the island, by engaging the rebel Irish to support the cause of the King, who had shewn himself so indulgent towards Catholics. Under these circumstances, the Marquis found little difficulty in concluding a peace with them, upon which they promised not only to return to their duty and allegiance, but engaged to furnish 10,000 men, for the support of the King's authority in England. The Pope's nuncio, Rinuccini, foreseeing that this submission would put an end to

his own influence, soon organized a powerful conspiracy among the native Irish in Ulster to oppose Ormond, who made good his retreat with his little army to Dublin and other fortified towns. In the meantime, the King, who had gone over to the Scottish army, who held him a prisoner, sent orders to Ormond, that if he could not defend himself, rather to submit to the English, than the Irish rebels. The Lord-lieutenant, accordingly, being reduced to extremities, delivered up Dublin and other garrison-towns to Colonel Michael Jones, who took possession of them in the name of the English Parliament. Ormond now deemed it expedient for his personal safety to retire to France, where he joined the Queen and Prince of Wales. After his departure from Ireland, the Earl of Clanricarde formed a secret combination among the Catholics, succeeded in driving the nuncio out of the island, and sent a deputation to Paris, inviting the Lord-lieutenant to return, and resume possession of his government.

Ormond, on his arrival, found the country divided into many factions. Assembling an army of 16,000 men, he advanced upon Dundalk, Tredah, Newry, and other forts, which, being weakly garrisoned by the Parliamentary troops, became an easy conquest. Following up his successes, Ormond threatened to lay siege to Dublin. It was at this juncture of affairs, that Prince Charles entertained serious thoughts of proceeding to Ireland. Cromwell now succeeded in getting himself appointed Lord-lieutenant, a post which he conceived might acquire for him fresh laurels. His

first step was to send over re-inforcements to strengthen Dublin, and enable Jones to defend himself against the Marquis of Ormond, who was encamped at Finglass, and was making preparations for the attack on the Irish Metropolis.

Ormond, after concentrating his forces, then crossed the Liffy, and halted at Rathmines, about two miles from Dublin. Fatigued, after his exertions, he had retired to rest, when he was suddenly disturbed by the noise of firing. Starting from his bed, he found everything around him a scene of confusion, although he had left orders that his troops should remain under arms. In spite of all his exertions, his army was entirely routed, and driven off the field, by Colonel Jones, who returned victorious to Dublin, with all the tents, baggage, and ammunition of his opponents, who had one thousand men slain in the battle, besides sustaining a further loss of two thousand, who were made prisoners.[1]

It is related, that when Ormond found that "his whole army was in danger, he ran away without his gloves, got on horseback and fled to Killcullin bridge (his way to Kilkenny, about 15 or 20 miles from Dublin,) without ever looking behind him (as Sir John Temple wrote to me), like a brave General fit for such a command and trust. This fight lasted not above two hours . . . . . And, upon the advertisement thereof, the Parliament hath appointed Wednesday, the 29th of August, for a thanksgiving day, through-

[1] Parliamentary History, Vol. xix. p. 165.

out all England, and ordered £1,000 per annum to Colonel Jones and his heirs for ever in Ireland."

The editor of the Sydney Papers remarks that Lord Clarendon and Carte give a very different account of the conduct of Lord Ormond on this occasion. They state that he exerted himself to the utmost to rally his flying troops, and that he made several gallant charges, in which he lost many of his men. Eglesfield apologizes for him, by saying that though he "had an army of about 20,000 men, the greatest part of them were Irish, and so such as he dared not trust; besides," he adds, "I have heard it credibly reported, he might have taken Dublin, if he had pleased, but forbore to do it merely in tenderness to the numerous Protestants that were in it, whom the Irish would, without question, have unmercifully destroyed, if they had taken the place by assault; and as yet there was no other way to take i by reason the besieged had high expectation of succour from England."[1]

Ormond's treaty with the Irish affords no great presumption of his talents as a statesman; and his subsequent conduct reflects as little honour on his character as a general. After issuing a Proclamation, commanding obedience to the agreement which he had made with the rebels, he wrote to Colonel Jones, then Governor of Dublin, for the Parliament to engage his assent to it, promising great rewards if he would desert the pretended Parliament of England, and join him. "I understand not," replied the brave and in-

[1] Monarchy Revived, p. 54.

corruptible officer, "how your Lordship came by your power. The Parliament of England would never have consented to such a peace as you have made with the rebels, without any provision for the Protestant religion. I know not how that can be established by an army of Papists, to whose hands your Lordship has given up the whole kingdom. I had rather suffer in my trust, than purchase the ignominy of perfidy by any advantage offered to me."

"The arms," we are informed in the Secret History of Charles II., "of the Marquis were not more successful than his letter. While he lay encamped near Dublin, a reinforcement of 3,000 men, sent by Cromwell, found means to get into the city: and the Governor, making a vigorous sally, with the like number of foot, and three or four troops of horse, attacked Ormond's army, consisting of 19,000 men, with such vigour, that in less than two hours it was totally routed, with the loss of 4,000 killed, 2,500 prisoners, and all its baggage and artillery."

After this humiliating defeat, the Marquis made a few unsuccessful efforts to revive the dying hopes of the royal party, but was at last obliged to quit the island in despair.

Immediately after this disaster, Cromwell quitted Whitehall on the evening of the 10th of July, amidst the cheers of the populace, and landed in Ireland, with the title of Lord-Lieutenant, and was followed by Ireton, his son-in-law, with about forty ships.

Scenes of misery and bloodshed now took place in

that unhappy country, which are perhaps without precedent in the annals of savage barbarity. The first town which he attacked was Drogheda. On its surrender, he issued an express order that neither age nor sex should be spared. "He would sacrifice their souls," he said, "to the ghosts of the English whom they had massacred." In one of his despatches, he thus writes: "I forbade my soldiers to spare any that were in arms in the town, and I think that night they put to the sword about 2,000 men." Among them was the Governor, Sir Arthur Aston. The garrison was composed almost entirely of English Royalists, whom he was well aware could have taken no part in the late massacre. "During five days," says Lingard, "the streets of Drogheda ran with blood. Revenge and fanaticism stimulated the passions of the soldiers. From the garrison, they turned their swords upon the inhabitants, and 1,000 unresisting victims were immolated together, within the walls of the great church, whither they had fled for protection."

The same fearful scenes were enacted at Wexford, where the defenceless inhabitants were slaughtered without mercy, including 300 women. Cromwell himself computes the number of persons thus butchered at 6,000. The field-army being dispersed, he fell upon the garrisons.

These barbarities were, doubtless, perpetrated with the intention of striking terror into the Royalists in other places; and such were the rapidity, decision, and success of his subsequent operations, that in less than

a year, the whole island was reduced under the authority of the Parliament.

During these transactions, Charles finding the Court of France, or rather Cardinal Mazarin, the minister, unable or unwilling to assist him, had repaired to Jersey, in September, 1649, attended by a retinue of about 300 persons, in prosecution of his intentions respecting Ireland; but these being totally frustrated, he sent back to Holland two ships of war despatched by the Prince of Orange for his conveyance. The people of Jersey immediately proclaimed him King; but a summons, sent to Guernsey, requiring that island to submit to his authority, was disregarded.

CHAPTER XI.

Character of Charles.—His commission to the Marquis of Montrose.—Propositions sent to him by the States of Scotland.—The Solemn League and Covenant.—The Prince inclined to go to Ireland.—Compelled to abandon the project.—His declaration at Jersey.—The Laird of Libberton.—Charles invited to proceed to Scotland.—Terms of the treaty of Breda.—Advice of Montrose.—The Prince resolves to accept the offers of the Scotch.—His letters to the Committee of Estates, and also to the Kirk.—He writes to Montrose.—He again retires to France.—Conference at Breda.—Propositions of the Scotch.—Defeat of Montrose.—His execution.—Other prisoners beheaded.—Grief of Charles at the fate of his adherents.—Receives a message from the Parliament of Scotland.—Preparations at Edinburgh, for his reception.—His arrival at Spey.—His progress to the Scottish capital.—Project for raising an army.—Humiliation of the Prince.—His partiality to the fair sex.—Signs the required Declaration.—It is answered by the Parliament.

THE young Prince was now in his twentieth year; his character thus far seems to have exhibited but little either of good or evil. A neglected education, owing to the circumstances of the times and a too early initiation into active life, had not cultivated and

fostered the one, neither had his dependent position, in regard to the Lords and gentlemen of his council, permitted him to plunge into the other; still it cannot be doubted that the seeds of those vices by which he, in process of time, became so infamously distinguished, had already been sown, and their growth promoted by the practical lessons of parental example. As little can it be denied that some of the worst points in the character of Charles I. seem to have been inherited by him from his predecessor—the same extravagant notions of the royal prerogative, the same dissimulation and duplicity, and the same decided bias to Popery.

It was now upon Scotland that all his hopes were grounded. Acquainted with the several factions in that kingdom, and aware that the Covenanters, who were most considerable both for power and number, sought their own advantage by him, and would give him no little trouble, Charles, with a view to balance them a little by means of the staunch royalists who had been his father's friends, and to bring them to more reasonable terms, gave a commission to the Marquis of Montrose to raise forces for him abroad, who were to be landed in the north of Scotland, for the purpose of favouring his unconditional Restoration.

Meanwhile, the States of Scotland, after long debate and contest between the opposite factions, resolved to transmit propositions to the young King, by the hands of Windram, Laird of Libberton, who arrived in Jersey on the 30th of September. Those propositions were to this effect; that his Majesty would sign the Solemn

League and Covenant, pass an Act for all persons to take it throughout that kingdom, and ratify all that had been done concerning it—that he would ratify divers acts of Parliament of Scotland, made in the last two sessions, viz. for disclaiming the Duke of Hamilton's last expedition; for receiving the several Acts made by the English for the militia, for denying a negative voice in Parliament to the Kings of Scotland—that he would recall the late commissions given to Montrose—that he would dismiss all Papists from about him, and suffer none but Protestants to be of his council—that he would appoint some place about Holland for a treaty with their commissioners, whither they would send persons of honour for that purpose, and where they would take care during that time for his entertainment suitable to his dignity—and that he would give a speedy answer to their desires.

Charles had from the first made no secret of his disinclination to go to Scotland, and his preference of Ireland—a subject frequently touched upon in Ormond's State Papers, published by Carte. Lord Byron, in a letter to Ormond, dated the Hague, March 30, 1649, writes: "The King himself is resolutely bent for Ireland, and is only stayed here for want of money, which his brother, the Prince of Orange, (I doubt) cannot, and the States say they will not, furnish him with, unless he go into Scotland and take the Covenant—that is the plain English of it, though they speak it not openly. The Princess-Dowager of Orange is drawn into this cabal on another score; for she is made to believe the

King shall marry her daughter, if he comply with the Scots in their desires, and my Lord Perey is the chief agent in this business, both upon the promises he hath of establishing his own fortune, in case he can effect it, and upon a prudent consideration that Ireland will hardly brook so serpentine a nature as his is."

Indeed, the Prince's inclination to Ireland, and indisposition to Scotland, were so great, that he made no scruple of publicly professing his sentiments in a memorial, delivered by the lords of his council to the States General, on the 29th of March. He continued in his resolution to go to Ireland; but what through indolence and indigence, what through divisions in his council, and quarrels among his adherents, he delayed it so long that Cromwell had reduced the chief places of strength in that kingdom to the obedience of the Commonwealth, and rendered it vain for him to think any more of it, or to hope for assistance from it. Charles was in Jersey when he found himself obliged to abandon a scheme which seems to have given umbrage to the Scotch, who, in a letter addressed to him while in the same island, use the following expressions: "As we are much grieved to consider the many great inconveniences which accompany your Majesty's irresolution, so are we much more afflicted to think of the sad effects that may ensue, in case your Majesty should be induced to believe that it can be safe for your Majesty to trust your person, or affairs, to the Papists in Ireland; who for their enmity to the reformed religion, and the cruel murder of many thousand Protestants in that kingdom, are long since

become detestable to all your Majesty's subjects, who either fear God, honour your Majesty, or wish well to the peace of these kingdoms."

This description of the Papists in Ireland is far from being too severe. They had massacred the Protestants; they had formed a general council to carry on the war, and had put themselves in a good measure under the direction of the Pope's nuncio; nor were they to be prevailed with to submit to the royal authority, but by pardon and indemnity, by repeal of the best laws for the security of the Protestant religion; by giving them a right to arm, and power to claim authority in Parliament, in the army, and in the several departments of civil affairs: and were disposed to improve every advantage they possessed.

It was while Charles was deliberating in Jersey, that Ireland was lost through the energy of Cromwell, and brought entirely under subjection to the Commonwealth of England. But, to show his resolution of maintaining his rights to the English throne, he caused a Declaration to be issued, in which, in high terms, he asserted those rights, and vowed revenge on all who had contributed to the death of his father. In this ill-advised Declaration, addressed to all his loving subjects of England and Wales, he intimates that he is firmly resolved, by the assistance of Almighty God, though he should perish alone in the enterprize, to be a severe avenger of his father's innocent blood. "And," he continues, "we shall therein, by all ways and means possible, endeavour to pursue and bring to their due punishment

those bloody traitors who were either actors or contrivers of that unparalleled and inhuman murder; and we do further declare that, by his death, the crown of England, with all privileges, rights, and pre-eminences, belonging thereto, is justly and lineally descended upon us, as next and immediate heir and successor thereunto, without any condition or limitation, without any intermission or claim, without any ceremony or solemnity whatsoever." This Declaration is dated at Castle Elizabeth, in the Isle of Jersey, Oct. 31, 1649. Nothing, it must be confessed, could be better calculated than the doctrine laid down in it, in opposition to the last dying injunction alleged to have been given by his father, to incense and exasperate the minds of men who understood liberty—as many then admirably did—against his person and government. But such were not the subjects Charles wished for.

The Laird of Libberton, sent by the Parliament of Scotland to invite Charles to that kingdom on certain conditions, found him in the Isle of Jersey, from which, to place himself beyond the reach of the English forces, he retired to the Hague, having previously despatched an answer to the Parliament of Scotland, appointing Breda, in Holland, as the place for a solemn treaty on the 15th of March, 1650, in order to a perfect accommodation between himself and his Scottish subjects.

The terms on which the Parliament of Scotland offered to receive him as their sovereign, were in substance the following: That he should solemnly swear, sign, and seal the National Covenant of Scotland, and the Solemn League and Covenant of the three kingdoms.

That he would acknowledge the authority of that, and all preceding Parliaments held since the time of his father, and agree that all civil matters should thenceforward be determined by the Parliament, and all ecclesiastical matters by the assemblies of the Kirk. That he should recall and disclaim all commissions issued for doing anything by sea or land to the prejudice of the Covenant, or of the kingdom: and disclaim and declare null and void all treaties, or agreements, with the bloody rebels in Ireland; and declare that he would never permit any liberty of the Popish religion in Ireland, or in any other part of his dominions. That he would, at his Coronation, not only take the usual oath, but swear to observe the Covenant, to follow the counsel of Parliaments in civil matters, and that of the General Assembly, in ecclesiastical.

These were difficult terms to digest, and it was not without a hard struggle that Charles subscribed to them; and one cannot but be amazed at the assurance of those about the Prince, who could advise him to consent to terms which they knew he never would observe, and the observance of which must have terminated in the ruin of themselves and their friends. But necessity was the excuse. The King knew not where to go; he had no sense of the obligations of truth; and cared not whom he deceived, or who were losers, so that he could accomplish his own ends. It is not wonderful that his mother, possessing the accommodating conscience which the Popish religion imparts, should exhort him to close with the Scotch propositions, urging that if they then

appeared too severe and insupportable, he might afterwards find opportunity, when possessed of that kingdom, to rid himself, in some measure, of the inconvenience of them. Montrose also advised the King to hearken to the Scotch Commissioners, so as to admit an agreement with them, which might settle His Majesty in that kingdom with safety and honour, adding that, as for himself, he should be contented to be banished for ever from his native country, rather than to be the cause of the least prejudice to the King's affairs. Charles replied that he had such assurance of his fidelity, and so high a sense of his services performed to his late father and himself, that he could not, in justice or in honour, desert him, and therefore desired him not to urge him to it any further.

At length, yielding to the advice of the majority of his council, Charles resolved to accept the offers of the Scotch, and addressed the following letter to the Committee of Estates.

"CHARLES R.

"We have received your letters lately presented to us by Mr. Windram, Laird of Libberton, and we accept graciously all the expressions of affection and fidelity therein contained towards us, with your tender resentment of our present condition and the just indignation which you profess to have against the execrable murderers of our father. And we believe that your intentions are full of candour towards us, as we are, and always have been, desirous to settle a clear and

right intelligence between us and our subjects of our ancient kingdom of Scotland, which may be an assured foundation of their happiness and peace for the time to come, and an effectual means to root out all the seeds of animosity and divisions caused by these late troubles; and also to unite the hearts and affections of our subjects to one another, and of them all to us their King and lawful Sovereign, to the end that, by their obedience to our royal and just authority, we may be put into a condition to maintain them in peace and prosperity, and to protect them in their religion and liberty, as it appertains to us according to our charge and office of a King. And, as we have always resolved to contribute whatever is to be done by us to obtain these good effects, and for the just satisfaction of all our subjects in this kingdom; we have now thought fit, upon the return of Mr. Windram, to command and desire you to send unto us Commissioners sufficiently authorized to treat and agree with us, both in relation to the interest and just satisfaction of our subjects there, as also concerning the aid and assistance which, in all reason, we may expect from, to bring and reduce the murderers of our late father of happy memory to condign punishment, and to recover our just rights in all our kingdoms. And we will that they attend us on the fifteenth day of the month of March, at the town of Breda, where we intend to be in order thereunto. And, in confidence of a treaty, as also to make known to you and all the world that we sincerely desire to be agreed, we have resolved to address these unto you

under the name and title of a Committee of Estates of our kingdom of Scotland; and will and expect that you use this grace no otherwise for any advantage to the prejudice of us, or our affairs, beyond what we have given this qualification and title for, namely, *only for the treaty and in order to it;* although we have considerations sufficient and very important to dissuade and oblige us to do nothing in this kind antecedently at this time. Also we hope the confidence which we declare to have in your clear and candid intentions towards us, will furnish you with strong arguments to form in yourselves a mutual confidence in us, which, by the blessing of God Almighty, by your just and prudent moderation, and by that great desire we have to oblige all our subjects of that kingdom, and by the means of the treaty which we attend and hope for, may be a good foundation of a full and happy peace, and an assured security to this nation for the time to come; which we assure you is wished of us with passion, and we shall endeavour by all means to effect."

With this letter, and another to the same purpose, to the Committee of the Kirk, Windram returned to Edinburgh, and the Estates and the Kirk accordingly appointed deputies to meet the King at Breda. Charles had purposely fixed a distant day for opening the negociation, in hopes that the success of Montrose's military operations might enable him to obtain the better terms. A letter written about the same time to the Marquis, sufficiently attests the hollowness of his professions to those in whom the government of Scotland was vested: it is as follows:—

"Most dear and well-beloved Cousin,

"We have received letters from our kingdom of Scotland, of which you receive herewith a copy; by which our subjects demand of us that we would please to acknowledge for lawful their Parliament, and particularly the two last sessions of that assembly. Which being obtained of our grace, they offer to send us their deputies with full commission to treat with us of the means to re-establish peace and obedience in that kingdom. We have made them an answer that we have made known to their envoy the place where we desired their deputies should come to us with all diligence. And, to the end you should not apprehend that by our letters, or by the treaty, we had any design to hinder the affairs we have committed to you, we have thought fit to let you know that, as we judge the levies you have made for our service to have been a powerful motive to oblige them to send their deputies, and to enter into treaty with us; so, we also believe that the progress you shall make in your generous designs will dispose them to treat with the more moderation, to the end the whole realm may again happily return under our obedience.

"We assure you we have not the least thought to derogate from that ample commission which we have given you, nor to diminish that authority in which we have invested you by our letters-patent. And we do promise you also, if it shall come to pass that we shall enter into any good intelligence with our subjects, we shall have so much care of your proper interest that

all the world shall see how much we shall esteem your person, and what confidence we have in your conduct and your courage, whereof not only the late King, our father, but ourself also, have received proofs both by what you have done and suffered for us. In the mean time, you shall understand that we have qualified the assembly of our subjects with the appellation of the Committee of Estates; which we have done only for this treaty, which, if it shall not succeed, as we desire, as well know already this qualification of the privy-signet does not at all authorize them to be such, so we shall then forthwith declare for what we hold them, notwithstanding the title which we have given them, both for their own proper satisfaction, and also to make known to all the world that we desire to bring back our subjects of the kingdom of Scotland to their duty rather by ways of sweetness and amity, than by the rigour of our arms, if their obstinacy and the injustice of their demands should constrain us to recover it by force. We therefore, do hereby give you full power to proceed vigorously in your enterprizes, not doubting but all our loyal subjects of Scotland will join themselves with you; and, by that means, all who are otherwise disposed will submit themselves to reason in that treaty which we now accept; or shall be forced thereto by arms.

"To this, we permit you to publish these presents, and to communicate them to such as you shall judge fit. So, we pray God to preserve you, most dear cousin."

Soon after the departure of Windram from Jersey, Charles, having received intelligence that the Parliament was equipping an expedition against the island, again retired to France, and having spent some time in the spring of 1650 with his mother at Beauvais, whither she came from Paris, expressly to meet him, he proceeded to Breda to confer with the Scotch Commissioners. These, having arrived before the King, went to meet him at Berghen-op-Zoom, whence they attended him to Breda, on the 16th of March.

Three days afterwards, they were conducted to audience by Lord Wentworth, master of the ceremonies, in the King's coach, exhibited their commissions, and delivered the letters and propositions from the Estates and Kirk. These were the following:—

"That all excommunicated persons should be forbidden the Court—that the King should, by solemn oath, and under his hand and seal, declare his allowance of the National Covenant of Scotland, and of the Solemn League and Covenant of the three nations—that he would confirm all acts of Parliament, enjoin the Solemn League and Covenant, establish Presbytery, the Directory, the Confession of Faith, and Catechism in the kingdom of Scotland as they are already approved by the General Assembly of the Kirk and the Parliament; and that he would observe the same in his own family, and swear never to oppose, or endeavour the alteration of the same—that he would consent that all civil matters might be determined by the present and subsequent Parliaments in Scotland, and all matters ecclesiastical

by the ensuing General Assembly." To these points, the Committee of Estates, during the deliberations, added the following—"that his Majesty should ratify all that had been done in the Parliaments of Scotland in some late sessions," and consent "that Montrose and his adherents be prohibited access into that kingdom."

Meanwhile, Montrose, having obtained from the Courts of Sweden and Denmark some supplies in arms and money, sailed in April, 1650, with 600 Germans, commanded chiefly by Scottish exiles, on an expedition wild, even to madness, for the conquest of a nation in a posture for war, and forewarned of his intentions. Having first touched at the Orkney Islands, where he lost two of his ships, containing about a third of his little force, which foundered with every soul on board in a storm, he pressed into the service 800 of the inhabitants, utterly unacquainted with military matters, and crossed to the main land, hoping to increase his force among the northern clans; but, such was the dread excited by the fame of his sanguinary exploits, that, instead of flocking to his standard, the people everywhere fled at his approach. The Committee of Estates sent out troops to meet him; and his force was easily overpowered. No sooner did the news of the defeat of Montrose reach Charles, than he agreed to the terms proposed by the Commissioners as the only means of recovering his crowns.

The fate of Montrose was severe; but what other result could reasonably be expected from so rash an enterprize? In the encounter with the Parliament

troops, his little force, consisting of no more than 1,200 men, was utterly annihilated, 200 being slain, and all the rest taken, with the exception of about a hundred, who escaped by flight. The royal standard, on which was portrayed the bleeding head of Charles I. lying severed from the body, with this motto, "Judge and avenge my cause, O Lord!" also fell into the hands of the Covenanters. The Marquis himself, when he saw that the day was lost, threw away his cloak with the star of the Order of the Garter, which he had lately received, deserted his horse, changed his dress with a Highlander, and fled.

So gratifying was the intelligence of this victory to the State and Kirk, that Colonel Straughan, who achieved it, was rewarded with a present of £1,000 sterling; and they offered a considerable sum for the apprehension of Montrose. That unfortunate leader, attended by only one man, had strayed three or four days about the fields without food, and in this starving condition he discovered himself to Lord Aston, with whom he had formerly been on terms of friendship. Adversity and the promised reward, wrought a change of disposition, and Aston repaid the confidence of Montrose by sending him, under a strong guard, to Lesley, the commander of the Scottish army, by whom he was immediately forwarded to Edinburgh on a cart-horse.

At the city-gate, the Marquis, who had several wounds about him, but none of them dangerous, was met by some officers and the executioner in his livery-coat, who put him into a high seat in the fashion of a

chariot, and bound him with a cord about the breast and arms to a chair. The executioner, being so commanded, took off the hat of the Marquis, put on his own bonnet; and, mounting one of the first of the four horses harnessed to the chariot, drove slowly along to the Tolbooth, the city-prison. After the formality of a brief hearing before the Parliament, the following sentence, determined upon beforehand, was pronounced by the Chancellor, the Earl of Loudon: "You are to be carried back to the place from whence you came, and from thence, to-morrow, being the 21st of May, (1650), to Edinburgh Cross, there to be hanged on a gallows, thirty foot high, for the space of three hours, with your history and declaration about your neck, and then to be taken down, and your head cut off upon the scaffold, and set upon Edinburgh Tolbooth, and your legs and arms over the gates of the cities of Stirling, Dundee, Glasgow, and Aberdeen; your trunk to be buried in the common place for thieves and robbers, except the Kirk take off your excommunication."

Undaunted by this ignominious sentence, the Marquis answered that "he took it for a greater honour to have his head stand on the prison-gate for this quarrel, than to have his picture in the King's bed-chamber. And, lest his loyalty should be forgotten, they had highly honoured him in designing lasting monuments to bear up his memorial to all posterity; wishing he had flesh enough to have sent a piece to every city in Christendom, to witness his loyalty to his King and country."

With a firmness corresponding with these sentiments, he underwent, on the following day, the fate prepared for him by his vindictive enemies.

Thus perished this remarkable man, whom royalist-writers have cried up as a mirror of virtue and excellence, but whose real character exhibits the same mingled yarn of which human nature is, with scarcely any exception, composed. With eminent personal bravery and presence of mind, he had not the qualities requisite for a general; ambitious and covetous of honour, he was at the same time cruel and blood-thirsty: while a credulity, belonging not so much to the individual as to the age in which he lived, caused him to believe a prediction which designated him as the restorer of the Stuart family, and disposed him to engage in rash schemes that could lead only to destruction. A few days after the execution of Montrose, four other prisoners of distinction, who had served under him, were brought to the block; for they had the favour to be beheaded.

When the news of these proceedings reached Charles at Breda, he sent word to the Commissioners that "he was grieved to hear it reported, that notwithstanding, the hopeful overtures of peace lately made between him and them, they had shed the blood of some of his best subjects of the kingdom of Scotland; and that the manner thereof, according to reports, did extremely trouble him." They begged of him, in answer, "not to stumble at some seeming obstacles, as the death of Montrose, or their reducing of his forces," assuring him

that whatever they did, was to promote his interests to his best advantage.

Such was the only notice taken by Charles of the fate of one, who, at his own instigation, had sacrificed all, not excepting life itself, in his cause. Hear the apology made for him by one of his panegyrists: "The murder of Montrose, though it might justly have deterred his Majesty from trusting himself into those hands which reeked with his best servant's blood, could not be redressed; and his necessities enforced him to dissemble all farther resentment of it."[1]

Such, indeed, was precisely the temper prevailing in Charles's court at this time. "But I must tell your Lordship," writes Secretary Nicholas to Ormond, "the harangues in council and discourses in the court at Breda were that honour and conscience were but bugbears, and that the King ought rather to govern himself by the rules of prudence and necessity."[2]

All the points under negociation having been settled, the Parliament passed a resolution for sending a message to the King, wherein they invited him "to make all possible speed to come to his kingdom of Scotland," and protested that "they would assist him with their lives and fortunes to establish him in all his dominions." At the same time, they forbore not to apprize him that "they had testimonies to produce of his actings by letters to Montrose," having probably intercepted three or four, contrary to his promise to them

[1] Carte's Letters, Vol. i. p. 435.
[2] Monarchy Revived, p. 86.

at the treaty at Breda; however, they were willing, out of special grace, to dispense with him for what was past, so that he would, without delay, according to the articles of agreement, come over into Scotland and comply with the Parliament and the Kirk."[1]

They then set about preparations for his reception. Two of the best houses in Edinburgh were richly furnished for his use, and the Parliament then took into consideration the appointment of officers for his household, selecting such as they thought fit, without reference to the King's predilections, and prohibiting, by Proclamation, several great lords, with many other persons of quality, who had constantly attended on him in Jersey and Holland, from returning to Scotland.

In compliance with the urgent invitations of the Scotch to come over, Charles left the Hague in the beginning of June, and embarked at Scheveling. The celebrated Dutch Admiral, Von Tromp, accompanied him to the ship which was to convey him to Scotland, and is said to have shed tears on taking leave of him.[2]

Escaping the dangers of a tedious storm and of the English cruisers, which were on the look out to intercept him, he arrived safely at the Spey, in the north of Scotland, whither some Lords were sent to receive and accompany him to Edinburgh. He was welcomed on the way, with the general joy and acclamations of

[1] Monarchy Revived, pp. 87-8.
[2] Heath's Chronicle, p. 268.

the people. The town of Aberdeen presented him with £1,500, but the Committee of Estates sent to several places which would have followed the example, enjoining them to bring whatever plate or money they had to bestow to such a treasury as they should appoint.

While they were in expectation of his arrival, the Committee of Estates and Parliament consulted about raising an army for his service as they pretended, and an Act was passed for training every fourth man capable of bearing arms throughout the kingdom, and raising 16,000 foot and 6,000 horse, the supreme command of which was to be reserved for the King. On reaching Edinburgh, he was received with many compliments and congratulations, entering by the gate over which was placed the ghastly head of Montrose; and, on the 15th of July, he was solemnly proclaimed King at the Cross. He had not been long there, before the Estates and the Parliament began to busy themselves afresh about the formation of his household, and clearing it of such malignants as were in his service, whom they excluded not only from all employment about his person, but also in the army. As for himself, a strong guard was kept in constant attendance on him to observe his motions.

These statements of the manner in which Charles was treated by the Scotch fanatics are confirmed by Burnet, from his own knowledge. "The King," he says, "sailed home to Scotland in some Dutch man-of-war, with which the Prince of Orange furnished him

with all the stock of money and arms that his credit could raise. That indeed would not have been very great, if the Prince of Orange had not joined his own to it. The Duke of Hamilton and the Earl of Lauderdale were suffered to go home with him: but, soon after his landing, an order came to put them from him. The King complained of this, but Hamilton, at parting, told him he must prepare for things of harder digestion. He said, at present, he could do him no service; the Marquis of Argyle was then in absolute credit, therefore he desired that he would study to gain him, and give him no cause of jealousy on his account. This King Charles told me himself, as a part of Duke Hamilton's character. The Duke of Buckingham took all the ways possible to gain the Lord Argyle and the ministers; only his dissolute course of life was excessively scandalous, which, to their great reproach, they connived at, because he advised the King to put himself wholly into their hands. The King wrought himself into as grave a deportment as he could. He heard many prayers and sermons, some of great length. I remember, in one fast-day, there were six sermons preached without intermission. I was there myself, and not a little weary of so tedious a service."[1]

Charles's young and profligate companion, the Duke of Buckingham, who was about his own age, was alone permitted to remain with his young master. It can readily be imagined what an infliction they must have considered the incessant long sermons, to which they

[1] Burnet's History, Vol. i. pp. 531, 724.

were compelled to listen. How they must have laughed in their sleeve at this ordeal! More than once, they were reprimanded for their unseemly levity by the rigid divines. The Prince's ruling passion for the fair sex was, however, not to be restrained, and we are informed he was severely reprehended by a committee of Ministers, and urged to be more careful for the future in shutting the windows." The Scotch treated him more like a prisoner than as their King. His life was a constant routine of misery. Lord Lorne was placed as a spy over him night and day.

"The King was not allowed," pursues Burnet, "so much as to walk abroad on Sundays; and if, at any time, there had been any gaiety at court, such as dancing or playing at cards, he was severely reproved for it. This was managed with such rigour and so little discretion, that it contributed not a little to beget in him an aversion to all sorts of strictness in religion. All that had acted on his father's side, were ordered to keep at a great distance from him; and, because the common people shewed some affection to the King, the crowds that pressed to see him were also kept off from coming about him."[1]

But this was not all. With uplifted hand, he swore to the Covenant in the words he had promised at Breda; but, having refused to publish a Declaration agreeable to the minds of the ruling party, the Commissioners of the General Assembly at the West Kirk, Edinburgh, issued one dated August 13, 1650, in which,

[1] Burnet's History, Vol. i. p. 53.

having referred to his refusal to subscribe and publish the Declaration in question, they threatened "not to own him, or his interest, otherwise than with a subordination to God, and so far as he owns and prosecutes the cause of God, and disclaims his and his father's opposition to the work of God, and to the Covenant, and likewise all the enemies thereof."

This act produced its effect. Charles became now wholly submissive. The Declaration he had refused, he signed and published, though it rendered him very contemptible to the understanding men of all parties. It is dated at Dunfermling, August 16, 1650. In this canting document, Charles is made to declare that he detests and abhors all Popery, superstition, and idolatry, together with prelacy, and all errors, heresy, schism, and profaneness, and resolves not to tolerate any of these in any part of his Majesty's dominions, but to endeavour the extirpation thereof to the utmost of his power. He professes his desire to be deeply humbled and afflicted in spirit before God, because of his father's hearkening to, and following evil counsels, and his opposition to the work of reformation, and to the solemn League and Covenant by which so much of the blood of the Lord's people hath been shed in these kingdoms, and for the idolatry of his mother, the toleration whereof in the King's house, as it was a matter of great stumbling to all the Protestant churches, so could it not but be a high provocation of Him who is a jealous God, visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children . . . . knowing he hath to do with God, he doth in-

genuously acknowledge all his own sins, and all the sins of his father's house, craving pardon, and hoping for mercy and reconciliation, through the blood of Jesus Christ."

The whole Declaration is of a piece with these passages, and must excite astonishment as well at the folly of those who drew it up, as at the bare-faced hypocrisy of him who could submit to give it to the world as his own act. The Parliament of England caused it to be printed, and answered paragraph by paragraph; and there is a spirit in their reply, which cannot fail to please every one who has a just sense of liberty, and a contempt for deceit and dissimulation.

CHAPTER XII.

Cromwell marches to Scotland.—Battle of Dunbar.—Letter of Charles to the Committee of Estates.—His Escape from St. Johnston's.—Entreated to return.—Crowned at Scone.—Sermon of Robert Douglas.—The Sovereign and the People.—The King's reply to Lord Loudon.—Ceremonies attending the Coronation.—Hypocritical conduct of Charles to Argyle.—Meeting of the Scottish Parliament.—A New Army embodied.—The King takes the command of it.—Project of the Presbyterians.—Charles marches into England.—He is followed by Cromwell.—Energy of the English Parliament.—Factions in the Scottish Army.—Mortification of Buckingham.—Summons sent by the King to Colonel Mackworth, Governor of Shrewsbury.—Spirited Reply of the latter.—Sir Thomas Middleton.—Charles's march to Worcester.—Proclaimed by the Mayor.—Declaration to the Nobility and Gentry.—The Battle of Worcester.—Total defeat of the Royalists.—Sufferings of the Scottish soldiers who escaped death.—Valorous conduct of the King.—Death-blow to his hopes.

THE English Parliament, accurately informed of all the negociations and designs of Charles and the Scots, no sooner heard of his arrival among them, than they resolved to carry hostilities which

appeared inevitable into their country. For this purpose, Cromwell was summoned from Ireland; and, as Fairfax declined the chief command, he was soon ready to march for Scotland, at the head of 16,000 men.

Though the King had condescended, as we have seen, to practise the most scandalous dissimulation, which exposed him to the severest reproaches of all upright men, the army raised in his behalf was animated with zeal, regarding his cause as the cause of God, and not doubting of victory over the English forces, which, under the command of Cromwell, had entered Scotland. The battle of Dunbar dispelled their ill-founded confidence. Descending at the instigation of their fanatical ministers, from an advantageous position to attack the invaders in the plain, they suffered a signal overthrow, with the loss of 3,000 slain, 8,000 prisoners, 200 colours, afterwards hung up in Westminster Hall, 15,000 stand of arms, and 30 pieces of ordnance. The same vindictive spirit which he had exhibited at Drogheda and Wexford, actuated Cromwell after the battle of Dunbar, when the flying and unresisting Scots were cut down by his savage soldiery. The survivors fared still worse, great numbers of the prisoners perishing by the road-side from fatigue and want of proper food, and such as escaped death in this way were sent by Parliament as slaves into the West Indies.

Previously to the battle, Charles had retired with his Court to Perth, whither he was followed by the Scottish Parliament, Cromwell's victory having given him possession of the city of Edinburgh, though the Castle held out some months. According to Clarendon, the

King rejoiced not less heartily in the defeat of the Scotch than the English General himself, since it relieved him from a strong body of his enemies, who, if they had been successful, would, he was persuaded, have shut him up in a prison. With his usual hypocrisy, however, he addressed to the Committee of Estates a canting letter of condolence and encouragement.

"Wee cannot but acknowledge," he writes, "that the stroke and tryall is very hard to be borne, and would be impossible for us and you in human strength, but in the Lord's wee are bold and confident, who hath always defended this antient kingdom, and transmitted the government of it upon us from soe many worthy predecessors, whoe, in the like difficulties, have not fainted; and they had only the honor and the civil liberties of the land to defend, but wee have with you religion, the gospell, and the Covenant, against which hell shall not prevail, much less a number of sectaries stirred up by it. Wee acknowledge that what hath befallen us is just from God for our sins, and those of our house, and the whole land, and all the families in it have likewise helped to pull down the judgment, and to kindle this fierce wrath. Wee shall strive to be humbled that the Lord may be appeased, and that he may returne to the thousands of his people and comforte us accordinge to the days wee have been afflicted, and the yeares wee have seen evill."[1]

After the battle of Dunbar, the Committee of Estates repaired to the King at St. Johnston's. Charles,

[1] Thurloe Papers, Vol. i. p. 163.

unable to endure the imperious treatment and harsh control of that Committee and of the Kirk, which extorted from him a Declaration condemning his own proceedings and those of the party best affected towards him, banished his friends from about him, and usurped the whole government of all affairs both civil and ecclesiastical, secretly escaped from St. Johnston's in great discontent, accompanied by only four horsemen, proceeding towards the north of Scotland, where several powerful nobles were ready to support him with a considerable force.

The Committee of Estates were greatly alarmed at his departure, fearing that he might be gone to join General Middleton and the Athol men, who acknowledged the King's authority alone, and disclaimed that of the Kirk, Parliament, and Estates. Some advised that, since he had deserted them, they should look no more after him, but leave him to his own ways; while the more moderate judged it better to testify to his Majesty their sorrow for his departure, and desire him graciously to return. The latter course was adopted; and General Montgomery was dispatched with a party of horse to seek him, and humbly entreat him to return. Having learned that Charles was at the residence of Lord Dedup, on the northern border of Fife, he surrounded the house, entered it, and upon his knees acquainted the King with the desires of the Committee. At first, he absolutely refused to comply, as he would no longer endure the subjection in which they had kept him; but at length, overcome by the

importunities of the General and some of his attendants, he was induced to return to St. Johnston's.

The moderate Covenanters, not aware of the full nature of this proceeding, to which was given the name of "The Start," and still desirous of preserving monarchical government, resolved to pardon the insurgents, to conciliate Charles by gentle means, and to perform the ceremony of crowning him, according to ancient custom, at Scone, on the 1st of January, 1650. On this occasion, when that ceremony was gone through for the last time, the King, with the nobility, gentry, and burgesses in their robes, proceeded from St. Johnston's to the church at Scone, the whole Scotch army lining the road on both sides between the two places. Charles, seated upon a scaffold erected in the church, first heard a sermon delivered by Mr. Robert Douglas, moderator of the Commission of the General Assembly, and had to listen patiently to things not the most pleasing to Kings in general, and distasteful to himself in particular. The preacher insisted that the sovereign of right is liable to control, and that the people have laws and liberties to defend. "Kings," he said, "are very desirous to have things spoken and written to hold up their arbitrary and unlimited power; but that way doth exceedingly wrong them.

"There is one Salmasius, a learned man, I confess, who hath written a book for the maintenance of the absolute power of Kings, called 'Defensio Regia,'[1]

[1] He was hired to write this book by Charles II. for a

whereby he hath wronged himself in his reputation, and the King in his government. As for the fact of taking away the life of the late King, (whatever was God's justice in it), I do agree with him to condemn it as a most unjust and horrid fact upon their parts who did it: but, when he cometh to speak to the power of Kings, in giving to them an absolute and illimited power, urging the damnable maxim *Quod libet licet*, he will have a King to do what he pleaseth impure and without controulment: in this, I cannot but dissent from him . . . . . Kings are deceived who think that the people are ordained for the King, and not the King for the people. The Scripture sheweth the contrary, (Rom. iii. 14.) The King is the minister of God for the people's good."

Charles, it may be supposed, from his education, could not be much delighted with these instructions. There is no doubt what follows did not less please him. "There are many sins upon our King and his family . . . . . I desire the King may be truly humbled for his own sins, and the sins of his father's house, which have been great. Beware of putting on these sins with the crown; for, if you put them on, all the well-wishers to a King in the three kingdoms will not be able to hold on the crown, and keep it from tottering, yea, from falling . . . . . A King should reform his own life, that he may be a pattern of godliness to others, and to this he is tied by the Covenants . . . . We

hundred Jacobuses. Milton's Defensio pro Populo Anglicano, is an answer to it.

know that dissembling Kings have been punished of God; and let our King know that none but a religious King can please God."

"All this was very honest," observes Harris, "and the preacher, we may be assured, had no intention of making court, or views to preferment."

After the sermon, Lord Loudon, the Chancellor, addressed the King in a short speech preparatory to his taking the oaths, to which he made answer:—

"I do esteem the affections of my people more than the crowns of many kingdoms, and shall be ready, by God's assistance, to bestow my life in their defence, wishing to live no longer than I may see religion and this kingdom flourish in all happiness." Then kneeling, and lifting up his right hand, he did, in the presence of Almighty God, swear his approbation and allowance of the National Covenant and the Solemn League and Covenant, and afterwards swore to observe and keep the Coronation-Oath administered unto him, which expressly required the observance of the laws and constitutions of that realm, and the rooting out all heretics and enemies of God, that should be convicted by the true Kirk of God of the aforesaid crimes.

Ascending a stage a little higher than the other, he seated himself upon the throne, and a herald-at-arms put the question four times repeated to the people—"whether they were willing to accept King Charles for their King, and become subject to his commandments?" Loud acclamations of "God save King Charles the Second!" expressed their consent. His

Majesty was then clothed by the Lord Chamberlain with the royal robes; the crown was placed upon his head by the Marquis of Argyle, and the sceptre in his hand; the sword was girt about him by the Earl-marshal, and the spurs were put on by the Earl of Eglington. The nobility being called by the herald one by one, swore allegiance and fealty to his Majesty, touching the crown upon his head, with the right hand, in these words, "By the Eternal and Almighty God, who liveth and reigneth for ever, I shall support thee to the uttermost." The people also, holding up their hands, swore obedience to the King, according to the usual oath; and the ceremonies concluded with an exhortatory address and prayer by the preacher. Charles and the nobility then left the church in the same order as they came, the Earl of Glencairn bearing the sword before his Majesty. After a sumptuous dinner, the whole train returned to St. Johnston's in the same manner that they had come, and the King having a guard composed of the sons of divers great Scotch Lords and other Members of Parliament, whose captain was Lord Lorne, son of Argyle.

It was Argyle who had been mainly instrumental in keeping the Covenanters, and his countrymen in general, in good humour with their dissolute King, whose conduct towards him was nevertheless marked with his characteristic duplicity. "It was thought very expedient," says Clarendon, "to raise an imagination in Argyle that the King had a purpose to marry one of his daughters;" and so far was the matter carried, that

a message was despatched by the royal hypocrite to desire his mother's consent, and yet Argyle was afterwards brought to the block for conduct previous to this negociation.

The Parliament of Scotland, which had adjourned on account of the Coronation, re-assembled in the beginning of March, and violent discussions took place respecting the admission of several lords of the royal party to their seats in the House; and, owing to the opposition of the Kirk assemblies of Stirling and Aberdeen, this object could not be accomplished till they had passed "the stool of repentance." The Duke of Hamilton, who, for one, submitted to this discipline, exhibited a certain degree of splendour on the occasion, having a table covered with black velvet placed before him, with a cushion of the same, and making a great feast on that day.[1]

Argyle, and other Covenant lords, were sorely mortified at the admission of such as, from their devotion to the King's cause, were called royal lords, into the Parliament and army, as if apprehensive that their own influence would be diminished. At the same time, the clergy, like fire-brands, sought to inflame petty animosities and discontents, and were as eager to ruin their country with their tongues, as the English army could be with the sword. The King meanwhile, sensible of the pernicious effects of these divisions, and of the necessity of providing for the defence of the kingdom, set up his standard at Aberdeen, and in a

[1] Monarchy Revived, p. 104.

short time, a considerable number of men repaired to it; so that, in the course of the spring, another army, not less considerable than that which had been destroyed at Dunbar, was embodied. At the request of the Estates, Charles commanded in person; Hamilton was appointed Lieutenant-General, and Lesley Major-General.

The King having removed his Court to Stirling, paid special attention to the fortifying of that town. His birthday, May 29th, was celebrated with great rejoicing throughout Scotland; and the people of Dundee, to express their affection, presented his Majesty with a rich tent and six pieces of ordnance, and raised a regiment of horse for his service at their own charge.

Before the Parliament was dissolved, Charles desired, by a message, that the Act about Malignants might be repealed, and that no more mention should be made of that name among them; and that Hamilton, the Earls Calendar and Seaforth and others, might have full command in the army. In spite of the opposition of Argyle and the Covenanters, these proposals were carried in the affirmative.

The solicitude felt by the Scotch to have Charles among them, arose from their expectation, that they should be able to make him a tool of their ambitious designs. The Presbyterians, the predominant party, were desirous to render their religious system paramount in England also, and conceived that, having recalled the King on their own terms, if they could raise a sufficient army, they might use his name in an

expedition into England, where they should be joined by such numbers as to effect his Restoration, and, by rigorously excluding the Royalists, they should reserve all the power to themselves.

With these views, those of the young King and his confidential advisers coincided to a certain degree: for both he and they regarded Scotland as a mere stepping-stone to England, where they expected a rising in their favour, and where they could shake off the yoke of the Covenant. The successes and rapid approach of Cromwell soon left them no alternative but the execution of a plan alike cherished by both parties.

The Scottish Parliament had authorized the levy of 15,000 foot and 8,000 horse. The late disasters having taught the necessity of standing on the defensive, the new levies were encamped in a secure position at Torwood, near Stirling, from which Cromwell had no means of dislodging them but by reducing all the towns on the east coast, and cutting off their supplies. Numerous desertions were the consequence. In this distress, Scotland being in a manner already lost, Charles, sensible that his raw, inexperienced troops were no match for Cromwell's veteran soldiers, flushed with success and superior in number, resolved upon the desperate measure of an irruption into England, confidently expecting to be joined by powerful reinforcements as soon as he should enter that country. Accordingly, on the 31st of July, 1651, the Scotch army, about 16,000 strong, left the camp at Tor-

wood; and, on the sixth day, entered England by the Carlisle road.

No sooner was Cromwell, who preferred following the Scotch army into England to hazarding another winter-campaign in the north, apprized of this sudden movement, than he despatched Generals Harrison and Rich to collect as many troops and Militia as possible, to obstruct the march of the invaders; he sent Lambert to hover upon their rear; and, leaving Monk to complete the reduction of Scotland, prepared to follow the enemy with his main force.

The Scotch, as they advanced, found themselves egregiously mistaken in regard to the sentiments of the English. People of all ranks, whether Independents or Presbyterians, seemed emulous of testifying their attachment to the Commonwealth, and their indignation against the attempt to impose a Prince upon them by a foreign army. The Militia was embodied in all quarters; a special Act was passed, declaring it high treason to afford succour or service to Charles and his forces; and never were the vigilance, ability, and energy of Parliament more conspicuously displayed.

Worn out with tedious marches, many of the Scotch deserted; and it became a question with their leaders what course to pursue. Some advised a march for the capital, but the majority recommended Worcester, where the harassed troops might refresh themselves; where the young King expected a party to join him, and where his friends from Wales might flock to his

standard. To Worcester, the army accordingly proceeded, and there, reduced to about 16,000, it arrived on the 22nd of August, in a miserable plight. The desertion had chiefly been of the rigid Covenanters, and the royal advisers expressed their satisfaction at seeing the army purged of that body. The approach of danger could not cure those royalists of their selfishness and extravagance. When the army was in the utmost hazard, they were divided into factions for preferment, and undermining one another with all the little insidious arts of the Court. Thus, at this critical juncture, the Duke of Buckingham, who had never shown any military talent, endeavoured to supplant Lesley, representing him as unworthy of trust, and modestly proposing himself for the command: and, because Charles would not comply with this request, he retired in sullen discontent from the councils.

In every market-town, Charles was proclaimed King of England by an Englishman whom he had created king-at-arms; but, throughout the whole march, the steady hostility of the country to a cause supported by foreign invasion, was unequivocally displayed. In passing through Shropshire, the King sent a summons to Colonel Mackworth, the Governor of Shrewsbury, with the following letter:

"Colonel Mackworth,

"Having sent you herewith a summons to render into my hands my town, with the castle, of

Shrewsbury, I cannot but persuade myself you will do it, when I consider you a gentleman of an ancient house and of very different principles (as I am informed) from those with whom your employment ranks you at present. If you shall peaceably deliver them unto me, I will not only pardon what is past, and protect you and yours in your persons and all that belongs to you, but reward so eminent and seasonable a testimony of your loyalty with future trust and favour, and do leave it to yourself to propose the particulars, being upon that condition ready to grant you presently any thing you shall reasonably desire, and to approve myself your friend,

"C..R."

The summons which accompanied this letter was to the same effect. The Governor, true to his trust, returned this answer:

"*To the Commander-in-Chief of the Scottish Army.*

"SIR,

"By your trumpeter I received two papers, the one containing a proposition, the other a direct summons for the rendition of the town and castle of Shrewsbury, the custody whereof I have received by the authority of Parliament. And, if you believe me a gentleman (as you say you do), you may believe I will be faithful to my trust, to the violation whereof neither allurements can persuade me nor threatenings of force, especially when but paper-ones compel me. What principles I am judged to be of, I know not; but I hope

they are such as shall declare me honest, and no way differing herein (as I know) from those engaged in the same employment with me, who, should they desert the cause they are embarked in, I resolve to be found as I am unremoveable, the faithful servant of the Commonwealth of England.

"H. MACKWORTH."

The like summons was sent to Sir Thomas Middleton, governor of Chirk Castle, in the same county, who treated it less ceremoniously than Colonel Mackworth had done; for, instead of returning any answer whatever, he ordered the messenger to be seized and sent prisoner to Wrexham; and the poor fellow was afterwards hanged at Chester, agreeably to the special Act of Parliament.

On the march to Worcester, Charles had sent a copy of a Declaration, offering pardon to all who would return to their allegiance, enclosed in a letter to the lord-mayor and aldermen of London, which, by order of the Parliament, was publicly burned at the Old Exchange by the hangman; and, at a muster of 14,000 men in Moorfields, a day or two afterwards, Lenthall, the speaker, repaired thither, and caused a copy of the same Declaration to be burned at the head of every regiment.

On the 23d of August, the King was proclaimed by the mayor and sheriff of Worcester; and, the same day, issued a Declaration, summoning all the neighbouring nobility, gentry, and others, upon their allegiance, to appear personally in that city with horse and arms on

the 26th; and he was, in consequence, joined by several persons of distinction, with about 150 armed followers. The Earl of Derby brought him about 300 from the Isle of Man, and returned to Lancashire, where, by his influence, he raised a body of 1,500 men: but, being met by Colonel Lilburn, whom he attacked, his forces were routed, and the Earl himself narrowly escaped wounded to Worcester.

Strenuous exertions were meanwhile made for repairing and strengthening the city, which had been much neglected. On the other hand, the Parliament, by their new levies, had increased their forces to a prodigious amount, and Cromwell was marching up with 17,000 horse and foot, besides parties under other officers, forming a total of above 30,000 men.

The King, justly impressed with the danger of his situation, pusillanimously resolved to retreat with the cavalry to Scotland, and so leave the rest of his troops to their fate; but, as soon as the design became known, a mutiny was threatened, the soldiers insisting that all ought to run one common risk, and the unworthy motion was relinquished.[1]

The first encounter was at Upton Bridge, seven miles from Worcester, where a small detachment of the royal army had been posted. On the approach of the enemy, the bridge had been broken down; but so carelessly that one plank was left; and, by means of this, the Republican troops were enabled to cross, and obliged General Massy, with his little party, to retreat to Worcester.

[1] Brodie, Vol. iii. pp. 309-10.

Fleetwood, having left a sufficient force to secure the pass at Upton, advanced towards the city; and Cromwell, having thrown a bridge of boats over the Severn, made part of his army cross to the opposite bank, that he might attack on both sides at once, and prevent escape. The Scotch, on their part, kept nearly their whole force on one side of the river.

The assault was deferred till the 3d of September, the anniversary of the day which had proved so fatal to the Scotch at Dunbar. Contemporary writers relate that, in the morning, the King held a council-of-war upon the top of the College Church steeple, to have the better view of the enemy's arrangements; that, perceiving a sort of skirmish at Powick Bridge, he commanded all to their arms, marched himself to that point, and gave orders for opposing to the utmost the passage of the enemy over the Severn there; that, soon afterwards, the bridge was so furiously assaulted that the brigade defending it was beaten back into the city in disorder.[1] Brodie alleges, without citing his authority, that "not till then was Charles aware that the battle had begun. It is said," he continues, "that, harassed and exhausted by want of rest, particularly on the preceding night, and assured that there would be no battle that day—probably, on account of his faint-hearted design of retreating to Scotland, it was deemed advisable to keep him at a distance—he had retired to repose, from which he was raised by the noise of the conflict."

[1] Monarchy Revived, pp. 124-5.

The bridge being stormed, there was no time to deliberate longer. It was, therefore, resolved forthwith to attack Cromwell, who, having passed his army over the Severn by the bridge of boats, marched direct to the city on that side, while Fleetwood assaulted it on the west. The King himself, we are told, sallied forth at the head of the Scotch infantry to meet Cromwell;[1] and so furious was the onset, that the general's invincible life-guard, called *Ironsides*, was staggered and compelled to give ground, so that their artillery was for a time in the hands of the royalists. The Scotch gallantly maintained the fight for three or four hours, and the King had two horses shot under him; while the cavalry, under Lesley, were scarcely more than spectators of the engagement. The enemy, from their vast superiority in number, were enabled to pour in successive supplies of fresh forces. The royal troops, thinned and exhausted, were put to flight, and pursued by the victors into the city.

At Sudbury Gate, through which the routed royalists fled, an ammunition-waggon, which had been overthrown, lay across the passage. The King was, therefore, obliged to dismount from his horse, and enter the city on foot. In the Friars Street, he put off his armour, which was heavy and troublesome to him, took a fresh horse, and, seeing many of his infantry throw down their arms and cease fighting, he rode up and down among them, sometimes with his hat in his hand, entreating them to stand to their arms, and to sell their

[1] Monarchy Revived, p. 126.

lives as dearly as possible. Perceiving that his exhortations were ineffectual, he exclaimed, "I had rather you would shoot me than keep me alive to witness the sad consequences of this fatal day!"

Several officers, however, succeeded in rallying a force sufficient to check the enemy as they entered Sudbury Gate, and gallantly disputed that street with them—a service of the greatest importance for securing the retreat of the King. Meanwhile, Fleetwood's troops on the other side of the city, being masters of St. John's, and having completely dispersed all opponents, fell to plundering. Cromwell, as soon as he had forced his way into Sudbury Street, hastened to the Fort Royal, where he met with a determined resistance, which cost him the lives of three hundred Cheshire men: but, ordering up strong reinforcements, he stormed the place, and put to the sword every man of the garrison, to the number of 1,500. The city then became a scene of all those horrors which are the common lot of places taken by assault, and which humanity cannot think of without a shudder.

The number of the slain belonging to the royal army is variously estimated at two, three, and four thousand; while it is generally agreed that the prisoners immediately taken amounted to six or seven thousand, and many more, particularly of the cavalry, swelled the number to 10,000. Among these was the Duke of Hamilton and Sir John Douglas, who died of their wounds, besides about a hundred persons of distinction. Indeed, it is calculated that not more than 300 horse,

and scarcely any of the foot, escaped from this fatal fight. Well might Cromwell term his victory "a crowning mercy!" Such was the cruel and vindictive spirit that actuated the victors towards their wretched prisoners, many of whom had been dragged from their homes, that we are informed "those brave fellows, who, in the battle, escaped death, lived but longer to die for the most part more miserably, many of them being afterwards knocked o' the head by country people, some bought and sold like slaves, for a small price; others went begging up and down till, charity failing them, their necessities brought upon them diseases, and diseases—death." As Brodie justly and feelingly remarks, "their misery has never drawn one tear from eyes which have wept profusely over illustrious distress, however merited."[1]

The King displayed great bravery in this encounter. The author of Boscobel observes, "he gave an incomparable example of valour to the rest by charging in person, which the Highlanders, especially, imitated, in a great measure, fighting with the butt-end of their muskets, when their ammunition was spent."

A prisoner at Chester, in a letter written soon after the battle of Worcester, thus confirms the gallant conduct of the young King on that disastrous day:—"Certainly, a braver Prince never lived, having, in the day of the fight, hazarded his person much more than any officer of his army, riding from regiment to regiment, and leading them on upon service with all the encou-

[1] History of the British Empire, Vol. iii. p. 311.

ragement (calling every officer by his name) which the example and exhortation of a magnanimous general could afford, showing so much steadiness of mind and undaunted courage in such continual danger that, had not God covered his head, and wonderfully preserved his sacred person, he must, in all human reason, needs have perished that day."[1]

Attended by about fifty or sixty of his followers, Charles fled from Worcester about six in the evening. Thus were the hopes which the young King had so long and so ardently cherished, doomed to end in bitter disappointment. That evil star which seemed to preside over the destiny of all his race was still in the ascendant. The disastrous results attending this battle had not only deprived him of nearly all the gallant followers who had perilled their lives in his service, but cast him once more on the world a fugitive and a wanderer. A single troop of horse (the wreck of the royal army) alone remained to him; and, with this small force, it would have been madness to attempt to retrieve the fortunes of the day; and, as regarded reinforcements, he was without the shadow of a hope. Success in life usually brings a man many friends; but, when the tide of misfortune once sets in against him, so far from being likely to acquire others, he is generally deserted by those who have previously surrounded him.

[1] Oxford Edition of Clarendon's State Papers, 1773.

CHAPTER XIII.

The King and his cavaliers halt at Barbon's Bridge.—Reach Kinver Heath.—Mr. Giffard undertakes to conduct Charles to Boscobel House.—He passes through Stourbridge.—Homely fare.—Arrives at White Ladies.—The Penderell family.—The King disguises himself, and meditates going to London.—His ludicrous appearance.—His sylvan retreat, and comfortless situation.—Fate of his loyal adherents.—Escape of Mr. Giffard.—Fidelity of Richard Penderell.—Noble conduct of Mrs. Yates.—Charles determines to proceed to Wales.—His guide's mother.—The formidable miller.—Nocturnal adventure.—Mr. Woolfe, of Madeley.—Charles takes refuge in his barn.—Boscobel Wood.—Unexpected meeting with a friend.—The King conceals himself in the famous Oak.—Attentions of Colonel Carlis.—Hiding-place in Boscobel House.—A dainty supper.—Royal cookery.—The Sabbath proves a day of rest.—Mission of John Penderell.—The miller's nag.—Charles escorted to Moseley Hall by the five brothers.—His interview with Lord Wilmot.—His loyal reception by Mr. Whitgreave.—The King's strange attire.—Mr. Huddlestone.—Noble and generous devotion of Lord Wilmot.—Inconvenient dormitory.—Sudden alarm.—Presence of mind.—Obedient pupils.—The King conducted to Bentley Hall by Colonel Lane.

N quitting Worcester, Charles and his gallant cavaliers proceeded to Barbon's Bridge, about half a mile from the city. Here they halted

for a short time. The King, turning round several times towards the scene of his late disaster, for awhile appeared to be animated with fresh hopes, and expressed a desire to the Duke of Buckingham, Lord Wilmot, and other commanders, that they should rally, and try the fortune of war once more. A serious consultation then took place, when they were all of opinion that the day was irrecoverably lost, and advised his Majesty to make the best of his way back to Scotland. His own wish was to proceed to London; but he at length yielded to the arguments adduced against a project deemed so dangerous to his person.

As soon as it was dark, therefore, in conformity with the recommendation of his friends to proceed northwards, the King, accompanied by about sixty gentlemen, officers and servants, rode away from the small remnant of his army, and pursued another route. The party reached Kinver Heath, near Kidderminster, the same evening. Here they halted to consult together as to what direction they should take, their guide, on account of the darkness of the night, feeling uncertain as to the right road. Hereupon, the Earl of Derby recommended Boscobel House[1] as a good place of con-

[1] The materials for the following romantic narrative are derived from the well-known work called "Boscobel," which was published soon after the Restoration, and was shortly afterwards translated into Portuguese. It has since been reprinted in several shapes. Thomas Blount, the author, states, in his "Address to the Reader," that "he diligently collected the particulars from most of their mouths, who were the very actors themselves in this scene of miracles." There

cealment for the King, having himself taken refuge there in his flight from Wigan.

The King listened to this suggestion, and Mr. Charles Giffard willingly undertook to conduct him thither. On approaching Stourbridge, it was debated whether it would be safe to pass through that place, some of the enemy's troops being quartered there, and they boldly decided on doing so. "We rode very quietly through the town," says the King, "they having nobody to watch, nor they suspecting us no more than we did them, which I learned afterwards from a country fellow."

At day-break, the King and his company stopped to obtain refreshment at a house about a mile beyond Stourbridge, but could procure no better provision than bread and cheese, of which they partook. Mr. Giffard then conducted them to White Ladies, a seat belonging to the Giffard family, situate half a mile beyond Boscobel, and about twenty-six miles from Worcester. It was so called from its having formerly been a monastery of Cistertian nuns, who were habited in a white robe. The door was opened by George Penderell, a servant, upon which, his Majesty and retinue entered the house. The horse that bore the King was then led into the hall, lest, if seen, the animal might lead to the detection of the rider. A

is no question whatever as to the authenticity of the work. We have also availed ourselves of the King's own account of his escape from Worcester (dictated by him to Samuel Pepys, the amusing diarist, who held the office of Secretary to the Admiralty), as well as other reliable sources of information.

conversation ensued as to the best measures to pursue for the safety of the fugitive monarch, to enable him to elude the pursuit of his remorseless foes, who were doubtless at this moment scouring the country in all directions.

Mr. Giffard, in this conjuncture, sent for Richard and William Penderell, two trusty persons, on whose fidelity he could fully rely, and who resided in the immediate vicinity.[1] Some sack and biscuit were brought by Mrs. Giffard to the King, who was weary and exhausted by his long nocturnal march; his followers also partook of refreshment. Intelligence was soon brought by an honest rustic, that Lesley's cavalry, 3,000 strong, were encamped upon the heath near Tong Castle, upon which the King was recommended to rejoin them, and then proceed into Scotland. This proposition, he says, he declined, "as absolutely impossible, knowing very well that the country would all rise upon us, and that men who had deserted me when they were in good order,

[1] The Penderell family consisted of six brothers, of mean but honest parentage, who were born at Hobbal Grange in the parish of Tong, in the county of Salop, viz., William, John, Richard, Humphrey, Thomas, and George. John, Thomas, and George had been soldiers during the early part of the Civil Wars; Thomas had been slain at Stowe; William was servant at Boscobel; Humphrey, a miller; and Richard resided with his mother, and rented a part of Hobbal Grange. The above united fraternity, who, by their noble conduct, reflected honour to the name of Englishmen, were identified with the fate and fortunes of the royal fugitive at this most critical stage in his career, as will be seen on a perusal of the following pages.

would never stand to me when they had been beaten."[1]

Richard Penderell arrived first, and was immediately sent back to bring a suit of his own clothes for the King. As soon as he returned with them, his brother William also came, and both were introduced to the King by the Earl of Derby, who exhorted them to take especial care of his Majesty, and be as faithful to him as they had been to him. Mr. Giffard also conjured them to do so; to which commands, the two brothers promised strict obedience. "I took the resolution," says the King, "of putting myself into a disguise, and endeavouring to get a-foot to London, in a country fellow's habit, with a pair of ordinary grey cloth breeches, a leathern doublet, and a green jerkin which I took in the house of White Ladys. I also cut my hair very short, and flung my clothes into a privy-house, that nobody might see that anybody had been stripping themselves. I acquainting none with my resolution of going to London but my Lord Wilmot, they all desiring me not to acquaint them with what I intended to do, because they knew not what they might be forced to confess; on which consideration, they with one voice begged of me not to tell them what I intended to do."

Charles must have presented a truly laughable and ludicrous figure at this moment, the more particularly as the author of Boscobel tells us that "he had been advised to rub his hands on the back of the chimney, and with them his face," which we should have thought

[1] The King's narrative.

would have been calculated to attract, rather than divert attention.

Having divested himself of his jewels and princely ornaments, distributed the money he had among his servants, and assumed his rustic attire, he was admonished by his two guides not to delay his departure for an instant, there being a troop of the enemy's horse at Cotsal, only three miles distant, who had already visited the house.[1] Anxious to consult his own safety, he readily complied with this suggestion; and, after taking leave of his devoted followers, accompanied Richard Penderell through a back door into an adjacent wood, belonging to Boscobel, called Spring Coppice, about half a mile from White Ladies. In this sylvan retreat, he states he remained concealed all that day "without meat or drink, and by great good fortune it rained all the time, which hindered them, as I believe, from coming into the wood to search for men that might be fled thither. And one thing is remarkable enough, that those with whom I have since spoken, of them that joined with the horse upon the heath, did say that it rained little or nothing with them all the day, but only in the wood where I was, this contributing to my safety."[2]

[1] Soon after the King's departure from White Ladies, the habitation underwent a most severe scrutiny, in consequence of information gained by the soldiery, who were deeply exasperated at not finding the object of their search. No remnant of the house now exists, but the ruins of the old Cistertian monastery are still standing.

[2] The King's narrative.

The rain poured down in torrents all the following night, so much so "that the thickest tree in the wood was not able to keep his Majesty dry, nor was there anything for him to sit on." In this forlorn and comfortless situation Charles passed the night, during which he conceived the idea of crossing the Severn into Wales, and to make his escape to France on board some ship from Swansea, or other seaport along that coast.

But to return for a few moments to the faithful and devoted followers, of whom Charles had taken leave at White Ladies. No sooner had he departed, than they conferred together to take measures for their own safety; and they determined to proceed northwards, by way of Newport, in the hope of rejoining General Lesley with the main body of Scottish horse, as the best means for their security. They succeeded in this attempt, but were shortly afterwards utterly overthrown by a small body of Republican soldiers. In the conflict, many of the Royalists were slain, and others taken prisoners. Among the latter were the Earls of Derby and Lauderdale, Sir Timothy Featherstone, and Mr. Charles Giffard.[1] The last-mentioned gentleman afterwards contrived to effect his escape from an inn at Bunbury, in Cheshire, whither he had been taken. The Earls of Lauderdale and Cleveland, with several others, were conveyed to the Tower, and afterwards to Windsor Castle, where they remained in captivity some years. The Duke of Buck-

[1] The King, after the Restoration, gave him a pension for life of 300*l.* a-year.

ingham, Lord Leviston, and Lord Talbot encountered a series of romantic adventures very similar to those which befell the King himself. The Scottish soldiers were nearly all captured by the Parliamentary troops, and the country-people in Cheshire, Lancashire, and parts adjacent. Thus was the royal army totally annihilated.

The propitious clouds continued to lower over Spring Coppice at sun-rise, on Thursday, the 4th of September, when Richard Penderell, true to his trust, and compassionating the unfortunate situation of the King, went to the house of Mrs. Yates, his sister-in-law, of whom he borrowed a blanket, which he folded and placed on the wet ground, under a tree, for his Majesty to sit on. The good woman presently made her appearance, bringing with her a mess of milk, butter, and eggs, as she had been directed by Richard, on his visit to her cottage. The King was not a little surprised as well as disconcerted on seeing her; but, putting a good face on the matter, he said cheerfully, "Good woman, can you be faithful to a distressed cavalier?" She replied, "Yes, sir, I will rather die than discover you."[1] He felt satisfied with this assurance, and passed the remainder of the day in the wood. At nightfall, in pursuance of his determination to go into Wales, Charles quitted the coppice, taking Richard Penderell with him as his guide.

Before starting on his journey, he went to Richard's

[1] Charles, after his Restoration, settled a pension of 50*l.* a-year for life on this honest dame and her descendants.

house at Hobbal Grange, not far off, to visit the mother of his companion, who was delighted to see her son in attendance upon the King. Here he had time and means the better to complete his disguise, and it was agreed that he should go under the assumed name of Will Jones, and carry a wood-bill. After partaking of some refreshment, they set out on foot, resolving to proceed that night to Madeley, in Shropshire, about five miles from White Ladies, and within a mile of the river Severn, which it was necessary to cross on their road to Wales. About twelve o'clock at night, they arrived at Evelyn Mill, about two miles from Madeley.

"Just as we came to the mill," observes the King in his narrative, "we could see the miller, as I believe, sitting at the mill-door, he being in white clothes, it being a very dark night. He called out, 'Who goes there?' Upon which Richard Penderell answered, 'Neighbours going home,' or some such like words. Whereupon, the miller cried out, 'If you be neighbours, stand, or I will knock you down!' Upon which, we, believing there was company in the house, the fellow bade me follow him close, and he run to a gate that went up a dirty lane, up a hill, and opening a gate, the miller cried out, 'Rogues! rogues!' And thereupon some men came out of the mill after us, which I believe were soldiers; so we fell a-running, both of us, up the lane, as long as we could run, it being very deep and very dirty, till, at last, I bade him leap over a hedge, and lie still to hear if any body followed us, which we

did, and continued lying down upon the ground about half-an-hour, when, hearing nobody come, we continued our way on to the village upon the Severn."

Had the King and his companion known how matters really stood at the mill at this moment, it is more than probable that they would have been in no haste to make such a precipitate retreat. It afterwards appeared that the miller had at the time in his house some persons of note of the royal army, who had taken refuge there after the battle of Worcester, and that he was on the watch to prevent their being surprised.

Richard, fearing they might be pursued, led the King out of the usual track over a little brook, through which they were forced to wade, owing to which his Majesty's feet, from his recent long marches, were much galled. So dark was the night, that he was sometimes in danger of losing his guide, and might have done so, but for the rustling of Richard's calf-skin breeches, which enabled the King to follow him. On their route to Madeley, Penderell told the King that he was acquainted with one Mr. Woolfe, who lived there and who might safely be confided in, and that he had a hiding-hole in his house for priests, in which his Majesty would be secure. Charles considered the suggestion a good one; and, on their arrival in the dead of the night, they proceeded to Mr. Woolfe's house, "but I would not go in," says the King, "till I knew a little of his mind, whether he would receive so dangerous a guest as me, and therefore stayed in a

field, under a hedge, by a great tree, commanding him [Richard] not to say it was I, but only to ask Mr. Woolfe whether he would receive an English gentleman, a person of quality, to hide him the next day, till we could travel again by night, for I durst not go but by night." At so unseasonable an hour, Richard found the inmates all in bed, but soon knocked them up, the door being opened by Mr. Woolfe's daughter, who introduced the nocturnal visitor to her father.

The King gives the following account of what took place at this interview. "Mr. Woolfe, when the country-fellow[1] told him that it was one that had escaped from the battle of Worcester, said that, for his part, it was so dangerous a thing to harbour any body that was known, that he would not venture his neck for any man, unless it were the King himself. Upon which, Richard Penderell, very indiscreetly, and without any leave, told him that it was I. Upon which, Mr. Woolfe replied, that he should be very ready to venture all he had in the world to secure me.[2] Upon which, Richard Penderell came and told me what he had done, at which I was a little troubled, but then there was no remedy, the day being just coming on, and I must either venture that, or run some greater danger."

After deliberating a few moments, the King entered the house by a back-door. He then learned from Mr. Woolfe that it would not be safe for him to remain in

[1] Richard Penderell.

[2] *i.e.* For my safety, or security.

the house, there being two companies of Militia in the town, who kept strict guard all along the Severn, to prevent the escape of any fugitives into Wales. He further told him that the hiding-place in his house had been discovered by the soldiers, and advised that his Majesty should go into his barn, and lie concealed behind the corn and hay. In compliance with this suggestion, Charles, after partaking of some cold meat, and accompanied by his guide, repaired to the barn, in which they took refuge all the following day. Mr. Woolfe and his son (the latter of whom had returned home the same afternoon, having been held prisoner at Shrewsbury, but had been released) brought the King food into the barn as soon as it was dark. They earnestly recommended him not to think of venturing into Wales, in consequence of the strict guard kept along the river by the Republican soldiery, who had not only secured the bridges, but seized upon all the passage-boats.

Under these circumstances, they advised him to retrace his steps, and return to Boscobel House, which they considered the most retired place for concealment in all the country. His Majesty yielded to this friendly counsel, and accordingly took his departure about eleven o'clock the same night, having first discoloured his hands with the juice of walnut-tree leaves, provided for him by Mrs. Woolfe. In dread of the redoubtable miller they had before encountered, they did not venture too near the mill, but forded the little stream at a short distance from it, the King taking Richard by the hand

as his guide could not swim, though he could do so himself.

They reached Boscobel about three o'clock on Saturday morning, when Richard left his Majesty in the wood, whilst he went into the house to see if any soldiers were there. Here he found Colonel William Carlis,[1] who had seen the last man killed at Worcester, and had experienced great difficulty in effecting his escape after the battle, and who deemed it more prudent to conceal himself in Boscobel Wood, than to go to his own house in the vicinity, where search would certainly be made for him.

On Richard acquainting the Colonel that His Majesty was in the wood, he hastened with William and Richard to pay his respects to him. The King, who was sitting on the root of a tree, was heartily glad to see the Colonel, and they all returned into the house, when the King freely partook of bread and cheese, as well as of a posset of thin milk and small beer made for him by William Penderell's wife, who also got ready some warm water to wash his feet, which were not only very dirty, but much blistered by his incessant and tedious peregrinations. The Colonel pulled off his Majesty's shoes, which were full of gravel, and his stockings, which were very wet; and, there being no other shoes in the house that would fit him, Mrs. Penderell put some hot embers inside to dry them. Charles feeling somewhat revived after his refreshment and ablutions, the Colonel told him it would be very dan-

[1] The King styles him Major Careless.

gerous to remain in the house, and recommended him, during the day, to take refuge in a thick-leaved, bushy oak, near Boscobel House. Thither they repaired accordingly; the two Penderells assisted them in climbing up into the tree, and brought them some bread, cheese, and small beer, (the only provision that could be procured) as well as a cushion for His Majesty to sit on. As he had had scarcely any rest during the two preceding nights, the Colonel advised him to try and get a little sleep, taking the King's head on his lap, and carefully watching over him, that he might not fall during his slumbers. Thus they remained throughout the day, occasionally observing soldiers scouring the wood, for the purpose of arresting any fugitives.

In the evening, they returned to Boscobel House, where Charles took up his quarters in the small hiding-place previously occupied by the Earl of Derby, reposing upon a little pallet put there for him to rest upon, in preference to going back to the oak, where he could not so much as even sit up at his ease.[1] Before retiring to rest, he was shaved by William Penderell, who also cut off his hair short at the top, but leaving some about the ears, after the country fashion. Colonel Carlis observed that William was but a mean barber, to which

[1] The famous tree that sheltered the King was henceforth called "the Royal Oak of Boscobel." The numerous persons who afterwards visited it, denuded it of its lower boughs. It has since paid the debt of nature; and its successor, reared from an acorn of the parent tree, fenced in with an iron-railing, perpetuates the spot whereon it stood.

His Majesty answered, "he had never been shaved by any barber before."

The King desired William to burn the hair which he had cut off. But he did not comply with this request, being anxious to preserve it as a sacred relic. Humphrey Penderell, having been to Shefnal on this Saturday afternoon to pay some taxes, met with a Republican Colonel, who was in pursuit of the King; and, having gained intelligence that he had been at White Ladies, and that Humphrey lived close by, examined him strictly, acquainting him of the penalty for concealing the King, which was—death without mercy—while, on the other hand, a reward of £1,000 would he paid to any one for discovering him. The true and loyal Humphrey, however, disclaimed all knowledge of his whereabouts, and was dismissed, apprizing the King and the Colonel of what had occurred on his return.

The goodwife, Penderell, whom his Majesty was pleased to call "my Dame Joan," provided some chickens for his Majesty's supper, a dainty to which he had lately been a stranger. Some members of the faithful family with whom he was located, kept careful watch throughout the night, to prevent the danger of a surprize. Very early the next morning (Sunday), Colonel Carlis proceeded to a neighbouring sheep-fold, and killed one of the best sheep, which William brought home on his back, his Majesty having expressed a desire to have some mutton for dinner.

The King arose early, and quitted his confined and

comfortless dormitory, walking in a gallery near to it, where he offered up his devotions. A window in this gallery commanded a view of the road from Tong to Brewood. As soon as the sheep was cold, after being killed, the author of Boscobel observes, "William cut it up, and brought a leg of it into the parlour; his Majesty called for a knife and a trencher, and cut some of it into collops, and pricked them with the knife-point; then called for a frying-pan and butter, and fried the collops himself, of which he eat heartily; Colonel Carlis the while, being but under-cook (and that honour enough, too), made the fire, and turned the collops in the pan."

Although the King had been traced by his pursuers, no suspicion hitherto attached to Boscobel, on account of the poverty of its inmates. He, therefore, remained unmolested on the Lord's day, occupying himself in reading in a sequestered harbour in the garden. Learning from John Penderell that Lord Wilmot was at Mr. Whitgreave's house at Moseley, he sent John to apprize him that he intended to come thither. On reaching that place, the royal messenger found that his lordship had removed thence to Bentley, at which he was greatly perplexed. He thought proper, however, to acquaint Mr. Whitgreave and Mr. Huddleston that his Majesty had returned to Boscobel, and of the little accommodation he could find there. On hearing this, they both agreed to accompany John to Bentley, to see Lord Wilmot, who promised to meet the King that night at Moseley, and defer his intended journey to Bristol with

Miss Jane Lane until his Majesty's pleasure should be known.

The place of meeting having been arranged, honest John Penderell returned to Boscobel, to acquaint the King with the result of his mission. His royal master was, however, so foot-sore as to be unable to perform the journey, although only five miles, without the aid of a horse. Thus circumstanced, Humphrey Penderell, who was the miller at White Ladies, offered him one to ride, which was accordingly taken out of the pasture for this purpose, and "a pitiful old saddle and worse bridle" were put on the animal. His Majesty then mounted the horse, after taking leave of Colonel Carlis,[1] whose person was so well known that it would have been dangerous for the King had he accompanied him.[2] Charles was escorted on the route by the five brothers Penderell and Francis Yates, each bearing a bill, or pike-staff, on his back, and some of them armed with pistols. Two marched before, one on each side his Majesty's horse, and two behind, all equally determined to defend the King, in the event of encountering

[1] He afterwards escaped in disguise to London, and thence to Holland. Charles granted him a coat of arms for his eminent services.

[2] Had the King deferred his departure from Boscobel for a single day, even this brief interval might have proved fatal to him. Next morning, Sept. 8th, the house was visited by two parties of Republican soldiers, who narrowly searched it, and threatened the life of William Penderell as well as frightened good "dame Joan." But they were not able to extract any information from the honest couple. This memorable structure is still standing.

only a few troopers of equal number with themselves. They deemed it prudent, however, to proceed along bye-ways for better security.

After journeying some distance, the young monarch observed, in reference to his horse, "that it was the heaviest dull jade he ever rode on;" to which the honest miller wittily replied, "My liege, can you blame the horse to go heavily, when he has the weight of three kingdoms on his back?" On reaching Penford Mill, within two miles of Mr. Whitgreave's house, the party separated, William, Humphrey, and George Penderell returning with the horse, Richard and his other brother attending the King along the footway, which was not only a nearer, but more secure route.

[1] These five heroic men who risked their lives, as well as jeopardized the condition of their families, by their noble devotion to the King, are most favourable specimens of the honest English rustic; and it is a pleasing trait in the character of Charles that he did not suffer their loyalty and fidelity to go unrewarded. Richard and his four brothers presented themselves at Court on the 13th of June, 1660, when they experienced a most gracious reception from the English monarch, who requested Richard to relate the adventures that befell his royal master and himself; which he did to the infinite amusement of Charles and the courtly circle who surrounded him. He afterwards conferred handsome pensions for life on Richard Penderell, or "Trusty Dick," as he called him, and his no less faithful brothers, as well as on various other members of his family. Richard soon afterwards quitted his country-pursuits, and took up his residence near Whitehall, until his death in 1671. He was buried in St. Giles's church-yard, where a monument is erected to his memory, with an inscription in which he is styled the "Great and

Lord Wilmot had come to the trysting-place—a grove of trees near Mr. Whitgreave's dwelling, punctual to his appointment. But the King did not arrive till two hours afterwards. The night being very dark and rainy, it was feared that some accident had befallen him. On being conducted into the house by Mr. Whitgreave and Mr. Huddleston, where Lord Wilmot was anxiously expecting him, an affectionate interview took place between the King and the noble lord who had rendered him such signal services.

Not aware that they had already been informed as to the high rank of the visitor, Lord Wilmot said,—"Though I have concealed my friend's name all this while, now I must tell you, this is my master, your master, and the master of us all." The King then gave them his hand to kiss, telling them that he should never forget their fidelity, and questioned Mr. Whitgreave as to a fitting place for his concealment, which was shown him, and with which he expressed himself to be well satisfied. On his return to Lord Wilmot's bedchamber, his nose bled, (which had often been the case of late), and he took out of his pocket a dirty, coarse, pocket-handkerchief, on a par with the rest of his apparel.

Unparalleled Penderell." This monument is said to have been placed over his remains by command of Charles II., and to have been renovated by George II. William Penderell attained the advanced age of eighty-four, and Humphrey, the miller, died in 1710. Some of the descendants of the Penderell family settled in America, and are still living to perpetuate a name which has deservedly acquired so much celebrity.

The attire of the King, who certainly wore anything but princely habiliments, is thus described by Pepys. "The habit that the King came in to Father Hodlestone, was a very greasy old grey steeple-crown'd hat, with the brim turned up, without lining or hat-band, the sweat appearing two inches deep through it round the band-place, a green cloth jump-coat, threadbare, even to the threads being worn white, the breeches of the same, with long knees down to the garter, with an old sweaty, leathern doublet, a pair of white flannel stockings next to his legs, which the King said were his boot-stockings, their tops being cut off to prevent their being discovered, and upon them a pair of old green yarn stockings, all worn and darned at the knees, with their feet cut off; which last, he said, he had of Mr. Woolfe, who persuaded him thereto, to hide his other white ones, for fear of being observed.

"His shoes were old, all slashed for the ease of his feet, and full of gravel, with little rolls of paper between his toes, which he said he was advised to, to keep them from galling. He had an old coarse shirt, patched both at the neck and hands, of that very coarse sort which, in that country, go by the name of hogging-shirts, which shirt Father Hodlestone, shifting from the King, by giving him one of his new ones, sent afterwards to Mr. Sherwood, now Lord Abbot of Lambspring, in Germany, a person well known to the Duke [of York], who begged this shirt of Father Hodlestone.

"His handkerchief was a very old one, torn, and

very coarse, and being daubed with the King's blood from his nose, Father Hodlestone gave it to a kinswoman of his, one Mrs. Brathwayte, who kept it with great veneration, as a remedy for the King's evil. He had no gloves, but a long thorn-stick, not very strong, but crooked three or four several ways, in his hand; his hair cut short up to his ears, and hands coloured; his Majesty refusing to have any gloves, when Father Hodlestone offered him some, as also to change his stick."

Thus disguised, there was little chance of Charles's being suspected to be any character of distinction, and still less of his being the English monarch himself. There was, moreover, little fear of his recognition, unless by such as were well acquainted with his person; and these, be it remembered, with very few exceptions, were his own devoted adherents, from whom he had nothing to dread. He, indeed, played the part of a woodman, or rustic fellow, to admiration.

Perceiving the sad plight of the King, Mr. Huddleston not only induced him to change his shirt, but gave him fresh stockings, and personally washed and dried his feet, which were very sore; he rendered him every attention that he thought might be likely to minister to his comfort. Mr. Whitgreave also brought him a bottle of sack and some biscuit, of which he partook. Cheered and refreshed by the hospitality of his new friends, he observed gaily, "I am now ready for another march; and, if it shall please God once more to place me at the head of 8 or 10,000 men of one

mind, and resolved to fight, I shall not doubt to drive these rogues out of my kingdoms."

The noble and generous devotion of Lord Wilmot must not pass unnoticed. Before retiring to rest, he entreated that Mr. Whitgreave, or Mr. Huddleston, would keep vigilant watch about the house during the night, give notice of the approach of any soldiers, and, in the event of any surprise, that the former would give him (Lord Wilmot) up to the enemy, so as to divert their attention from the King, and afford him the opportunity of effecting his escape.

On Monday, the 8th of September, Charles took some repose in the secret hiding-place allotted him in Mr. Whitgreave's house. It was, however, so confined and inconvenient that, in the afternoon, at the instigation of his kind host, he got up, and proceeded to his own chamber, which offered very superior accommodation. His rest was of short duration, an alarm being soon given of the approach of soldiers to the house; upon which he again retreated to his place of concealment. Mr. Whitgreave, on being told that the soldiers had come to arrest him on the charge of having been engaged in the battle of Worcester, put a good face upon the matter, with great presence of mind threw open the chamber-doors, and boldly went down to confront the party, assuring them that he had not quitted home for a fortnight past. This statement, being fully borne out by the testimony of his neighbours, satisfied the men, who then took their departure, without even coming up stairs or searching the house at all.

Mr. Huddleston had three gentlemen pupils under his charge, who were at this time in the house, viz.: Sir John Preston, Mr. Thomas Playn, and Mr. Francis Reynolds, who little dreamt what a royal visitor was secluded under the same roof. Pretending indisposition and fear of the soldiers, their preceptor bade his scholars keep watch at the garret-windows, which commanded a view of the roads, and give him notice if they saw any troopers coming. This service the youths performed very diligently all day; and at night, when they were at supper, Sir John observed playfully to his companions, "Come, lads, let us eat lustily, for we have been upon the Life Guard to-day."

In the dead of the night, after bidding adieu, and expressing his gratitude to Mr. Whitgreave[1] and his generous preservers, the King took his departure to Bentley Hall, the seat of Colonel Lane, whither it had been previously arranged between him and Lord Wilmot he should next proceed, with the view of journeying westward with Miss Jane Lane, the Colonel's sister, who had a pass for this purpose. It was further agreed that they should travel on horseback, Charles enacting the part of her servant. Colonel Lane duly brought horses to Moseley Hall,[2] and was waiting for the King at the corner of the orchard, to conduct him to Bentley,

[1] He was afterwards rewarded by the King with a pension of £200 a-year for life.

[2] This old mansion is still standing, and presents much the same appearance as it did when Charles found refuge beneath its roof.

about five or six miles distant, where he safely arrived under cover of the night, which was both dark and cold. He here changed his costume for a more appropriate one, being a kind of grey-cloth suit befitting a serving-man.

CHAPTER XIV.

The young King appears in a new character.—Route to Bristol.—A village blacksmith.—Precautions of Colonel Lane.—Sudden appearance of a troop of soldiers.—Charles and his companions arrive at Stratford-upon-Avon.—Stay at Mr. Tombs' at Longmarston.—How to wind up a jack.—The Inn at Cirencester.—Mr. Norton's house at Abbott's Leigh.—Woman's wit.—Pope, the butler.—Will Jackson's secret revealed.—The butler proves a true friend.—Clever *ruse* of the King.—He arrives at Trent.—Colonel Wyndham engages a vessel at Charmouth.—His Majesty proceeds thither.—Mrs. Julianna Coningsby.—A night of suspense.—Proclamation of the Parliament.—The Captain's wife.—Soldiers at Bridport.—The King again recognised.—Scene at the George Inn, at Broad Windsor.—The suspicious hostler.—The parson rebuked.—The King pursued.—Ludicrous mistake.—Search for a ship.—Generosity of Mr. John Coventry.—The Reverend Messenger.—A braggadocio trooper.—Fidelity in humble life.—His Majesty conducted to Hele.—His enthusiastic reception by Mrs. Hyde.—Success of Colonel Gunter.—Mr. Symons of Hambledon.—The King reaches Brighton.—An aspiring landlord.—Nicholas Tattersall.—Charles embarks at Shoreham.—The sailors deceived.—The vessel arrives at Fescamp, in Normandy.—A fresh alarm.—Landing of the King and Lord Wilmot.—Taken for thieves at Rouen.—Charles sets out for the French capital.

NEXT morning, habited as before-mentioned, and mounted on a gallant steed, with the fair lady behind him, saw him on the road to Bristol,

whither she was going on a visit to her cousin. They had both previously rehearsed their respective parts. The King being destined to appear in a new character, it was deemed advisable that he should be re-christened. He was no longer Will Jones, the woodman of Boscobel, but William Jackson, the son of a neighbouring tenant of Colonel Lane. Another horse bore Mr. and Mrs. Petre (Miss Lane's sister), who were mounted in like manner, and a third steed carried Mr. Lascelles, Miss Lane's cousin.

After proceeding about two hours on their route, the mare upon which Miss Lane rode cast a shoe, and they stopped to get it replaced by a village blacksmit. The humour and good temper of Will Jackson were conspicuous on the occasion. "As I was holding my horse's foot," says the King, "I asked the smith what news? He told me that there was no news that he knew of, since the good news of the beating of the rogues of the Scots. I asked him, whether there was none of the English taken that joined with the Scots? He answered that 'he did not hear that that rogue, Charles Stuart, was taken, but some of the others,' he said, 'were taken, but not Charles Stuart.' I told him that, if that rogue were taken, he deserved to be hanged more than all the rest, for bringing in the Scots. Upon which he said 'that I spoke like an honest man,' and so we parted."

Soon after the little party had set out from Bentley Hall,[1] solicitous for their safety, Lord Wilmot, Colonel

[1] Since pulled down. A modern mansion has been erected on its site.

Lane, and a faithful servant, took horse, with a hawk and spaniels with them, to veil their real intentions, which were to watch the travellers as far as possible, and then to proceed to Sir Clement Fisher's house at Packington, in Warwickshire, where they were certain of experiencing the most cordial reception, and which they reached in safety.

In the meanwhile, Will Jackson and his company pursued their journey southwards, towards Stratford-upon-Avon, at which place Mr. and Mrs. Petre were to leave them. On reaching Wotton, within four miles of Stratford, they came suddenly upon a troop of the enemy's horse. The riders had alighted, and the animals were grazing along the sides of the road, a short distance in advance of them. This unexpected occurrence gave the wayfarers no small uneasiness, and they took counsel together as to the policy of proceeding. This, Mr. Petre positively refused to do, having himself formerly experienced rough usage from the Parliament soldiers; so great was his dread of them, that he quitted his companions, and pursued his way to Stratford by another route, when he rejoined his party. Nothing daunted, however, Will Jackson fearlessly held on his way, as the better plan to elude the suspicion of the soldiers, which might have been roused, had he turned back. He soon had the happiness of seeing them remount their steeds, and ride off. At Stratford, they met the same, or another troop of soldiers, who politely made way for the lady to pass through them.

The same evening, they reached Longmarston, about three miles from Stratford, where Miss Lane and her company took up their abode for the night at the house of Mr. Tombs, a friend of her family. Here Will Jackson, to keep up his assumed character of a serving-man, being in the kitchen, where the cook-maid was engaged in preparing supper for her master's visitors, was requested by her to wind up the jack, which he did so awkwardly, that the damsel inquired petulantly, "What countryman are you, that you know not how to wind up a jack?" He replied, satisfactorily, "I am a poor tenant's son of Colonel Lane, in Staffordshire; we seldom have roast meat; but, when we have, we don't make use of a jack," which answer pacified the irate damsel.

On Thursday morning, the 11th of September, Miss Lane, Mr. Lascelles, and their attendant rose early; and, taking leave of their fellow-travellers, Mr. and Mrs. Petre (whose route lay more south), as well as of Mr. Tombs, the master of the house, were once more on their road towards Bristol, and reached Cirencester, in Gloucestershire, distant about twenty-four miles, the same evening. At this place they put up at an inn. After supper, a good bed was allotted to Mr. Lascelles, and a truckle-bed for Will Jackson in the same chamber. But, on retiring to rest, Mr. Lascelles, out of deference to the King, insisted on occupying the latter himself. On the morrow, the travellers continued their way to Bristol, whence it was hoped the King would be able to escape on shipboard to France, or Spain. On reach-

ing the city, they lost their way, and were at length compelled to inquire for the direction they desired to take. They shortly afterwards reached their destination in safety, viz., Mr. Norton's house at Abbott's Leigh, some three miles distant, and about thirty from Cirencester.

As previously arranged, Miss Lane introduced Will Jackson to the family as a poor tenant's son, who was suffering from the ague, and very weak. This kind and considerate lady was actuated by a two-fold motive, viz. that, by his feigning indisposition, it would account for his confining himself to the privacy of his own chamber, and thus prevent the hazard of a recognition of his person. His pale and haggard looks, induced by the anxiety and privations he had lately undergone, gave colour to the pretext. Secondly, she was anxious for an excuse to procure for him better accommodation, and those comforts of which he really stood in need, without giving rise to suspicion.

In accordance with these generous impulses, Miss Lane commended her sick servitor to the care of Pope, the butler, and Margaret Rider (Mrs. Norton's maid), and thus he partook of the best fare and delicacies the house afforded, deemed necessary for his condition. For a time, he remained secluded in his chamber; but the ardent and restless spirit common to youth would not permit him to endure any long imprisonment. One morning, he rose early, and went down into the buttery-hatch to get his breakfast, to which he did ample justice. The meal consisted of bread and butter,

as well as good ale and sack, of which Pope and two or three others partook. During the repast, a country fellow, seated beside Will Jackson, gave so detailed an account of the battle of Worcester, that the latter concluded he must be one of Cromwell's soldiers; and, questioning him on the subject, was told that he had served the King in Major Broughton's company. On being asked by his attentive auditor "What kind of man the King was?" he accurately described his person, as well as the horse he rode. Then, looking at his interrogator, he remarked that "the King was at least three fingers taller than he was." Hereupon, Will Jackson now thought it high time to quit the buttery, fearing he might be recognised, and took a walk in the fields.

On his return, he again sought the privacy of the chamber he had occupied, where Mr. Lascelles immediately joined him, and communicated to him the unwelcome fact that his person had been recognised by Pope, the butler. This man, it seems, had served Charles I. during his wars, and had then so intently regarded the features of the young Prince of Wales, that, notwithstanding his disguise, and the lapse of years which had occurred, he at once identified him. Pope also made known the discovery to Miss Lane. Both the lady and Mr. Lascelles, her cousin, positively denied that Will Jackson was the King of England.

This certainly appeared a most untoward circumstance; but, on a council of three being held, namely, the King, Miss Lane, and her cousin, as a choice of

evils, it was decided it were far better to reveal to Pope the secret, rather than go away, leaving him impressed with the idea. "I thereupon sent for Pope," observes the King, "and told him that I was very glad to meet him there, and would trust him with my life as an old acquaintance." Won by this mark of his sovereign's confidence, and his affable and gracious manners, the honest butler gave him the most solemn assurances of his allegiance, and kissed his Majesty's hand in token thereof.

Charles had no reason to repent the trust he reposed in him. On the contrary, Pope not only strictly kept the secret, but was instrumental in rendering him some most important services. How often do we find that what man regards at the time as a calamity, is destined for his own good, and the best thing that could have happened to him under the circumstances Thus was it in the present instance : the King was so pleased with his new acquaintance, that he confided to him that he expected Lord Wilmot to meet him at Mr. Norton's the same evening. Hearing this, Pope told him it was most fortunate he had been made aware he was the King, and of Lord Wilmot's coming, for, had his Lordship entered the house, he would most assuredly have been known to several persons therein. He then proposed to go out to meet him, to prevent his doing so. The King acquiescing in this suggestion, the butler went on his mission, and met Lord Wilmot in a village, a mile or two from the house, where they both remained till late at night, when Pope introduced

him into Mr. Norton's house, through a back-door, and brought him into the King's chamber.

After this, the butler was sent to Bristol, to inquire when any ship would sail for France; but found that none would do so for a month to come. As this long delay might prove dangerous, Charles advised with Lord Wilmot and Pope as to his future proceedings, when it was resolved that he should next seek an asylum at the house of Colonel Francis Wyndham, with whom the King was well acquainted, and of whose fidelity he was well assured, that officer having loyally served his late father during the Civil Wars. This residence was situated at Trent, in Somersetshire, but upon the very borders of Dorsetshire, about two miles from Sherborne. It was considered to be convenient for the King's purpose, being on the way to Lyme and other ports, where he might be able to take shipping to the French coast.

In accordance with this determination, Lord Wilmot rode to Trent on Monday, the 15th of September, to pave the way for his Majesty's private reception there, the next day. The evening before his departure, Mrs. Norton miscarried of a dead child, and was very ill. For her fair cousin, Miss Lane, to leave her at such a moment, would seem both unkind and unfeeling. On the other hand, if the King were to tarry longer, it might compromise his safety, well knowing that the blood-hounds were upon his track, and had already been to the house. In this dilemma, his fertile mind soon suggested an expedient to get rid of the difficulty: to

quote his own words, "consulting with Mr. Lascelles, I thought it the best to counterfeit a letter from her father's house, old Mr. Lane's, to tell her that her father was extremely ill, and commanded her to come away immediately, for fear that she should not otherwise find him alive; which letter Pope delivered so well, while they were all at supper, and Mrs. Lane playing her part so dexterously, that all believed old Mr. Lane to be indeed in great danger, and gave his daughter the excuse to go away with me the very next morning early."

To keep up appearances, Will Jackson was reported to be much better, and almost recovered from his ague. He repaired betimes to the stables on Tuesday, September 16th, and gave directions for getting the horses ready for the journey. While so engaged, he received a message from Miss Lane (as previously concerted between them) that he was to ride single, and carry her portmanteau. Thus mounted, and attended part of the way by one of Mr. Norton's men as a guide, they quitted Abbott's Leigh,[1] and rode southwards through Somersetshire to Mr. Edward Kirton's house, at Castle Cary, where the party slept for the night. Next morning, they resumed their journey to Colonel Wyndham's house at Trent, about twenty-six miles from Leigh. Here, after a most hospitable reception from the master and mistress of the house, several consultations took place between the King, Lord Wilmot, and Colonel Wyndham, as to the best measures to

[1] The residence of Mr. Norton no longer exists.

be adopted for procuring a vessel to transport the young monarch across the channel. Colonel Wyndham told him that he was well acquainted with one Gyles Strangways, a likely person to have acquaintances at Weymouth or at Lyme, and whom he lost no time in consulting upon the subject. He found, however, that Gyles could do nothing to promote his Majesty's views, but generously sent him 300 broad pieces, which, observes Charles, "he knew were necessary for me in the condition I was now in; for I durst carry no money about me in those mean clothes, and my hair cut short, but about 10*s.* or 12*s.* in silver."

Attended by his trusty servant, Henry Peters, Colonel Wyndham now repaired to Lyme, where, after some difficulty, he succeeded in engaging a vessel to convey the King to France, which was to be in readiness at Charmouth (a little maritime village near Lyme), at an appointed time for his reception. Elated at his success, the gallant Colonel posted back to Trent with the good news. The next day, his Majesty set off for Lyme, after taking leave of his generous benefactors; Miss Lane and Mr. Lascelles, who then returned to Staffordshire.

Having hitherto been prosperous in his mode of travel on a double-horse with a lady behind him, it was deemed expedient that he should adopt a similar course on the present occasion, and accordingly Mrs. Juliana Coningsby, a cousin of the colonel, volunteered her services for his better protection. Lord Wilmot, the colonel, and Henry Peters attended them on horse-back to the

village of Charmouth, where they put up at a little inn,[1] preparatory to going on board the bark. Here the party sate up in great suspense all night; but the skipper did not make his appearance; nor was there any sign of the vessel, or of the boat which was to convey them on board.

This disappointment naturally gave them great alarm, as they feared the captain might have betrayed them. Such, however, was not the fact. An event had occurred in the interim to prevent the honest mariner from fulfilling his contract, viz.—a Proclamation of the Parliament which had just been published about Lyme and the adjacent parts, prohibiting the transport from this country of any person, for a specified time, without a special license. The skipper having acquainted his wife that he had agreed to convey two or three persons to France, whom he believed might be cavaliers, she, aware of this Proclamation, strenuously opposed his intention. But, finding him bent on keeping his agreement, and dreading the consequences, she eventually locked her lord and master in a room to prevent his going on the voyage, and could not afterwards be prevailed upon to permit him to proceed on so perilous an enterprize.

Thus foiled in his object, and duly informed of the circumstances, his Majesty and his companions decided to retrace their steps to Trent, proceeding, in the first instance, to Bridport, about five miles distant. This place they found full of Cromwell's soldiers, consisting

[1] The house is still in existence, but is no longer a hostelry.

of a regiment under Colonel Haynes, 1500 strong, who were about to embark for, and take Jersey, which island had declared in favour of the King. The Colonel was much startled at this *contretemps*, and asked the King "what he would do?" "I told him," observes Charles, "we must go impudently into the best inn in the town, and take a chamber there, as the only thing to be done; because we should otherwise miss my Lord Wilmot, in case we went anywhere else, and that would be very inconvenient both to him and me. So we rode directly into the best inn of the place, and found the yard very full of soldiers. I alighted; and, taking the horses, thought it the best way to go blundering in among them, and lead them through the middle of the soldiers into the stable; which I did, and they were very angry with me for my rudeness."

While assisting the hostler in the stables to feed the horses, he was surprised by the interrogatory, "Sure, sir, I know your face?" Instead of answering the question, Will Jackson, with his usual presence of mind, evaded it, by asking the man where he had formerly lived; and, extracting from him that he had been hostler at an inn at Exeter, close to Mr. Potter's, a merchant, (in which Charles had himself slept while serving his father the late King in the Civil Wars), he promptly rejoined, "Friend, certainly you have seen me, then, at Mr. Potter's, for I served a good while,—above a year." "Oh!" returned the man, "then I remember you a boy there;" and was thus diverted from asking him any more questions. The hostler then asked Will

Jackson to drink a pot of beer with him, which he excused himself from doing at that time by telling him he must go and wait on his master, and get his dinner ready for him.

After dining at the inn, the little party quitted the town, with the intention of returning to Trent; but the day was so far advanced that they could get no further that night, with convenience to themselves, than Broad Windsor, a small place about six miles north of Bridport. There was but one inn, called the "George," which afforded but little accommodation to the traveller at any time; and still less on this occasion—being occupied by Cromwell's soldiers, who were collecting from all parts for the reduction of Jersey. Thus was Charles located this night in close proximity to his direst foes, the red-coated Roundheads. The blessing of sleep was denied him on account of the noise and tumult in the house, which was visited at a very unseasonable hour by the constable and overseers of the poor, to prevent a child from becoming chargeable to the parish, of which one of the camp-followers had been delivered while staying there. This was, no doubt, a most fortunate circumstance for the King, since it engrossed the attention of the soldiers.

But this was not the only danger that threatened the royal fugitive at this juncture. While staying at the little inn at Charmouth, the hostler, who had been a Roundhead soldier, and had narrowly watched the visitors, expressed to the hostess, his mistress, that he suspected one of her guests to be the King, upon which

she sharply rebuked him for his insolence. But the man was not to be pacified, and went to one Westley, the parson, to communicate the idea he entertained. He was, however, not able to obtain an interview with the village-pastor, he being engaged at the time in prayer with his family. On his return, Lord Wilmot's horse wanting a shoe, the hostler took him to Hammet, the blacksmith, who, on inspecting the remaining shoes, observed, "this horse hath but three shoes on, and they were set in three several counties, and one of them in Worcestershire;" which remark confirmed the hostler in his former opinion. Lord Wilmot's horse having been shod, Charles set out, as we have seen, for Bridport. Soon after his departure, the hostler went again to the parson, who immediately hastened to the inn,[1] and said to the loyal hostess, "Why, how now, Margaret, you are a Maid of Honour!" "What mean you by that, Mr. Parson?" returned she: to which he rejoined, "Why, Charles Stuart lay last night at your house, and kissed you at his departure; so that now you cannot but be a Maid of Honour." Mine hostess then became very angry, and told him he was "a scurvy-conditioned man, to go about and bring her and her house into trouble;" but, added she, "if I thought it was the King, as you say it was, I would think the better of my lips all the days of my life; so, Mr. Parson, get you out of my house, or I'll get those shall kick you out!"

Nettled at his reception, the Parson next applied to

[1] This little hostelry was pulled down and rebuilt about forty years ago.

Mr. Butler of Commer, a justice of the peace, taking Hammet, the smith, along with him, and earnestly pressed the magistrate to grant warrants for the apprehension of the suspected party. This the justice refused to do, considering the affair most ridiculous, improbable, and calculated to bring him into contempt. The pertinacious hostler was not easily to be appeased. He next reported his surmises to his captain, named Macy, who immediately galloped off to Bridport in pursuit of the denounced persons; and, upon information given him, proceeded post-haste as far as Dorchester, and searched all the inns and alehouses in the town. The habitations of various gentlemen, held to be Royalists, were also ransacked by the soldiery; and, among others, that of Sir Hugh Wyndham (uncle to the Colonel, the King's companion), which was twice rifled, while they held the old Baronet, his wife, and daughters captives in the hall, they seized a lovely young lady, insisting that she was the King, disguised in female apparel. Being soon convinced of their mistake, they left the house, offering no further violence to the family. We can readily imagine how heartily Charles must have laughed if he heard of this amusing incident, which was so complimentary to him. It was truly fortunate for the King at this juncture that he had decided to prosecute his journey no further than Broad Windsor, while his foes were hunting him in all directions, and outran their prey.

Very early in the morning, long before the dangerous inmates were stirring, the royal fugitive and his com-

panions quitted the little hostelry, and returned to Trent, having been rejoined on the road by Lord Wilmot. They then took counsel together, and despatched a messenger to Colonel Robert Philips,[1] with the view of procuring a ship for his Majesty. This gentleman had a vessel of his own at Southampton, which he would willingly have placed at the King's disposal, had it not been previously pressed to take over the soldiers to Jersey.

After this fresh mortification, the King sent into Sussex (where Colonel Philips knew one Colonel Gunter), to see if a ship could be hired anywhere along that coast. Lord Wilmot, having gone to Salisbury to seek aid for the King, although he could procure no ship, obtained a supply in money from a very loyal subject, Mr. John Coventry (son of Lord Coventry, Keeper of the Great Seal, then lately deceased), who resided in that city. This gentleman conferred with Dr. Humphrey Henchman, a worthy divine, in order to concert measures for his Majesty's safety. The result of their consultation ended by advice to the King to remove from Trent (where he had stayed in all about a fortnight) to Hele House, some four or five miles from Salisbury, and the residence of Mrs. Mary Hyde, a lady of approved loyalty and discretion.

Mr. Coventry then wrote to the King a letter, which he confided to the care of Mr. John Selleck, his Chaplain. The missive was rolled up into the size of a musket-

[1] A distinguished Royalist Officer, residing at Montacute House, near Trent.

bullet, which the reverend messenger was directed to swallow, in case of danger. No accident, however occurred on the road, and Mr. Selleck duly delivered the small paper-ball to his Majesty at Trent. On reading it, he signified his satisfaction in a similar little paper-ball, and his decision to adopt the advice so kindly proffered him, with which the messenger returned to Salisbury.

During the young Monarch's stay at Trent with his friend the Colonel, he was, for the most part, secluded in his own chamber, a step deemed advisable for his safety. There was a secret hiding-place in it, in which he would have concealed himself in case of any soldiers searching the house, an event by no means improbable. His meals were also prepared in the same room; and the getting them ready afforded him no small amusement, as well as diverted his thoughts from the dangers that menaced him. "One day," says he, "hearing the bells ring (the church being hard by Frank Windham's house), and seeing a company got together in the churchyard, I sent down the maid of the house, who knew me, to inquire what the matter was; who, returning, came up and told me that there was a rogue, a trooper, come out of Cromwell's army, that was telling the people that he had killed me, and that that was my buff-coat which he had then on; upon which, most of the village being fanatics, they were ringing the bells, and making a bonfire for joy of it."

We thus see that the damsel was in possession of the King's secret. If, after the gossiping propensities

of servants of the present day, she had communicated it to others, he would have incurred no little danger of falling into the hands of his enemies. But, to their credit, the servants proved as discreet and faithful to him as their master, won over, no doubt, by his fascinating manners and frank behaviour towards them. It seems also, from his own narrative, that he was known to many other persons in the house.

Be this as it may, there was certainly a want of that precaution which he had hitherto observed in his wanderings. How he received the piece of information as to the not very loyal demonstration of his liege subjects he does not inform us, but we presume with his characteristic good humour. Colonel Robert Philips, who resided in the neighbourhood, and was well acquainted with the ways of the country, undertook to be his Majesty's conductor to Hele, about thirty miles from Trent. On the 3d of October, they set out for that place, after taking an affectionate leave of Colonel Wyndham and his kind lady[1] for their great care and loyalty, Mrs. Juliana Coningsby[2] riding, as before, behind the King, who now played a new part, viz., that of a tenant's son of Colonel Philips. The trusty servant of Colonel Wyndham, Henry Peters (afterwards yeoman of the field to his Majesty), still formed one of the travellers.

[1] A pension of £200 a-year for life was the reward of this lady for the signal services to the King in his extremity.

[2] After the death of her husband, Charles granted her a pension of £400 a-year.

In the course of the morning, they passed through Wincanton, arriving about noon at Mere, a small market-town in Wiltshire. Here they stopped to dine at the George Inn, the host of which, by a singular coincidence, was named Philips as well as the Colonel, and an equally loyal subject. The worthy landlord dined with his visitors, telling them, during their repast, that the Roundheads were greatly disconcerted at not having been able to capture the person of his Majesty, who, it was generally believed, had gone to London in disguise, and that many houses in the metropolis had been searched in quest of him, at which the King was observed to smile.

After dinner, mine host familiarly asked the King "if he were a friend to Cæsar?" to which he simply answered, "Yes." "Then," said he, "here's a health to King Charles!" in a glass of wine, which his Majesty and the Colonel both pledged. At nightfall, the travellers left the inn,[1] and arrived at Hele House, where they experienced a most welcome reception. The lady of the house at once recognised the King, although she had seen him only once before. He did not avow himself, in the first instance; but we are told that, at supper, "Mrs. Hyde was so transported with joy and loyalty towards him, though his Majesty was set at the lower end of the table, yet the good gentlewoman had much ado to overcome herself, and not to carve to him first. However, she could not refrain from drinking to him

[1] At the George Inn, at Mere, a stone-staircase is still pointed out by the landlord as King Charles's stairs.

in a glass of wine, and giving him two larks, when others had but one."

After supper, Charles imparted his secret to Mrs. Hyde, who told him that she had a safe hiding-place in which he could remain until a ship was ready. But she warned him that he was not safe to trust any one but herself and sister. She advised him to take horse in the morning, and so to demean himself as if he had no intention of coming back; but bade him return at night, when she would take care that all her servants should be out of the way. The King followed this friendly counsel of the good widow, and with his companions departed soon in the morning, and rode as far as Stonehenge, where they amused themselves by surveying and counting the stones on the downs.

At the hour appointed, they returned to the house, and were let in by Mrs. Hyde and her sister, who conducted Charles to the secret retreat already alluded to. Here he remained four or five days, provision being brought to him by the kind lady of the house. In the meantime, his friends were doing all in their power to hire a vessel from one of the Hampshire or Sussex ports. At length, on the 11th of October, the King received the joyful intelligence that Colonel Gunter had succeeded in effecting this much-desired object at Brighton. Gliding through the back-door at two o'clock in the morning, the fugitives, attended by Dr. Henchman, a canon of Salisbury, walked from Hele[1]

[1] Hele House was pulled down some thirty or forty years since.

to Clarendon Park Corner, about two miles distant, where they found Colonel Gunter and his brother expecting them, with a brace of greyhounds by their side, to induce the belief, if seen at so early an hour, that their object was to course over the downs, the better to conceal their real intentions.

Under the safe-conduct of Colonel Gunter, the King and his small retinue arrived in safety on Monday night, the 13th of October, at the house of Mr. Thomas Symons (brother-in-law of the Colonel), at Hambledon, in Hampshire, being in the direct route to Brighton. Mr. Symons was from home at the time, regaling himself at an ale-house in the town, but Mrs. Symons gave her brother and his companions a hearty welcome, and provided a good supper. She entertained not the least suspicion as to the royal guest who sate at table. Soon after the repast, Mr. Symons came home, and was not a little surprised to find so many visitors in his house. Notwithstanding the assurances of his brother-in-law, that they were all honest gentlemen, he suspected Will Jackson to be a Roundhead, on account of his strange attire and shortly-cropped hair, being clad in a short juppa of a sad-coloured cloth, and his breeches of another species, with a black hat, and without cuffs, somewhat like the meaner sort of country gentlemen.

Satisfied with the explanation given him by his relative, he brought his guests the best liquor the house afforded, and freely opened his heart to them. He drank to Will Jackson, whom he jocosely pledged as "brother Roundhead" and, being merry and hilarious after his

potations, both at home and at the ale-house, a few oaths now and then escaped him, for which he was modestly reproved by his visitor. It was difficult for Charles to resist the convivial importunities of his host in respect to drink without giving offence. He managed this very well, however, by taking little himself, and handing his glass to others. This proceeding was highly creditable to him; for, had he indulged too freely at this nocturnal revel, he might not have been in a condition to resume his journey in a few hours.

Early on Tuesday morning, October 14th, the King took leave of Colonel Philips,[1] (after expressing his deep gratitude for the great services he had rendered him), as well as of the master and mistress of the house. He then prosecuted his journey to Brighton, attended by Lord Wilmot, his man, Colonel Gunter, and his brother, Mr. Thomas Gunter. On reaching Sanstead, in Sussex, his Majesty dismissed the last-named gentleman, to diminish the number of the party, and the better to elude suspicion. On reaching Bramber, within seven miles of Brighton, a new danger threatened them, viz., the meeting with some of Colonel Herbert Morley's soldiers, who, strange to say, neither questioned the travellers nor appeared to take any notice of them.

Having attained their destination in safety, the cavaliers stopped at the George Inn, in West Street, where Mr. Francis Mansel had agreed to meet them. Here Will Jackson still kept up his incognito; but the

[1] Charles afterwards granted him a pension of £500 a year for life, in testimony of his loyal services.

landlord, suspecting who he really was, the King deemed it politic to confide in him, and freely entered into conversation with Mr. Smith, mine host of the George, there being no one else in the room. The innkeeper having penetrated the King's secret, was actuated by a widely different motive than that of betraying it. Having been formerly connected with the Court, he conceived the position of a courtier to be by no means an unenviable one, and visions of future greatness danced before his imagination. "Upon a sudden," says the King, "he kissed my hand that was upon the back of the chair, and said to me, 'God bless you, wheresoever you go! I do not doubt, before I die, but to be a Lord, and my wife a Lady;' so I laughed and went away into the next room, not desiring then any further discourse with him, there being no remedy against my being known by him, and more discourse might have raised suspicion. On which consideration, I thought it best for to trust him in that manner, and he proved very honest."

Nicholas Tattersall, the master of the bark, who had engaged to carry over Charles to France, was duly introduced to the King at the Inn by Mr. Mansel, the merchant, who had hired it. As chance would have it, he also recognised his Majesty, who, while in command of his late father's fleet in 1648, had taken his ship with other fishing vessels at Brighton,[1] but had

[1] At that time called Brighthelmstone, "a considerable place, consisting chiefly of fishermen's huts, with a population of some 2,000 souls." See Magna Britannia, and Macaulay's History of England.

afterwards kindly set them free. Remembering the act with gratitude, he promised Mr. Mansel to carry the King safe over to France, if possible, and "to venture his life and all for him." Having before been disappointed as to the vessel at Charmouth, Charles now adopted a master-stroke of policy: "thinking it convenient," observes he, "not to let him go home, lest he should be asking advice of *his wife*, or any body else, we kept him with us in the inn, and sate up all night drinking beer and taking tobacco with him."

On Wednesday, October the 15th, at four o'clock in the morning, the King, accompanied by Lord Wilmot, Colonel Gunter, Colonel Philips, Mr. Mansel, the merchant, and taking the master of the vessel with them on horseback, proceeded towards the village of Shoreham, where the vessel, a bark of only sixty tons, lay. They found her lying dry, and it was therefore necessary to wait for the tide to float her. After taking leave of the two Colonels, the King and Lord Wilmot ascended by a ladder on board the vessel, and went down into a little cabin to take some repose. The Captain soon joined them, and, kneeling down, kissed the King's hand, assuring him of his loyalty and fidelity, and telling him that he knew his person well. The tide serving, about seven in the morning, the little bark set sail. She was laden with sea-coal, and bound for Poole. The Captain, therefore, thought it prudent to steer during the day under easy sail towards the Isle of Wight. "As we were sailing," says the King, "the master came to me, and desired me that I would

persuade his men to use their endeavours with me to get him to set us on shore in France, the better to cover him from any suspicion thereof. Upon which, I went to the men, which were four and a boy, and told them that we were two merchants that had some misfortunes, and were a little in debt; that we had some money owing us at Rouen, in France, and were afraid of being arrested in England; that if they would persuade the master (the wind being very fair) to give us a trip over to Dieppe, or one of those ports near Rouen, they would oblige us very much; and with that I gave them twenty shillings to drink. Upon which, they undertook to second me, if I would propose it to the master. So I went to the master, and told him our condition, and that, if he would give us a trip over to France, we would give him some consideration for it. Upon which, he counterfeited difficulty, saying that it would hinder his voyage. But his men, as they had promised, joining their persuasions to ours, at last he yielded to set us over."[1]

Matters having thus been most cunningly contrived between the master and his passengers, about five o'clock

[1] It is said that Tattersall was paid £400 for this most important service. After the Restoration, the honest mariner sailed in his little bark to the River Thames, and moored it opposite Whitehall. Charles ordered it to be called "the Royal Escape," and settled upon his gallant deliverer and his heirs an annuity of £100, and presented him with a ring, which is now in the possession of Sir Henry Shiffner. A tomb in the churchyard of the old parish church at Brighton perpetuates his memory.

in the afternoon, the Isle of Wight being in sight, the vessel shaped its course direct for the French coast, which was descried the next morning a little before daylight. But the wind shifting, and the tide failing, the Captain was compelled to anchor within two miles of the shore. At this time, the bark lay off the harbour of Fescamp, near Havre, in Normandy. The appearance of a vessel to leeward, suspected to be an Ostend privateer, soon created considerable alarm. Conferring with the Captain, and fearing they might be captured and carried back to England, the King and his faithful companion, Lord Wilmot, requested him to put them ashore in the boat, which he did, and they safely reached *terra firma*, on the 16th of October. The vessel which had created such dismay, turned out to be nothing more than a French hoy. The King and his noble friend remained in the town all day to provide horses, and make preparations for their journey on the morrow.

It is worthy of remark, that no sooner had the King and his companion landed, than the wind chopped suddenly round, so as to carry the little vessel direct for Poole, whither she was bound, without its being known that she had ever been upon the coast of France.

It can readily be imagined that, on arriving at Fescamp, where he could repose in comparative security, how deeply grateful Charles must have felt to Divine Providence for having rescued him from the many dangers that had environed him on all sides; and the more particularly on account of the reward

which had been offered for his apprehension. In addition to this temptation, the soldiers of Cromwell were animated by a fanatical zeal in their attempts to secure the great prize that had eluded their vigilance after the battle of Worcester. The troopers in pursuit of him were dispersed in every direction which it was thought possible he might have taken. The red-coats were to be seen in every town and village, and they lined the country-roads. They guarded the passes over the Severn, and every southern and western seaport attested their presence. Cromwell, indeed, left no means untried to accomplish the grand object he had in view. He caused the houses of the Royalists to be minutely searched, not only in the provinces, but also in the Metropolis itself. Notwithstanding all his endeavours, how bitter must have been his mortification to find that his young and formidable opponent had escaped his utmost vigilance!

These, however, were not the only dangers that threatened the royal fugitive; since he might have been betrayed by some one out of the thirty or forty persons who possessed his secret, or by others to whom it might have been revealed; not only for the sake of the large reward held out, but to screen themselves from dangerous consequences. That not one out of all these persons, most of whom were in humble circumstances, should have proved unworthy of the great trust reposed in them, is highly honourable, and evinces a nobility of mind that cannot be too much admired. Among the King's most zealous adherents, there were, as we

have seen, several of the gentler sex, whose names must find an imperishable record in the pages of history. But for the presence and kind assistance of Woman, on many critical occasions, it is more than probable Charles would have shared the fate of his father. Like a protecting angel, she attended him on horseback in his perilous journeys, devised a thousand little expedients to prevent his recognition; and, when under the friendly roof that sheltered him from the glare of day, and the keen eyes of his adversaries, she secreted him in some curious hiding-place, and ministered to his comforts, by bringing him sustenance and other necessaries essential to his condition. Nor was this all: she beguiled his weary captivity with words of soothing consolation.

Notwithstanding his Majesty must have hailed his deliverance as little short of a miracle, his joy on the occasion was, no doubt, tinctured with many bitter and painful regrets, when he reflected on the effusion of human blood shed in his cause. How deeply must he have been grieved on recalling the fate of the gallant Scots who had perished at Worcester, and in their flight after the disastrous conflict! He had been duly informed of the death, or capture, of many of the gallant cavaliers of his army. Among the latter was the valiant and venerable Earl of Derby, who was executed at Bolton, in Lancashire, on Wednesday, the 15th of October, the very day on which his Majesty embarked for France.

The romantic adventures of Charles II. after the battle of Worcester are scarcely to be paralleled, save by those of his namesake, the grandson of his brother

James, after the battle of Culloden in 1745; and the heroic conduct of Jane Lane and of Mrs. Juliana Coningsby may challenge comparison with that of the devoted and noble-hearted Flora Macdonald.

After reposing for the night at an inn at Fescamp, the King and Lord Wilmot, the next morning, proceeded to Rouen, stopping at the best hotel in the town. The host seemed disinclined to receive his visitors, whom he took to be thieves, from their mean attire and suspicious appearance; but he was at length pacified by the assurance of a Mr. Sandburne, a merchant in the town, for whom the King sent, to testify to their respectability. Here Charles tarried for the day, to procure more becoming attire, and to give notice of his arrival to the Queen, his mother, who was at Paris. The two travellers then hired a coach, and set out for the French capital. On approaching Paris, Charles had the gratification of being met by his royal mother, who, with coaches, had gone out to meet and conduct him to Paris.

CHAPTER XV.

Arrival of Charles at Paris.—His necessitous condition.—Allowance settled upon him.—Courtship between the royal cousins.—Personal appearance of the young King.—Henrietta anxious to promote his marriage.—Tête-à-tête between the lovers.—Memorable reply of Mademoiselle de Montpensier.—Mortification of Charles.—Proposed alliance for the Duke of York.—He joins the French army under Marshal Turenne.—Charles proposes for a niece of Cardinal Mazarine, and is rejected.—He goes to the head-quarters of the Duke of Lorraine.—The Duke of Beaufort inflames the populace of Paris against the young King, who retires with his mother to St. Germains.—Treaty with the Duke of Lorraine.—Letter of Charles to Miss Lane.—She escapes from England, and visits him at Paris.—His application to Popish Princes.—Declaration of war between England and Holland.—Proposition to the Dutch.—The Duke of Gloucester rejoins his brothers.—Losses of the Hollanders.—Charles attacked by fever.—Defeat of Middleton in the Highlands.—Energy of Cromwell.—His treaty with France.—Charles's Proclamation for assassinating the Usurper.—Spies in the pay of the Protector.—Factions in the young King's household.—Sir Richard Greenville in disgrace.—Thoughtless conduct of Charles, while in exile.

N his arrival in Paris, apartments were assigned to Charles in the Palace of the Louvre. His hopes of ever ascending the English throne

being extinguished by the catastrophe of Worcester, he had no other prospect but to become dependant for subsistence on the bounty of foreigners. How desperate his affairs must have appeared to the most intelligent of his party, is evident from the opinion of the Marquis of Ormond, who, in a letter to Lord Clanricarde, reviewing the political state of Europe at this period, comes to the conclusion that "some one must be found that hath power, if not with all, yet with most Christian Princes and States. Among the Protestants, there is none such; and, amongst Roman Catholicks, it is visible the Pope has most of authority and persuasion; and it shall be without scruple my advice, and that speedily, that fitting letters may be sent, and apt inducements proposed to him for his interposition, not only with all Princes and States."[1]

It is matter of regret that only a fragment of this curious letter has been preserved, otherwise we might perhaps have learned Ormond's precise notions concerning the "apt inducements" to be proposed to the Pope for his interposition, and to Catholic Princes to assist in the King's Restoration.

"What could they be?" indignantly asks Harris, "but promises of dismembering the British dominions, paying tribute, or acting in the nature of a Viceroy to him, or them, who furnished the means of conquering the three kingdoms? ... Yet Popery, despotism, vassalage, poverty, and every woe which imagination can conceive, were to be preferred to the exile of a Prince

[1] Ormond Papers, Vol. i. p. 458.

who had just shown himself a mean hypocrite! When we find such sentiments put forward by a man reputed to be one of the most honest and upright of that Prince's counsellors, can we be surprised at the selfishness, the venality, the profligacy, and the utter disregard of the national honour and welfare manifested by the less scrupulous of his servants? Their own restoration was the prime object of the banished adherents of Charles, and to attain that, no sacrifice would have been thought too dear."

The King, in truth, on his arrival in Paris, was in a most destitute state; yet King James tells us, in his Memoirs, that when Cardinal de Retz offered to lend him a considerable sum of money, which, being in gold, he brought with him in his coach, his brother excused himself from receiving it.

The Cardinal himself gives such a picture of the condition in which Charles made his first appearance in the French capital, as seems to render this alleged refusal somewhat questionable. "The King of England," he says, "who had recently lost the battle of Worcester, arrived in Paris on the very same day that Don Gabriel de Toledo departed from it (Oct. 16, 1651). My Lord Taffe served him as lord-chamberlain and valet-de-chambre, clerk of the kitchen, and cup-bearer. His equipage was answerable to his Court, and he had not changed his shirt since he left England. My Lord Jermyn gave him one, at his arrival. The Queen, his mother, had not money enough to give him wherewithal to buy one to put on the next day. The Duke

of Orleans went to visit him as soon as he arrived, but it was not in my power to oblige him by giving the King, his nephew, a single sous, because, said he, a little is not worthy of him, and much would afterwards engage me in too great an expense;" and shortly afterwards he adds: "It was not in my power to oblige him to aid the King of England with a thousand pistoles. I was ashamed of it, both upon his and my own account. I borrowed 1,500, and I carried them to Lord Taffe for the King, his master."[1]

What was the condition of his Majesty afterwards, we may learn from Clarendon, who says that the necessities of the King became so notorious that the French Court was compelled to take notice of them; and, with some excuses for the smallness of the sum, settled upon him an allowance of 6,000 livres per month, payable out of a certain gabelle,[2] which was not to commence till six months afterwards; and, during this interval, Charles had contracted debts to a greater amount than could be discharged out of such a monthly allowance, even if it had been punctually paid, which it never was.

"The Queen," proceeds the historian, "at his Majesty's first arrival, had declared that she was not able to bear the expense of the King's diet, but that he must pay one half of the expense of her table, where both their Majesties eat with the Duke of York and the Princess Henrietta, which two were at the Queen's

[1] Memoirs of Cardinal de Retz, Vol, ii. p. 119. London, 1723.

[2] Excise-duty.

charge till the King came thither; but from that time the Duke of York was upon the King's account, and the very first night's supper which the King ate with the Queen began the account, and a moiety thereof was charged to the King, so that the first money that was received for the King by his grant, was stopped by Sir Henry Wood, the Queen's treasurer, for the discharge of his Majesty's part of the Queen's table, (which expense was first satisfied as often as money could be procured,) and the rest for the payment of other debts contracted at his first coming for clothes and other necessaries, there being great care that nothing should be left to be distributed among his servants: the Marquis of Ormond himself being compelled to put himself in pension with other gentlemen, at a pistole a week for his diet, and to walk the streets on foot, which was no honourable custom in Paris; while the Lord Jermyn kept an excellent table for those who courted him, and had a coach of his own, and all other accommodations, incident to the most full fortune; and, if the King had the most urgent occasion for the use of only twenty pistoles, as sometimes he had, he could not find credit to borrow it, which he often had experiment of."[1]

The return of Charles to Paris is thus noticed by Mademoiselle de Montpensier, who seems at this time to have desired to renew the former intimacy that subsisted between them:—

"All the world went to console the Queen of England; but this only augmented her grief, for she knew not if

[1] Clarendon's History, Vol. vi. p. 441.

her son were a prisoner, or dead. This inquietude lasted not long. She learned that he was at Rouen, and would soon be at Paris, upon which she went to meet him. On her return, I thought my personal inquiries could not be dispensed with; therefore, I went without my hair being dressed, since I had a great defluxion. The Queen, when she saw me, said that I should find her son look very ridiculous, since he had, to save himself in disguise, cut his hair off, and had assumed an extraordinary garb.

"At that moment he entered, and I really thought he had a very fine figure. I saw a great improvement in his mien since we last parted, although his hair was short and his moustaches long, which, indeed, causes a great alteration in most people."

Lady Fanshawe, who was at the Court of Henrietta on the return of her son, observes, "he had attained a majestic stature, and had grown manly and powerful in person, coarse in features, and reckless in expression; his rich curls had been cut off for the purpose of disguise, and were replaced by a black periwig."[1]

The Queen was, beyond measure, delighted at the safe arrival of her son at Paris, after all his truly miraculous escapes subsequently to the battle of Worcester. In a dispatch of Sir Richard Brown, he thus writes:—

"The Queen keeps altogether at the Louvre since the King's coming hither; only on Monday last, in the afternoon, she went down to Chaillot, with an intention to stay there two or three days for to take physic, which,

[1] Autobiography of Lady Fanshawe.

having done, she came back again on Thursday evening. She is constantly wonderful merry, and seemeth to be overjoyed to see the King safe near her; but he is very sad and sombre for the most part, that cheerfulness which, against his nature, he strove to show, at his first coming hither, having lasted but a few days; and he is very silent always, whether he be with his mother or in any other company."

After quitting France, Charles, it seems, acquired a competent knowledge of the French language, in which he was now able to converse with the greatest ease and facility. "While we walked together in the great gallery which connects the Louvre with the Tuilleries," says Mademoiselle de Montpensier, "he gave me the history of all his adventures and escapes in Scotland and England." The next morning, Queen Henrietta again spoke to her of her son's passion, observing that "she had reproved Charles, but that he still persisted in loving her."

The proud beauty no doubt felt flattered by this declaration, but said that she was not without hopes of becoming Empress of Germany, or Queen of France. To this, the Queen replied, "that her son, once the heir of the finest country in the world, was now considered too beggarly and pitiful to aspire to the hand of the rich heiress of Dombes and Montpensier," and descanted largely as to what a grand thing it would be for her to become Queen of England.

The rich heiress admits "that she deliberated within herself whether she should make a merit of accepting

the young King in his distress; but then the doubt was whether his Restoration would ever take place." Henrietta felt deeply mortified at the calculating and worldly-minded confessions of her niece; and, from this moment, almost despaired of bringing about the union she so ardently desired.

"The Queen of England," continues the fair lady, "soon perceived that I treated her son with disdain. No sooner did she discover the cause of it than she came to me and upbraided me with it, telling me that such had been the case ever since I had got ideas of the Emperor into my head. I defended myself to the best of my ability; but there was so little disguise in my countenance of the sentiments of my heart, that it was not difficult to discover them on looking into my face."[1]

"When the King of England arrived at Peronne," pursues Mademoiselle, "a courier was sent forward to advise their Majesties of his coming. The Queen then said to me, 'Your lover has returned.' The Abbé de la Rivière also spoke to me of it. On the day of his arrival, it was necessary for me to rise early in the morning. He was to dine at Compiègne, and it was requisite to be there before him. My hair was curled all over, which was not often the case. I went thither in the Queen's coach. She exclaimed, on beholding me, 'It is easy to see who expects her sweetheart! How beautifully she is dressed!' I said nothing. We proceeded one league to meet her son, and, on doing

[1] Mademoiselle de Montpensier, Vol. vi. p. 107.

so, alighted from the coach. He saluted their Majesties, and then me. He looked extremely well, and greatly improved since he left France. His mind also seemed to have kept pace with his person. On getting into the coach, the King told him about his dogs, his horses, and of the diversion of hunting in France, to which he replied in French. The Queen inquired after the state of his affairs, to which he made no reply. On further questions being put to him, he excused himself by saying that he was not sufficiently master of our language to answer them.

"I confess, from this moment, I decided not to conclude a marriage with him, and conceived a very bad opinion of one at his age, and being a King, who had no knowledge of his own affairs. We dined as soon as we arrived. He declined to eat ortolans, but did ample justice to a piece of beef and shoulder of mutton, as if there was nothing else. After dinner, the Queen left me with him. A quarter of an hour elapsed, without his uttering a syllable. I attributed his silence rather to respect than want of passion for me; growing tired of this, I sent for Madame de Comminges, so as to draw him into conversation, in which she fortunately succeeded. The hour of his departure arrived. When he entered the coach, he toook leave of the King,[1] and referred me to Lord Jermyn, observing, 'his Lordship speaks French better than I can. He will be able to explain to you my intentions and sentiments. I am your most obedient servant;' to which I replied that

[1] Louis XIV.

'I was his most obedient servant.' Lord Jermyn paid me many compliments, then the King saluted me, and took his leave." [1]

"The King of England," continues his fair cousin, "who could only remain fifteen days in France, had been there fifteen months. As the Court was at Paris, and he remained with his mother at St. Germains, one saw little of him. When I heard he was on the eve of his departure, I went to pay my respects to him, as well as to take my leave of him. The King conducted me to my coach, and paid me high compliments, but without using any tender expressions, which, in fact, would have been useless, as my mind was bent upon becoming an Empress." [2]

Henrietta still persevered in her efforts to bring about the marriage of her son with the young and beautiful Princess, and told her that she would give her eight days to consider of the proposition, declaring that she would be her own mistress after her union. "The King of England," pursues Mademoiselle, "often conversed with me, and observed that the Queen was anxious to see us. I was in no hurry to go to her, as I scarcely knew what reply to give her. One day, she came to me, and said, 'My Niece, I know you entertain some idea of being married to the King (of France), and no doubt this would be a more advantageous alliance for you than to become Queen of England. This is the reason we have not pressed the affair.

[1] Mademoiselle de Montpensier, Vol. vi. p. 184, *et seq.*

[2] Ibid, Vol. vi. p. 191.

Only promise us, if your marriage with the King of France does not take place, that you will agree to my son's proposition.' On returning to my apartment, the King of England came there, thinking the matter was concluded; and, feeling persuaded that the Court of France offered no obstacle to it, he expressed his joy at the favourable answer which Monsieur had given to the Queen, his mother, that he hoped soon to take possession of his dominions, when I should share his good fortune. I observed that, if he did not go himself to England, he might find it difficult to regain his throne. He replied, 'As soon as I shall have married you, do you wish me to go?' I said 'Yes, if this should be the case, for I should be grieved to see you here dancing the triolet, and diverting yourself, when you ought to be where you would either get your head broken, or place the crown upon it.' Some time after this, I said to Lord Jermyn that I entreated the King of England not to visit me so frequently, as his doing so might give rise to scandalous reports. He expressed his surprise at this observation; and, for three weeks, the King did not come to see me. I believe he felt vexed at this, and gave himself up to *ennui*, and abstained from all pleasure and diversion."[1] Thus ended this protracted love-affair between the royal cousins.

Charles did not forget the great services rendered to him by Miss Jane Lane, who had been so instrumental in his escape after the overthrow at Worcester. A few

[1] Mademoiselle de Montpensier, Vol. vi. p. 292, *et seq.*

weeks after his landing in France, he wrote to her as follows:

"Mistress Lane,

"I have hitherto deferred writing to you, in hope to be able to send you somewhat else besides a letter; and I believe that it troubles me more that I cannot yet do it, than it does you, though I do not take you to be in a good condition long to expect it. The truth is, my necessities are greater than can be imagined, but I am promised that they shall shortly be supplied. If they are, you shall be sure to receive a share; for it is impossible I can ever forget the great debt I owe you, which I hope I shall live to pay in a degree that is worthy of me. In the meantime, I am sure all who love me will be very kind to you, else I shall never think them so to

"Your most affectionate friend,

"CHARLES R."[1]

In December, 1651, six weeks after his arrival in France, having returned to the Louvre, the King had the gratification to welcome Miss Lane to Paris. After taking leave of Charles, she had lived in great security; but, apprehensive of danger from the disclosures of unfaithful confidantes, she left her home in the disguise of a country-wench, and travelled across the country on foot to Yarmouth, where she found a ship for France. She was conducted into Paris with great honour, the King, his mother, and the Duke of

[1] Seward's Anecdotes, Vol. ii. p. 1.

York going out to meet her. On descending from her coach, the King likewise alighted, took her by the hand, and greeted his fair preserver with the grateful expression, "Welcome, my life!"[1] He then introduced her to the Queen, his mother, and to the Dukes of York and Gloucester. At the French Court also, where she was deservedly regarded in the light of a heroine, she was treated with great respect and honour, as was also her brother, Colonel Lane, who accompanied her thither.[2]

The Duke of York, who had returned to Paris, accepted a post which was the prerogative of the second son of Scotland, that of Captain of a Guard of 150 Scottish Gendarmes, who were in attendance on the person of Louis XIV. Soon afterwards, a marriage was proposed for him with the only daughter of the Duke de Longueville, who, next to Mademoiselle de Montpensier, was the greatest match in France. The treaty went so far that the consent of the Count of France was asked; but, being denied, it was then broken off.[3]

[1] Monarchy Revived.

[2] After the Restoration, the King gave her a pension for life of 1,000*l.* per year. He also presented her with a gold watch, and ordered his picture to be sent to her. This lady was afterwards married to Sir Clement Fisher, of Packington Hall, Warwickshire. On her brother, Colonel Lane, he conferred a pension for life of 500*l.* a-year.

[3] Mademoiselle de Montpensier assigns as a reason for this, that "it did not seem to meet with my approbation, for the Court of England, at that time, did all they could to please me." Vol. vi. p. 293.

Some months after this, the Duke obtained his mother's and brother's consent to join the French army, and serving in it as a volunteer, under Marshal Turenne. He accordingly set out on the 3rd of July, 1653, joyously observing to his brother, "that he was now going to fight for his bread, but hoped soon to fight to regain Charles's lost kingdoms."[1]

According to Voltaire, Charles, notwithstanding his humiliating state of dependence and his straitened circumstances, ventured afterwards to demand one of Cardinal Mazarin's nieces[2] in marriage; but his necessities, which induced him to this step, drew upon him a refusal. The Cardinal, he adds, was even suspected of a design to get this niece, whom he refused to the King, married to the son of Cromwell: but, when he perceived that Charles was more likely to regain his throne, he renewed the proposal of marriage, and was rejected in his turn.[3]

Voltaire, however, is not very scrupulous in regard to facts; and he should have known that, at the time of which he was writing, both Cromwell's sons were married. Still it would appear from the following passage in a letter dated Cologne, June 19, 1655, preserved by Thurloe, that some treaty was then on foot:—"There has been lately from France (as I am told by a good author) one Monsieur Fontanelles, sent very secretly by

[1] Thurloe Papers, Vol. i. p. 319.

[2] Hortensia, one of the most beautiful women, and richest heiresses, in France.

[3] Age of Louis XIV., p. 173. 12mo. London 1753.—Macpherson's Original Papers, Vol. i. p. 20.

Mazarin to consult with R. C.; and take it from me, at present they have some treaty in hand: my authors assure me of it, and that the principal part is for R. C. to marry one of the Cardinal's nieces. Some more of this matter you may shortly hear by some other way. It is no new matter, for it was contrived in Paris before the late rising in England betwixt R. C. and Mazarine; but the little Queen [Henrietta Maria] gave interruption to it. Now it is freshly re-treated."[1]

The arbitrary conduct of Mazarin, the all-powerful prime-minister and especial favourite of the Queen-regent, and who had not less influence over the young King, had excited such discontent in the Princes of the blood, the Duke of Orleans, the Princes of Condé and Conti, and in the nation generally, that France was at this time on the verge of civil war. Charles, sensible how prejudicial such dissensions must prove to his affairs, strove to reconcile the parties, and in vain urged Louis XIV. to gratify his incensed subjects, if not by dismissing him altogether, at least by appointing him to some honourable post abroad. The King would not part with the Cardinal, and all that Charles earned by his interposition was the bitter hatred of Mazarin.

While Charles was thus engaged, the Duke of Lorraine, who had joined the malcontents with 10,000 men, sent proposals for an accommodation to Marshal Turenne, commander of the royal army. To forward the negociation, the King went from Paris to the head-quarters of Lorraine; and an agreement was finally

[1] Thurloe Papers, Vol. iii. p. 533.

concluded, stipulating that he should march immediately, and be out of the French dominions within fifteen days. It so happened that the Duke of Beaufort, one of the confederated French nobles, arrived, and found Charles and the Duke of York in the field with Lorraine. He came to urge that Prince to attack the royal army, which was in sight; but perceived an unusual coldness on his part, and was presently informed of the accommodation which had taken place. Beaufort, who was a great favourite with the populace of Paris, from which city he had brought 500 horse to join Lorraine, finding no mention made of himself in the agreement, had some apprehensions for his safety, though his troops were permitted to depart. Taking a trumpeter with him, he posted away to Paris, where he inflamed the people against Charles, by exclaiming against the perfidy of Lorraine, and of the English Princes, insinuating it was by their persuasions that the Duke had been induced to conclude the treaty. By these representations, the populace, staunch partizans of the Princes, were incensed to such a degree as to threaten violence to Charles, and even to insult their mother in her coach; so that it was deemed advisable for their personal safety to leave the capital as quietly as possible, and retire to St. Germains till the rage of the rabble had subsided.

If Charles had no hand in withdrawing the Duke of Lorraine from the cause of the Fronde, as the party of the insurgent French Princes was called, he was, nevertheless, engaged in a treaty with that Duke for an object

infinitely more reprehensible. He proposed that he should transport an army of 10,000 men, at his own charge, to Ireland, there to join with such as should be found loyal for the recovery of his Majesty's rights in that kingdom; that he should be invested with the title of Protector Royal of Ireland; and that four towns should be put into his hands, as security for his disbursements, with certain restrictions and cautions. These articles, though drawn up between the Duke and Lord Taafe, on the part of the King, were never signed; partly because the Duke was conscious of his inability to go through with the enterprise, and to defray the expenses of it, and partly because he was secretly treating with the King of France to abandon the party of the Princes, and by him offered such terms as they could not give him.

It is not a little amusing to find in one of the oldest laudatory biographies of Charles, such a paragraph as the following:—

"Many in England, upon hearing of these propositions made to the Duke of Lorraine, feared his Majesty's too great inclination to the Romish religion, which fear his after-retirement at St. Germains convinced there was no need of: for here he spent his time wholly in piety and devotions, according to the best worship of the Church of England; never forgetting to pray for those his enemies, who were not only content to have deprived him of his kingdoms, but continually belched forth both slanders and maledictions

against him."[1] We shall soon see how far his conduct tallied with this panegyric.

Another writer of the same period, adverting to the unsuccessful applications which he was at this time making to Popish sovereigns, gravely tells us:—

"The Catholic princes were the colder in gratifying his Majesty, for that he showed no proneness to embrace their religion, as the Emperor once expressly signified to him. And, indeed, such was his Majesty's constancy, that no temptations of worldly advantages, no resentment of adversity, nor the solicitations and arguments of several grand Catholics, could prevail anything upon him."[2] How Charles, the secret Papist, must have laughed in his sleeve, if these commendations ever fell into his hands, as they are very likely to have done!

The English Parliament, having failed to obtain satisfaction from the Dutch, on account of the murder of Dr. Dorislaus, their envoy at the Hague, and insults offered to Mr. St. John, his successor; the Dutch, on their part, feeling irate at the recent passing of the famous Navigation Act, the two Republics declared war against each other. That Act, the foundation of the present naval prosperity, greatness, and glory of Britain, provided that no goods, or commodities, of the growth or manufacture of any places whatsoever, should be brought hither but in English ships, and that from

[1] History of Charles II., by a Person of Quality, 1660, pp. 143-4.

[2] Monarchy Revived, 1660, p. 163.

the very places of their growth and manufacture only; also that no fish, or oil made of fish, or whalebone, should be imported but such as should be caught in English vessels, nor any salted fish exported in any other save English ships. The Dutch had previously been the carriers of almost all Europe; the fisheries, almost exclusively prosecuted by them, had been a source of great profit and prosperity; and both these branches of their trade were materially affected by that most wise and politic enactment of the English legislature.

This quarrel was most assiduously and artfully fomented by the agents of Charles, and particularly by Hyde, and Nicholas, his most confidential minister. They even endeavoured to persuade the Dutch to declare war in the name of the King, who offered, if they would furnish him with a squadron, to hoist the royal flag of England, and assume the command in person, representing that, in this case, the English sailors would be likely to join them. The Dutch, however, were too well acquainted with the British character to expect such a result: and they feared that, if Charles were restored by their means, he would endeavour to extend the power and influence of his nephew, the Prince of Orange, in Holland. All that Charles could obtain of them was for his ships to ride in their ports under his flag as King of Great Britain.

During these negociations, Queen Henrietta applied to Cromwell, through Cardinal Mazarin, for the annual payment of her dower. He replied that "she had

never been recognised as Queen Consort of Great Britain by the people, consequently, she had no right to the dower."[1]

In December, 1652, the Parliament, resolving to get rid of Charles's younger brother, the Duke of Gloucester, dismissed him with directions to go to Holland, and gave him a bill for £1,000, to be paid on his arrival there; "but," says Eglesfield, "such was their honesty, that they took care that he should never receive one penny of it."[2] Having visited his sister, the Princess of Orange, at the Hague, the Duke proceeded to join his brothers in Paris.

The war with Holland continued throughout the year 1653. Various encounters took place between the fleets of the two nations, generally to the disadvantage of the Dutch, who sustained two such signal defeats in the months of June and July, by the latter of which they lost their Admiral, Van Tromp, one of the most renowned seamen of his time, that they became heartily weary of the contest. Peace, however, was not concluded till the month of April, 1654. During this war, the leading persons of Charles's Court gave little credit to the losses of the Dutch, and with un-English hearts, exulted in any advantages which they obtained. That Court was, at the same time, convulsed

[1] Carte's Life of Ormond.

[2] There is something very laconic and caustic in the permission vouchsafed by Cromwell to the young Prince, viz.: that Henry Stuart, third son of the late Charles I., "*had leave to transport himself beyond seas.*"

with faction; each being bent on the destruction of his neighbour, in the hope of obtaining his place, and ready to pilfer the little treasure destined to other purposes. The Queen and her son were also at variance, because he would not submit to her government, and preferred following the counsels of Hyde.

In the summer of 1653, Charles was seized with a fever, which continued for a considerable time with such violence, that in London it was currently reported to have proved mortal. At the end of August, he was sufficiently recovered to remove, for the sake of purer air, to Chantilly, near Paris, whither he was accompanied by his cousin, Prince Rupert, who resided with him for a long time in the Palais Royal.

Though Scotland had been incorporated by Act of Parliament into one Commonwealth with England, Charles had still numerous partizans in the Highlands. For these, before the final conclusion of peace with Holland, he contrived to obtain assistance. Seventeen Dutch vessels conveyed thither 1,500 foot, 200 horse, and a considerable supply of arms, and General Middleton, having arrived with other forces, soon found himself at the head of 5,000 men. Cromwell, who had now assumed the supreme authority, with the title of Protector, again gave the chief command in Scotland to Monk, who pursued Middleton into the Highlands, and totally dispersed his forces: the General himself escaped with difficulty and returned, while the principal insurgents, persons of high distinction, submitted to the government. Monk,

besides being Commander-in-Chief, was appointed one of the commissioners of civil affairs; but the Protector, knowing his character, took care to associate with him men who, though hostile to himself, had a still greater horror of the restoration of the Stuarts.

The ability and energy displayed by Cromwell in the management of the public affairs, gained him the profound respect of the principal powers of Europe. France and Spain, then at war, were rivals for his favour. The former obtained the preference; but in negociating a treaty of alliance, the Protector insisted on the exclusion of Charles from that kingdom. It cannot excite surprise that Cromwell should desire to remove the exiled Prince to a greater distance from England, where his machinations were producing continual plots and conspiracies with a view to his restoration. So accurate was the intelligence which the Protector found means to procure, that these were all detected, and ill-concerted risings only brought destruction upon the actors in them. Nor was this all; numerous instances proved that the Royalists were little troubled with scruples of conscience about spilling blood; Cromwell, indeed, publicly charged "Charles Stuart, Ormond, and Hyde, with consulting and advising the assassinating of him." This is a heavy charge; how far it is likely to have been a true one, let the reader judge from the following passage in a Proclamation, dated Paris, May 3, 1654.

The Proclamation issued, sets out with alleging that, "Whereas a certain mechanic fellow, by name Oliver

Cromwell, hath, by most accursed ways, and against all laws, both divine and human, most tyrannically and traitorously usurped the supreme power over our said kingdoms; these are, therefore, in our name to give free leave and liberty to any man whomsoever, within any of our three kingdoms, by pistol, sword, or poison, or by any other way, or means whatsoever, to destroy the life of the said Oliver Cromwell; wherein they will do an act acceptable to God and good men, by cutting so detestable a villain from the face of the earth; and whosoever, whether soldier or other, shall be instrumental in so signal a piece of service, both to God, to his King, and his country, we do, by these presents, and on the faith and word of a Christian King, promise, as a reward for his good service, to give to him and his heirs for ever, £500 per annum, free land, or the full sum in money, for which such a proportion may be purchased of the owners, and also the honour of knighthood to him and his heirs; and, if he shall be a soldier of the army, we do also promise to give him a Colonel's place, and such honourable employment, wherein he may be capable of attaining to farther preferment answerable to his merit."[1]

The same Proclamation offers free pardon and forgiveness to all Cromwell's adherents who, within six days after certain notice of his death, shall submit themselves to Charles's clemency, excepting William Lenthall, late Speaker of the House of Commons, John

[1] Thurloe Papers, Vol. ii. p. 218.

Bradshaw, President of the Court which condemned Charles I., and Sir Arthur Hazelrig.

Further evidence of this murderous spirit is furnished by a letter from the Duke of York to Charles, dated Paris, May 14, 1655, and deciphered with the King's own hand. "There are," he writes, "four Roman Catholics that have bound themselves, in a solemn oath, to kill Cromwell, and then to raise all the Catholics in the city and the army, which they pretend to be a number so considerable as may give a rise for your recovery; they being all warned to be ready for something that is to be done, without knowing what it is. They demand ten thousand livres in hand; and, when the business is ended, some recompense for themselves, according to their respective qualitys, and the same liberty for the Catholics in England as the Protestants have in France. I thought not fit to reject this proposition, but to acquaint you with it, because the first part of the desire seems to me to be better lay'd and resolved on than any I have knowen of that kind; and, for the defects of the second, it may be supplied by some desires you may have to join to it."

In an intercepted letter, dated London, June 22, 1654, we have what follows:—"It is hard to know in whome to have confidence, considering the number of spyes we have there [in Paris] who beare the outside of real cavaliers, but do send all intelligence hither, and discover those here who keep any correspondence with that place. Beside the number that are dispersed in that city, who are no less than fifty or sixty, there are

those about him whome we call the King of Scots (and such, perhaps, as are neer his person) who send hither punctual relations of his acts and intentions; otherwise such things as have been suggested there to be executed here had never been revealed, for the chief discovery of this late plot [Gerard's] came from thence."[1] The same complaint is renewed in another letter, written in the same month. "You have yett more knaves about the King: find them out. You do nothing but it is knowne here in ten days; so this is true; and, if it were not so, he would before this have the private supply of a person very eminent and in a considerable way. Keep things to yourself, and get from Paris, or else you will be betrayed."[2]

But it was not in Paris only that Charles was so closely watched by spies in the employ of the Parliament, and betrayed by his friends. The Thurloe Papers furnish abundant evidence that all his motions at Cologne, Brussels, and wherever he resided, were not less closely observed than in the French capital. The Parliament, it is true, possessed a peculiar advantage over their adversaries in the extraordinary skill of Dr. Wallis, one of their decipherers, who first discovered the art of deciphering any letters, even without possessing the key. Hence, the intercepted letters of the royalists, at least the most material parts of them, were understood by their enemies, while those of the partizans of the Parliament were totally unintelligible to the

[1] Thurloe Papers, Vol. vii. p. 392.
[2] Ibid. p. 415.

captors. When the royalists became aware of this fact, which was not till near the Restoration, they were filled with an astonishment bordering on incredulity.

Charles's council was composed, during his residence abroad, of men who were continually at variance, and criminating each other. Even before the death of his father, when the Prince was at the Hague, and his fleet mutinous for pay, his household is described by Clarendon as "factious and in necessity, and that of the Duke of York full of intrigues and designs between the restless, unquiet spirit of Bamfield and the ambitious and as unquiet humour of Sir John Berkeley. The great animosity which Prince Rupert had against Lord Colepeper infinitely disturbed the counsels, and perplexed the Lord Cottington and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who had credit enough with the other two. But Colepeper had some passions and infirmities which no friends could restrain; and, though Prince Rupert was very well inclined to the Chancellor, and would in many things be advised by him, yet his prejudice to Colepeper was so rooted, and that prejudice so industriously cultivated by Herbert, the Attorney-General, who had the absolute ascendent over that Prince, and who did perfectly hate all the world that would not be governed by him, that every meeting in council was full of bitterness between them. But this was not all. Colepeper challenged Prince Rupert, but afterwards asked his pardon; and Sir Robert Walsh struck Colepeper in the face with great violence."

In September, 1649, Sir Edward Nicholas, Secretary

of State, writes to the Marquis of Ormond: "The Lord Percy, Lord Chamberlain, was lately, by the King's command, confined for three days to his chamber, for insolent words, spoken to his Majesty before the Lords of the Council; but, on his submission, he is at liberty and as busy in the King's ear for the Presbyterian faction as ever." Ormond, in one of his answers to the secretary, expresses some hopes of the King's Restoration, but adds, "that which most staggers my faith in this, is the domestic division in so little a company as those are that profess to serve him; yet that is not without remedy if men may be persuaded but to pursue their own interest with the calmness befitting rational persons."[1]

But calmness and reason were unknown to these exiles, for the party opposed to Hyde and Ormond were as loud in their terms, and scrupled not to accuse them of the worst crimes. Colonel Bamfylde, who followed Charles abroad, but kept up a correspondence with Thurloe at home, and gave notice of what came to his knowledge, informs him as follows: "His councille are his mother, the Duke of Yorke, Prince Rupert, the Duke of Buckingham, the Marquis of Ormonde, the Earl of Rochester, the Lords Percye, Jermin, Inchequin, Taff, lately made, and Sir Edward Hyde. The four first, together with Jermin, are of a faction directly opposite to Hyde, and the other party, who, for the present, intirely govern in his councils; and their designs seem to be as different as their in-

[1] Ormond Papers, Vol. i. p. 406.

clinations. Ormond, Hyde, and their party, have, contrary to the sense of the reste, advised and prevayled with their King totally to abandon both the party and the principles of the Presbyterians, and to rely intirely upon his old episcopal party, which, they persuade him, comprehends the nobility, gentry, and bulke of the kingdome of England."[1]

Clarendon relates a circumstance by which his enemies aimed to infuse into Charles the violent prejudices which they themselves entertained against his Chancellor of the Exchequer. In May, 1653, Sir Richard Greenville, or Granville, being in Paris, heard it currently reported that Sir Edward Hyde had not only been in London, and had a private conference with Cromwell, but that he had a pension for furnishing him with secret intelligence. So confidently were these allegations repeated as facts, that Greenville thought it his duty to communicate them to Charles, who ordered Ormond to write to him, and to demand the grounds for what he had stated, the names of all his authors, and any letters or papers that he possessed relative to the affair. Sir Richard complied. It appeared that the charge rested chiefly on the veracity of Mr. Robert Long, who had been Secretary of State to Charles when in Scotland; and, for some imputed breach of trust, had been removed from that employment, and sent out of the kingdom. On an examination of the documents and evidence, the King declared his conviction that the charges were false and

[1] Thurloe, Vol. ii. p. 510.

unfounded, and forbade Sir Richard Greenville his presence. Clarendon considers this affair as an intrigue of his enemies in the council to get Long restored to his former post of Secretary of State to the prejudice of the Chancellor, who had performed the duties of that office, in conjunction with his own, ever since Long's removal.

"A more contemptible groupe," says Harris, "can hardly be figured by the imagination than these men: beaten in the field, fugitives in a foreign land, adorned with empty, insignificant, high-sounding titles, poor, beggarly, quarrelsome, hateful and hating one another, could these men excite fear among any but themselves?"

Burnet tells us that "whilst Charles was abroad at Paris, Colen, or Brussels, he never seemed to lay anything to heart. He pursued all his diversions and irregular pleasures in a free career, and seemed to be as serene under the loss of a crown as the greatest philosopher could have been. Nor did he willingly hearken to any of those projects with which he often complained that his Chancellor persecuted him. That in which he seemed most concerned was to find money for supporting his expences. And it was often said that, if Cromwell would have compounded the matter, and given him a good round pension, he might have been induced to resign his title to him. During his exile, he delivered himself so entirely to his pleasures that he became incapable of application. He spent little of his time in reading or study, and less in thinking."[1]

[1] History of his own Times, Vol. i. p. 611.

This character of Charles is confirmed by other authorities.

In consequence of the negociations going on between France and Cromwell, the young King was compelled to quit his mother's home at the Louvre, once more to become a wanderer in a foreign land.

END OF VOL. I.

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